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THE CAMPAIGN IN ABYSSINIA.

THE campaign projected for the relief of our countrymen and other Europeans—diplomats and missionaries—detained and grievously ill-treated by the treacherous and vindictive Theodorus, presents so many elements of the unknown, so many difficulties to encounter at the onset, and so many more in carrying it out to a successful issue, that a few words explanatory of the real state of things will be probably welcome to our readers.

It is necessary to understand the bearings of the question to premise a few words regarding the present ruler of Abyssinia. We shall then proceed to things as they now exist, or at least are supposed to do so, up to the latest moment at our command. Then to the discussion of the most available means of getting into the interior, and the character of the harbours and shores, of the littoral or the extensive tract of almost uninhabited country which stretches from the shore to the Abyssinian uplands (and which we shall show to vary much in its character at different places), and of the interior itself.

In reading the accounts of travellers since the time of Father Lobo (translated by Dr. Johnson, who afterwards penned his "Rasselas" from the intimacy obtained with the country in that task), and who visited Abyssinia in the fifteenth century, or the more recent voyages of Bruce, Salt, Burckhardt, Rüppell, Krapf, Vayssières, Gobat, Beke, Parkins, Lejean, and others, we find everywhere the same civil wars, the same feudal chiefs arrogating to themselves the ruling power, the same devastated provinces, the same desultory combats, which, by deciding the fate of a few months or a few years, allow the country to taste the blessings of peace for longer or shorter intervals. At the end of every brief period new rivals start up, and anarchy and disorder succeed the temporary calm. When Theodorus, or Theodore, then known as Kassa, or Li Kassa, a young man of good family, though poor, proclaimed his independence at the head of a handful of followers, cast off his allegiance to King John, and defied his cowardly but powerful minister Ras Ali, it was only one more of the inevitable insurrectionary movements which have never ceased to desolate the country. Theodorus was at that epoch thirty-two to thirty-three years of age; he was at that age not only bold and enterprising, but he was also sober, pious, and endowed with a superior intelligence, and hence it is not surprising that he should have been joined, under the temptations of plunder, by a band of enterprising followers. Ras Ali, beginning to be alarmed, gave him his daughter in marriage, and named him governor of the country he had taken possession

of. Kassa agreed to these terms, and from that time directed his attention to the Sūdan, the cradle of the Abyssinian empire. He descended into the plains of Galabar, which are extremely fertile in grain and cattle, at the head, it is said, of some sixteen thousand or twenty thousand men; but the East is the land of extravagant diction, and especially of numerical exaggeration. His army was, however, repulsed by a handful of Egyptian troops entrenched behind some extemporised earthworks. It was then that Theodorus obtained his first lesson in the art of modern warfare, and of the importance of great guns and musketry—a lesson which has never since been lost upon him.*

Although deceived, humiliated, and wounded, and his army decimated and mutinous, his spirit did not abandon him. A surgeon had refused to extract the Egyptian bullet which had been lodged in his body, except upon the preliminary payment of a cow; he had appealed for this to his wife's family, but in vain, and, disgusted at such treatment, he was no sooner restored to health than he raised a new band of adventurous followers and commenced pillaging the provinces under the government of Ras Ali. The youthful insurgent was summoned to court, but he refused to go. Several so-called generals were sent out against him; these he vanquished with ease, and increased his army by means of their soldiers. At last, fancying himself strong enough to attack Ras Ali at his amba, or strong place, he did so with success, obtaining possession of the place; the governor, his father-in-law, managing to save his life by flight, but leaving to the fortunate conqueror his army, his country, and his strong place.

Kassa having thus attained to power, he defeated all his rivals, the independent chiefs of Godjam, Shoa or Shwa, and Tigray. So great and so rapid were his successes, that scarcely a year had elapsed from the flight of Ras Ali before Kassa was hailed by the whole of Abyssinia as emperor; and he was crowned under the name of Theodorus, or Theodore, in 1855, at the ancient metropolis of Ethiopia, Axum. For several years after this inauguration matters went on smoothly. All Abyssinia was subject to the new Cæsar, and his army, or rather the number of his armed subjects (and every adult is armed in such countries), estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand in very round numbers, looked upon him as more than human, and was ready to follow him everywhere and anywhere.

The idea of re-establishing the ancient Ethiopian empire became the dominating thought of the new emperor; but remembering his repulse by the Egyptians at Gadaref, he sought to arm and organise his troops after the European fashion. Being also a "Christian" prince of Africa, he sought the aid of England and France in what he termed a new crusade against the Mussulman race, offering in his pride to share the empire of the Muhammadans with his allies; and it is probably from the contemptuous refusal with which his propositions were met, that he has ever

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* Théodore II.: Le Nouvel Empire d'Abyssinie. Les Intérêts Français dans le Sud de la Mer Rouge. Par Guillaume Lejean, Ancien Vice-Consul de France à Massaoua.

See also a letter from Dr. Blanc, one of the captives, to the Rev. M. Pauchaud of Lausanne, originally published in the *Indépendance Belge*, and in which a summary is given of the above work, as also in the *New Monthly* for July, 1866.

since—although he has tolerated some Europeans for useful purposes, and extended his positive friendship to others, as to the Englishmen Bell and Plowden—nurtured a profound dislike to both English and French—a dislike which, in his later years of fierce and uncontrolled passions, having their origin in inebriation, debauchery, and the sanguinary lust of power, has assumed the sad character of a vindictive and deadly hostility.

The number of armed men whom he is said to have surrounded himself by in order to carry out his favourite idea, has been estimated at the enormous figure of seven hundred thousand men. But we have before called attention to the latitude which must be given to these Oriental estimates, especially where the men are not enrolled. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that such a mass of soldiery had to be fed and clothed at the expense of the remainder of an exceedingly poor and by no means numerous population, and that the Abyssinians, tired at last with so miserable an existence, naked and badly fed, whilst the soldiers were fully provided for, rebelled against a yoke which had become so fatally oppressive. Theodorus had thus at the onset of his career to waive his pretensions to an extension of power and dominion, and to devote all his energies to re-establishing order. But once that authority has been set at defiance in Abyssinia, it is difficult to compel the people to resume their allegiance to their king. This, it will be felt, has an important bearing upon the present state of things. Everywhere in the more remote provinces, and more especially in Shoa and Tigray, both on the way to the interior, if approached from Tajurra, or from Suakim or Massawah, the peasants took refuge in the mountains, and, under able leaders, they were enabled to set what are euphonistically designated as "the imperial troops" at defiance. Theodorus went forth in person to fight them, and such was the terror his very name inspired that he found resistance nowhere. He devastated the rebellious provinces; but as the peasants had not cultivated the land for a year or two, the tribute in corn, in silver, and in stuffs became more scarce in the camp. The soldiers complained, and then began to desert. Theodorus made vain efforts; he was everywhere; there were no enemies, but there were also no victuals. It was a passive war; his soldiers, always victorious in the battle-field, were in turn vanquished by famine and decimated by desertion. There is a lesson also conveyed in this fact, in as far as famine and a deserted country extends, which might also, under very unfavourable circumstances scarcely to be anticipated, be made to apply to an invading army. Were Theodorus beloved by his subjects, such a category might be taken into serious consideration; but so oppressive and tyrannical has his rule become of late, that there are probably not a dozen Abyssinians in the whole country who would not hail their deliverance from the swarthy Nero as the happiest event which could befal them.

Little by little Theodorus's army decreased, and his dominions too; new independent kingdoms were formed, till at the present moment we have the authority of Mr. Henry Blanc for saying that he has not more than six thousand followers, while, with the exception of his chief ambas, or strong places, Devra Tabor and Magdala, and a few provinces, his kingdom exists no longer. Nay, according to the despatches which arrived at Aden from Massawah on July 15, the whole country was in rebellion; Theodorus was not only sorely beset by his enemies, but he

was surrounded on every side, whilst the two strong places last mentioned were cut off from one another.

A few striking examples are given by Dr. Blanc of the atrocities to which this insane emperor has committed himself in late years, and which have brought his subjects into an almost universal rebellion against his treacherous and sanguinary sway. At the beginning of his career we have seen him sober, brave, and even generous, but the lust of power and the irritation of hostilities have led him to give way to drunkenness and debauchery; he has not only become false and cruel, but even his bravery is said to have forsaken him gradually. There are prospects, then, of his yielding before it is too late. But here are the instances of his treacherous cruelty:

He promised to set free the chief of Godjam should his wife, in possession of a fort commanding the country, surrender it to him. As soon as he was in possession of the fort, he had the too credulous couple put in irons, and sent to one of his own forts.

He married the sister of the sons of Ras Uhiyah to induce them to give up to him a coveted amba, or strong place; and when his brothers-in-law, confiding in the family bond, came to him, he repudiated his wife, and put the two brothers in prison.

The Queen of the Gallas gave as a hostage her son, who proceeded to Magdala, accompanied by the leading chiefs. He was made governor; but soon after, as Theodorus exacted too much from the Gallas, they refused to comply with his exactions. The prince and his companions were thrown in prison, and on Prince Manilik, son of the late Sahela Selassi, King of Shoa, escaping and being received by the Queen of the Gallas with the honours due to his rank, Theodorus slew the Prince of the Gallas and his companions, and had their bodies thrown down precipices. It is obvious that with so evilly disposed a potentate the European captives have only three chances for safety: that they may effect their escape, that the rebels may cut them off from his power, or that he may be tempted to give them up to save himself, his dominions, and his followers. We confess that we have very few hopes in the last solution of the situation. He has, however, been known to liberate prisoners. The Viceroy of Egypt made endeavours to appease his savage neighbour, and, thinking that no one would be better received, he sent the Coptic Patriarch David. But the patriarch also claimed to be chief of the Abyssinian Church, and Theodorus, who considers himself, like the Sultan and Czar, temporal and spiritual head of affairs, imprisoned his self-constituted rival. Suspecting, however, that in doing so he had gone too far, or relenting his persecution of a defenceless old man, he afterwards set him at liberty. The viceroy also sent one Abd-ul-Rahman Bey on a mission with presents; the viceroy's ambassador was kept prisoner during nearly three years, and, when liberated at last, he was robbed of everything he had on his return journey, and reached Egypt almost naked and dying of hunger. Theodorus invited the Naib of Arkiko to his court under the pretext of consulting him relative to the government of his territory. The naib obeyed the summons, and brought rich presents with him. Theodorus kept him in prison during forty-five days, and liberated him only on condition that he should pay twice the tribute. This, however, is by no means an uncommon trick among Orientals, whose reputations have not suffered so severely as that of the Abyssinian Caligula.

And now, how has Theodorus dealt with the Europeans who have been invited into, or have ventured to enter into, his dominions? Monsieur Lejean went to Abyssinia with presents and a letter from the Emperor Napoleon III., who was at that epoch seeking for a concession of the port and harbour of Adule. The French envoy accompanied Theodorus on a warlike excursion into Godjam. The objects of his mission meeting with no encouragement, and having received letters recalling him to Europe, the envoy asked for an audience of leave, but he received the reply that King Theodore could not see him. Upon this, he sent a messenger to say that every day delayed would render his return more difficult, seeing that the enemy's troops were advancing into the emperor's territory. This so exasperated the tyrant that he had the envoy arrested, and the Abyssinian army had the glory of seeing a French consul in uniform taken prisoner and put in irons. At the expiration of twenty-four hours he was, however, liberated upon the Europeans employed by Theodorus pledging themselves for his good conduct, and that he would not attempt to escape. He was sent to Gaffat, where he remained under arrest for months, until a M. Bardel, who had been sent with a letter from Theodorus to Napoleon III., returned with an answer, when M. Lejean obtained permission to leave, only twenty-four hours being allowed to him, however, to make the preparations necessary for the journey.

We have here the patriarch imprisoned, the Egyptian ambassador imprisoned, and the French consul and envoy put in irons and driven out of the country. Nothing came of these outrages, and Theodorus, emboldened by impunity, began to think that Europe no more than Egypt or Turkey could do anything against him, and he became utterly reckless in his prowess of hatred and defiance of the white man. The good and learned missionary, Stern, was preparing to return to Europe, after having established a mission in Abyssinia for the conversion of the Jews. Deeming it necessary to pay his respects to the emperor previous to his departure, the latter was either hurt, or pretended to be so, at some imaginary breach of etiquette: he ordered two of the missionaries' servants to be beaten to death, and Stern himself was in imminent danger of being exposed to the same brutal treatment. He was, however, detained, imprisoned, and put in chains. Mr. Rosenthal, another missionary, was next subjected to a similar indignity, and he was put in chains and imprisoned with all his companions. Theodorus, emboldened by the impunity with which he could thus establish an imaginary superiority over all who were of European birth, extended his passion for detaining and imprisoning those who penetrated into his dominions to the person of Colonel Cameron, the British representative at Massawah. The Swiss mission, after having been well received, was disgraced and humiliated at Gaji in presence of all the officers of the emperor, and then led to the amba or fortress of Magdala to share the fate of others. Indeed, all the Europeans in Abyssinia were subjected to the same abominable ill-treatment with the exception of some missionaries from Basle, who have managed to render their services indispensable to the tyrant. The last, and not the least, flagrant instance of the same fanatic despotism has been the treacherous detention of Mr. Hormusd Rassam. Hormusd Rassam is a younger brother of Esau Rassam, who accompanied General Chesney on the expedition to the Euphrates, and

afterwards Mr. W. F. Ainsworth on his mission to the Nestorians, for which services he was rewarded by the vice-consulate of Mosul, his native town. Hormusd assisted Mr. Layard in his explorations at Nineveh, and was recompensed by an appointment at Aden. He was sent thence with a letter from the Queen to endeavour to effect the release of the Abyssinian captives, but, after no end of disreputable and dishonourable evasions, the mission ended in the incarceration of the Queen's envoy with the other prisoners.

The cup of insolence and insult was now filled to the brim. Several years have elapsed since those first detained have been imprisoned and in chains, and others have suffered tortures of greater or less duration, according to the period of their incarceration. As to what have been the amount and extent of these sufferings, the public have been best able to judge from the correspondence from and relative to the Abyssinian captives published in the reports ordered to be printed for the use of the House of Commons, as also from the numerous letters which have found their way through sympathising friends into the columns of newspapers. Nothing can exceed the horrors depicted in these simple narratives, which roused the indignation of the country to that extent, that, no matter at what sacrifice of life or money, it was felt that the honour of the nation was involved, and our prestige in Eastern lands at stake, in effecting their liberation or punishing their unjust and detestable gaoler. The English government, it will be seen by the same correspondence, made numerous and noble efforts to effect the liberation of the prisoners pacifically, but ineffectually. It has now long been felt that nothing short of an armed force will vanquish the stubbornness of Theodorus, and that it is only when he is convinced that he will be no longer permitted to maltreat Europeans, and that vengeance awaits him, that he will open his eyes to the necessity of protecting and liberating them. It is only to be hoped that such will be the happy dénouement of this painful incident, and that it will suffice for a demonstration to bring about a speedy restoration of the captives to their country and friends, just as some years back a demonstration at Tajurra had the effect of setting Major Harris and his companions in travel free from the toils of the then King of Shoa. Unfortunately, Theodorus has no seaport, which, with its inhabitants, could be held as hostage for the safety of our countrymen, and the rebellious African, who sets all the courtesies of civilised life and all the powers of the world at haughty defiance, may persevere in the same attitude, with an almost roadless and waterless expanse between him and his enemies, and a wild and inaccessible region of rocks and forests to retreat to in the rear; nay, he may even add wholesale murder to his previous crimes in the fanatical passion of a monster at bay, but that he is surrounded by other enemies of his own creating. There is not a province or petty power around or adjacent that does not at once dread or detest him, and that would not make the hour of his distress that also of a just and long-delayed vengeance. Theodorus has neither Shoa, nor Kaffa, nor the remote country of the Gallas to retreat to. Attacked by a British force, he will be without security within and deprived of safety without, and he must succumb, it is to be hoped—indeed, they are all chances in favour of it—without adding further murders to his already numerous crimes. The greatest chances are, that, hemmed in as the emperor is by rebellious subjects, the captives will be able to make their

escape, or will be set free by the rebels, before the projected expedition can be carried into effect.

Mr. Flad, the last envoy sent over by her Majesty's government, arrived, after a long delay, at the royal camp. Theodorus received him coldly, and listened with much equanimity to the announcement that the British government had done with conciliatory measures, and intended to try other means to procure the liberation of the captives. Theodorus was at that time sorely beset by his enemies, who surrounded him on every side. The apprehension of the prisoners was, that the emperor might make Magdala his head-quarters and use them as hostages to secure his personal safety. This is another of the many possible dénouements of the affair. If Theodorus made his own safety depend on that of the prisoners, it would not be his interest to injure them; but their liberation would be a costly one in every sense of the word. Another more disagreeable position of things has been suggested in the possibility of the rebels, if victors in the strife, making use of the captives as means of extortion with the British government, or of coming to terms, if that government should be represented by an avenging force.

That the captives are unanimous in desiring action on the part of our government is made clear beyond all doubt by the extracts of their letters. Mr. Rassam wrote: "Unless you come up and take us out I fear there will be no chance of our ever leaving this country. Our friend the emperor has no greater enemy in the world than himself. He has been going on from bad to worse. . . . He has imprisoned all his European artisans. . . . I only hope her Majesty's government will settle the account here promptly, and if it could be before winter it would be better. . . . Our only safety now is that active measures should be taken. The temper of our friend is becoming worse and worse every day. May the Lord save us!" Colonel Cameron writes to the same effect. Dr. Blanc, generally so hopeful, is in despair. The emperor one day gave orders that all the prisoners at Debra Tabor should be burnt, but changed his mind before his fiendish project could be carried out. "Believe me," writes the doctor, "I am not afraid, only fully impressed with the danger of our situation, and the necessity of prompt action . . . action is for us life; delay, death." Colonel Merewether adds to this: "This is an urgent, touching appeal, my lord; and coming, as it does, from a man in whose courage I could trust, it is most distressing to feel that at this season of the year no response could possibly be made in the shape of active interference by display of force."

The time for such action is the autumn season, which is fast approaching. If September and October pass by without any certainty of the liberation of the captives, we may trust that the commencement of November will find a powerful British force well on its way from Adule or Massawah into the interior.

Abyssinia is like Bokhara—a country difficult to penetrate. The same circumstances which placed it out of our power to avenge the cruel murder of Stoddart and Conolly, have also secured impunity to the savage Theodorus. But Russia has, in pursuance of a slow but sure policy, placed her eagle claw on the fanaticism of Samarkand, and Great Britain is now called upon to act in Abyssinia with a more prompt and efficacious determination.

From the Mediterranean, Abyssinia can only be approached through Egypt and along the course of the Nile, and then up the Black or Blue tributaries. But laying aside that such a line of approach would involve us in an undesirable alliance with the Egyptian ruler, Sir Samuel Baker's account of his ascent of the Black River, which is a dry bed part of the year, and a torrent during the rainy season, is a satisfactory proof of its utter impracticability to an army. With respect to the Blue River, in 1863 an Egyptian army of ten or twelve thousand men, having some rifled cannon, moved from Khartūm, at the junction of the Blue with the White Nile, up the former stream to the district of Kalabat, where it arrived in the following month, and after devastating the country, returned to its starting-point, leaving only a few places garrisoned above Khartūm, but having totally failed to penetrate the highlands of Abyssinia. This is sufficient to show the difficulties of approach presented by the Nile, for it is not reasonable to expect that any army composed of British as well as of Indian troops could advance into the interior with the same expedition as the Egyptians, who are "admirable movers," inured to the climate, and require infinitely less accompanying impedimenta than an Anglo-Indian force.

The fact is, that if a military expedition were merely an aggregate of Nile travellers—that is, of enterprising Englishmen carrying with them certain resources of food, arms, and ammunition—the difficulties in any one way of approach, though much exaggerated, would be by no means formidable. But completeness and efficiency for European warfare in some degree unfits an army for operations against a savage foe. Savages, as has been shown in Algeria, in Mexico, in India, in New Zealand, and in many other regions, are best combated by savages; they baffle discipline, as the Parthians did the Romans by fighting on a perpetual retreat, and it requires a long time for an organised force to bring them into subjection.

Modern war is based on the conditions of ample supplies and practicable communications, of the assemblage at convenient distances of stores of food, drink, and forage, and tents and hospitals, and ammunition of a delicate and costly kind; and finally, of a cumbrous system of transport. The army that is best furnished with these enters the European arena with enormous advantages. But, in a barbarous theatre of war, the elements of success must be sought for in facility and rapidity of movement, and the reduction of impedimenta to the lowest amount possible in consistence with the safety of the force. The mass of correspondence, even from military men, which has flooded the papers, show how opinions differ as to the manner in which this is to be effected, and how little the character of the country is really understood. Men experienced in Ashantee war write as if the Abyssinian jungle was like that of the east of Africa, whereas the first is, for the most part, a dry jungle, the latter a low pestilential marsh. One advocates the use of camels, another elephants, a third mules, and a fourth bullocks, when all four are already in common use in the country, at least in parts. It is true that a fly is met with which is said to be the original Beelzebub; but it is unlike the tsetse, and not so fatal in its bite.

The men are also, it has been said, to be exposed to the assaults of all kinds of vermiform monsters if they drink the half-putrid waters of wells,

or are to be attacked from without by horrible boring worms. As if some evils are not to be encountered in all travel. There are animals and insects hostile to man in the jungle of India, but they did not prevent the suppression of mutiny. Men must exercise common sense and caution in every country.

The fewer great guns that are transported, whether straightwise or crosswise (the latter is an absurdity), on the backs of animals, the better. To take cities, or to overrun a whole district, would, it has been justly observed, produce no great effect on the policy of a potentate who, from mere caprice, or at any rate on the slightest grounds, lays waste provinces, and burns towns with as little compunction as firewood. Scientific manœuvres would be practised in vain against an enemy who can scarcely be considered to have any proper flanks or rear, and who can find a base wherever there is unplundered territory in his dominions.

It must come, therefore, to mere fighting power; and here we could scarcely hope to call our cavalry and artillery to our aid, except in a very limited degree. Our Sniders would, doubtless, do us good service, and Theodorus will be no longer surrounded (suppose he is enabled to make any stand at all, and that he does not retreat with his captives, as terms for compromise, or hostages for his life, into still more remote and inaccessible regions) by the rabble host which accompanied him in the last expedition, of which Rassam was an eye-witness. Certain it is, however, that a moribund tyrant, accustomed all his life to desultory warfare, and to the perpetration of huge massacres, is not likely to be speedily brought to terms by defeat, no more than he may be expected to observe in victory the laws of honourable war.

It would appear, then, that a mere raid, the object of which should be the capture of a few strong places, or the injury of any part of the emperor's dominions, or any other kind of reprisal, would produce no effect, except further to enrage the already exasperated savage, and convince him of our inability to assail him seriously. We must, therefore, calculate on a campaign of which the immediate end cannot be foreseen; considerable forces must be assembled, great depôts formed and maintained, and all preparations made for keeping in full efficiency the necessary supplies and reinforcements of men and munitions.

There can be no question, from the experience of a host of travellers, that after the low belt of desert is once passed, and the eastern edge of the elevated table-land is attained, the climate may be hot at times, and exposed to trying rains at others, but that in other respects it is as healthy as can be desired.

Speaking generally, Abyssinia is divided into three regions: the dry littoral band, known as the Koka; the hilly or upland region of plateaux, known as the Doga; and the interior moister region, called Masaga. Stretching from the borders of the sea, and rising gradually to the uplands, the Bahr-Nagash, or "domain of the King of the Sea," presents a vegetation that varies at different seasons of the year, and at almost every step made towards the uplands. Mangroves mark almost everywhere the point where the waters bathe the shore. These are followed by extensive growths of saline and succulent plants which first take possession of lands recently abandoned by the sea. There frutescent

soda-plants are succeeded by a bushy underwood of mimosas and acacias, the country of francolins, gazelles, and ostriches. At the foot of the hills trees make their appearance, and among them are the gum-Arabic, the balsam-bearing amyris, and the more hardy evergreen oaks and ilexes, beneath the shade of which roam flocks of guinea-fowl, troops of Beni Israel, or antelope of Salt; the Koama antelope, with a white robe, and scarcely inferior to an ox in size; and the ferocious boar of Ethiopia (*Phascochærus Africanus*); white baboons and apes disport in the branches.

Higher up, the valleys, which open from the uplands into the lower region, have almost all rivulets, small streamlets or pools of water, marking the beds of torrents during the rainy season, by the side of which grow the tamarix, citron-trees, and sycamores, and at whose waters the spiral-horned antelope, the lion, the elephant, and the rhinoceros quench their thirst.

The upland region is more particularly characterised by the turpentine-tree, or pistachia, and the jumping antelope. At greater altitudes grows the kolkal, one of the Euphorbiaceæ, which attains an elevation of forty feet, and whose dead branches, full of holes, harbour an infinity of green parroquets. Still higher the trees become lichen-clad, attesting to the severity of the climate.

The moist region lies to the north and westward of the mountains. In this region there are frequent clouds and rain, as well as a rainy season, and numberless rivulets, which the wadys or winter torrents contribute at times to form the various tributaries to the Atbarah, or Bahr al Aswad—the Black Nile.

Upon the elevated uplands neither heat nor cold are extreme. Even in the elevated prisons of Debra Tabor and Magdala the captives do not seem to have suffered much from cold, although insufficiently clad; nor do they appear to have sustained much injury to their bodily health after sufferings under which they would in some countries have sunk long ago. Abyssinia Proper is, it is well known, in as far as the aspect of the country is concerned, in many parts one of the most favoured regions of the earth's surface. Some districts, it is true, are stony and barren, others are covered with pathless woods, whilst rugged peaks and rocky chasms proclaim the volcanic character of certain regions; but there are extensive plains, well watered, and with a soil that richly rewards with corn and vegetables the rude husbandry of the natives, and there are, again, deep-wooded valleys abounding in game, elephants, and wild animals, and sometimes so hot, close, and damp as to be pernicious to the health of man. The roads scarcely deserve the name, being mere tracks on which no labour is bestowed, and they follow the abrupt undulations of the country so steeply, and offer such difficult foothold, as to render it frequently advisable to imitate the natives in journeying barefoot. Under such circumstances, it is manifestly hopeless to attempt to supply an invading force by means of transport on wheels. A large amount of pack animals of one description or another would be, therefore, indispensable. As to the resources of the country in food and forage, notwithstanding its productiveness, the ravages and depopulation of war, and the rude condition of the arts of life, render it very doubtful at present how far we could rely even on a friendly district for supplies of this kind or for

auxiliary transport. The best man to assist in procuring friendly alliances and aid would be Mr. Rassam himself if once set free, for he has made friends with the bishop, as also with many of the priests and the more sensible and influential inhabitants.

The number of the provinces that have revolted from Theodorus has increased to so formidable an extent, that, if the latest accounts may be relied on, he is completely encircled by disaffection, and only the central district, between the eastern shore of Lake Tsana and the edge of the plateau, continues to acknowledge an authority which never in its best days appears to have extended more than nominally down to the sea-coast. Of the forces now in the field, we only know that they have dwindled to a mere handful, and those not the best of his former followers, who were not, indeed, Abyssinians, but Gallas and other races of a more daring and warlike turn. Only part of them are provided with fire-arms, and a great portion of the infantry appears to possess only the primitive shield and spear. Of the sixteen hundred men who were lately employed in guarding the prison fortress of Magdala, six hundred only were armed with muskets. Mounted troops are spoken of as numerous; they are mostly armed with spears. When encamping, the Abyssinian soldiery shelter themselves in huts of grass erected with astonishing rapidity, and which they burn on quitting them, leaving hardly a trace of their bivouacs. That they possess discipline of some kind is proved by Mr. Rassam, who tells us that, as he rode in front with the emperor in a march against a rebellious district, "it was a fine sight to see the whole army following him at a rapid pace, stopping when he stopped, and turning to the right or left as he turned, as though the movements of this great mass had been directed by machinery."

A colony of European gunsmiths and other workmen has been established for some years by Theodorus at Gaffat, a village near Debra Tabor, and their labours have been directed towards the production of great guns as well as muskets, but it is said they have managed to make the former too cumbersome for use in the field. Theodorus is also said to have broken up his arsenal at Gaffat, and imprisoned a portion, if not all, of the workmen at Debra Tabor, probably because they wanted to escape from his tyranny. There are thus two parties of European captives—the smaller one at Magdala, which includes Consul Cameron, Mr. Rassam, and Messrs. Stern and Rosenthal; the other at Debra Tabor, which includes Mrs. Rosenthal and child, Mr. and Mrs. Flad and three children, with all the German artisans, two missionaries of the Scotch Church, and others. Debra Tabor will, then, apparently become an important point at which to aim in directing the operations of a campaign —far more so than Gondar, the nominal capital, which the emperor burnt in 1864, or than Magdala, which is a rude collection of huts lying on a more or less isolated fragment of the general upland, amid conical hills. The huts, as described by Mr. Stern, are mere wretched hovels, that stand in mocking contrast round four spacious circular dwellings. There is also a church surmounted by a glittering cross, and there is, further, a space enclosed by a strong thorn fence and guarded by groups of sooty soldiers, close to whom lie, basking in the sun, bands of unfortunates loaded with galling fetters. This is the royal prison.

We learn from Colonel Merewether's letters that last March Mr.

Rassam ascertained that Theodorus had then still some eighty thousand armed followers, but that this has since dwindled into a band of fifteen thousand men, ill disciplined, badly armed and disaffected, and that nothing but a sort of superstitious belief in his power prevented a general rising against him. Mainlek, grandson of Sahela Selassi, King of Shoa, whom we had to coerce in the time of Major Harris, had escaped from his confinement at Magdala, and re-established the independence of his kingdom. Tadela Gūrgul not only held his own in Godjam, but defied the emperor, and had ravaged Meder and other districts to cut off supplies from the tyrant. A chieftain of the name of Tissū Goluzye held Walkait up to Gondar, at the head of a hostile army of twenty thousand men. Another chieftain, designated as Wakstūm Goluzye, held Tigray with a powerful band of followers, while to the east and south, in Lasta and the Wallū country, all were in arms and open hostility to the emperor. "As long as the latter can maintain the appearance of royalty, and keep even a small army around him," wrote Colonel Merewether, "there is a superstitious feeling attached to him which prevents any of the powerful rebels moving to attack him. But distress and his tyrannical procedure are fast driving his troops from him, his former energy seems to have left him, and it is most probable that a sudden and violent death will before very long terminate his career." Mr. Rassam also wrote: "It is generally supposed that the refusal of the emperor to liberate us will be followed by a declaration of war; if so, the following hints may prove useful. Have nothing to do with the Turks (*i. e.* Egyptians), because alliance with the unbelievers will bring on a religious war. Try and obtain the friendship of Wakstūm Goluzye, the chief rebel of Lasta and Tigré (Tigray), and Tissū Goluzye, the chief rebel on the road between Adowa and Gondar. They can be very useful in stopping communication between the coast and his majesty, and in transporting baggage, &c. If the bishop's assistance be required, I can get him to write to all the rebels to render assistance. There is no respectable man in Abyssinia who approves of his majesty's conduct, but no one has the pluck to speak plainly to him. He now has scarcely any country left, and yet he brags as if he were Alexander the Great. His power is only now acknowledged wherever he is, and he is so afraid of his troops deserting that he dare not attack any of the great rebels."

Colonel Merewether adds: "The intelligence now forwarded shows that the king's position is getting daily worse and more desperate. The patience of the country, well-nigh exhausted before, was further heavily tried on the occasion of the desecration of the churches at Gondar. It is wonderful the king is still borne with. His health is very bad, his sufferings great from a hopeless disease, and that made worse by excessive intemperance. Provisions in Begmedar are nearly exhausted, and there is nowhere else to look for more. The army is fast leaving him, and though he is said to have given out that he is going against Tadeba Guialoo (Tadela Goorgul of Rassam), the rebel chief in Godjam, every one knows he cannot attempt it. First, he has not sufficient troops left with him to ensure success; and next, if he went out of Begmedar, it would be occupied by the rebels of Lasta and Walkeit, and he would lose his stronghold Magdala. It would be most fortunate for us if he could be induced to make the attempt; but he is too cunning to risk it. It

would seem strange to those unacquainted with the people how these rebels, who have such strong forces at their disposal, and who defy his authority, should not close with him and attack him now he is weakened. But the best informed assure me that, as long as there is any chance of Theodorus rising again, such is the dread of him personally, none of the rebels will advance on him, or attempt to find him. Were they positively assured his course had come to an end, they might then be induced to act, and be found most useful."

It would appear from the intelligence since received, either that Theodorus has taken the initiative against some of the more powerful of the rebel chiefs, or, what is more likely, that the latter, wearied of his cruelty and rapacity, have closed upon him. Further reports of the progress of the rebellion may therefore be looked for at the present conjuncture of affairs with deep interest. In the mean time, it is gratifying to know that Mr. Rassam reports that "there is no lack of friends" to the British, both at the Abyssinian court and at Magdala, their places of imprisonment; and altogether it appears tolerably certain that a bold move on the part of any one of the Abyssinian chieftains must have been followed by a general rise and insurrection throughout the country. No wonder, when Consul Cameron wrote on June 18 that the emperor had butchered six hundred of his most faithful soldiers because their relations were in rebellion, and he had been putting women and children in wax cloth and roasting them alive! The consequence has been desertion on a large scale—a thousand at a time. The peasantry between Magdala and Debra Tabor were furious, as the soldiers killed were their kinsmen, and to prevent communication between the two strong places, they cut the throats of all travellers without exception. Even the servants of the captives, sent to Debra Tabor to procure clothing sent over with Mr. Flad, had been, according to a letter of Mr. Prideaux, killed by the infuriated peasantry. Ras Adilū Tamarū, one of the most powerful chiefs of Theodorus's army, had deserted with all his troops—about half the whole camp—and had withdrawn to Yedjū, his own province.

According to Sir Samuel Baker, Suakīm presents these advantages as a base for military operations, that the Viceroy of Egypt could issue an order by which ten thousand camels could be collected there in three weeks, and relays of these animals could also be gathered at Kassala, which is two hundred and seventy miles distant by direct caravan route, fourteen days' journey for a loaded camel, and twenty for troops with many impedimenta, and as far from Magdala as Massawah. Means of transport would thus be ensured upon the landing of troops at Suakīm, the advance would be through the territory of an ally, the base of operations would be the frontier of Egypt, and therefore no necessity would exist for keeping open a communication with the rear by detachments of troops that should be offensively employed. But not only is the distance presented by this route objectionable, but so also is, as before observed, the co-operation of the Egyptians. If Abyssinia is penetrated by its own coast, the emperor, it is said, would retreat to the mountains, and the peasants would drive away their flocks and herds, and fill their wells. But Theodorus might just as well run away from an advance *viâ* Egypt as *viâ* Abyssinia, whilst the peasants, being for the most part in revolt, would be less likely to drive away their herds from an invading

Anglo-Indian force than from one with which the Egyptians—their religious foes and hereditary enemies—were acting in co-operation; and as to the wells, they could be recovered by the American tube-borer in five minutes, and fresh water might be procured along all the dry beds of torrents, and in low or marshy spots, by the same means.

Massawah, also objectionable as an Egyptian port, presents this advantage, that the high land comes so close at that point to the sea, that the intervening space to Halai, on the table-land, may be traversed in a couple of marches; moreover, beds of rivers open into the bay, assuring a supply of water. The adjacent table-land constitutes part of Tigray, once ruled by a rival chief, then conquered and annexed by Theodorus, and now in revolt against him. On the line from Halai to Central Abyssinia, the first important military feature that appears on the map is the river Mareb, which directly crosses it. By fortifying a part of the bank of this stream, an advanced base might be established for supplying the troops during their next movement to the Takkazye. This second stream attained, similar use might be made of it for a final advance. There is no doubt, taking these points into consideration, and the advantages which are given to diplomatic agency obtaining the safe release of the captives, from positions taken up on the Mareb and Takkazye, as also the possibly friendly co-operation of the chief of Tigray, that the Massawah route presents great advantages over that of Suakīm or Tajurra. The latter road to Abyssinia, by way of Shoa (the alliance of whose king, an enemy of Theodorus, might be easily obtained), is known, from the descriptions given by Major Harris and others, to be replete with almost insuperable difficulties.

But there is another port offering a route into Abyssinia, the nearest, the most available, and with the best harbour, and which was always used in olden times before the Turks obtained possession of Suakīm and Massawah, and made those the ports of Abyssinia, and that is the Adule of the Greeks and Adulis of the Romans; the importance of which place as the entrance into Abyssinia we discussed at length in the *New Monthly* for February, 1860, when the French were negotiating for its cession. "Adule," Cosmas wrote in his "Topographia Christiana" in A.D. 545, "is a city of Ethiopia, and the port of communication with Axiomis (Axum) and the whole nation, of which that city is the capital; in this port we carry on our trade from Alexandria and the Elanitick Gulf. (The trade of Solomon and Hiram was carried on from Ezion Geber at the head of the same gulf.) The town itself is about two miles from the shore, and as you enter it on the western side, by the road that leads from Axiomis, there is still remaining a chair or throne which appertained to one of the Ptolemys, who had subjected this country to his authority." Sketches are given in Cosmas of this throne, as also of Adule itself, which are reproduced in Vincent's "Commerce of the Ancients," in which both pyramids and obelisks appear, showing that the style of building was, as has also been found at Ophir in Sofala, Egyptian or Ethiopic.

Adule was founded, according to Pliny (vi. xxix.), by fugitive slaves, and under the name of Adulis became the principal haven and city of the so-called Adulitæ. It was favoured by the Ptolemys, as the first station on the highway from the coast to the city of Axum in the interior, and it was thus the port of Abyssinia and the entrance into the

country, from the most remote times to those of the Greeks and Romans. It was also a hunting-seat of the Lagides, as recorded in the celebrated inscription found on the throne. The chief articles of its trade are enumerated by Dean Vincent after the Periplus of Arrian. It was an emporium for hides, ivory, and tortoiseshell. It had also a large slave market, and was a caravan station for the trade of the interior of Africa.

Adule was situated on the bay of same name, now known as Annesley Bay. This bay is formed by the Colobon promontory, now Jebel Gadam, on the one side, the "Hilly Chersonesus" on the other. The navigation of this bay is somewhat impeded by islands, one of the most extensive of which is Orine, or the "Hilly Island" of the Periplus, now Valentia Island, as also by coral reefs; but it is, nevertheless, the safest and most commodious haven in the Red Sea, and its dangers might be easily buoyed off.

The site of Adule appears to have been first explored in modern times by Lord Valentia and Mr. Salt, and then by Rüppell, who found there some walls, a few square capitals, columns and capitals, with other fragments of ruin. It has since been examined by MM. Galinier and Ferret, who were employed by the French government on a military survey of Abyssinia, as also by M. Lefebvre, who was employed on a political mission; and by MM. Vayssières and Arnaud. The latter travellers found there a mass of wall upwards of three hundred paces in length, and more than thirty feet in elevation at places, and upon which innumerable black ibises had located themselves. To the south-west a dark, deep, and tortuous valley opened between ranges of volcanic peaks (Jebel Gadam is of volcanic origin), that rose up towards the crest of the more distant and lofty chain. Two hot springs burst from the foot of the nearest hills. The traces of the highway, which formerly connected Adule with Axum, are also said to have been seen.

As a result of these military and political explorations of Abyssinia, a paragraph appeared in the *Journal des Débats* early in 1860, announcing the cession of the port of Zula (as the modern village near Adule is called) to the French, and which cession, it was added, had been made in strict "conformity with established usages." The occupation, however, of the place by a civilised power, which could not but have been beneficial to the navigation of the Red Sea, to the prospects of commerce on the eastern coast of Africa, and to the tranquillity and well-being of Abyssinia itself, was for some reasons or other never carried out. The region in question is held by Arabs and Danakil, and it does not appear that the Abyssinians have been able to establish their sway over the same region, at least in modern times. Ubiyah, King of Tigray, before he was deposed by Theodorus, sent a strong force against Zula, which advanced by what is called "the Wady" *par excellence*, and along which the ancient road lay from Axum to Adule. This is the same as the valley of the Haddas River in Munzinger's map, attached to the "Further Correspondence respecting the British Captives in Abyssinia," presented to the House of Commons July 8, 1867. But after an ineffectual demonstration made against Massawah and Arkiko, the Abyssinians having reached, we are told by M. Vayssières, "the pass which ascends from the ruins of Adulis to those of Axum, in the direction of Hammam (the hot springs), they were obliged to turn about, for the hills

which enclose the valley were occupied by armed men, whose impregnable position placed them out of danger of all surprise, and who could, on their part, crush any enemies that should dare to venture along the bottom of the ravine, whose acclivities are so many bare and rugged precipices." It would appear from this that Adule possesses great advantages of position as a basis for operations to be carried on into the interior, as well as from being supplied with water by the torrent Haddas, and being on the highway from the coast to the interior before the port of Messawah was adopted by the Egyptians.

Mr. Munzinger, who reached the upper valley of the Haddas at a point marked as Hadaley Hill, travelling from Arkiko, describes the first two hours of his journey as being over a hard open plain with a large village, and water plentiful. Thence to the entrance of the Shilliki Pass (3h. 20m.), over flat open country with many gum-trees (*Acacia Arabica*). The Shilliki is one of the torrents which flow into the Red Sea at certain seasons near Massawah; the other is the Obal, which seems to be a canal drawn from the Agbalo. Water was to be obtained, when Munzinger travelled, by digging a few feet in the bed of the torrent. The road beyond the pass to Hadaley Hill (2h. 50m.) was level at first, and then hilly. There was plenty of water at Wooja, one hour east; and at Zula, four hours east. At Wooja the Ali Gady and Haddas torrents unite, and form one to Zula. The road to Halai and Tokonda lies up the Haddas; but Mr. Munzinger unfortunately did not explore it, although he says there are only two roads leading to Northern Abyssinia (that is, from Massawah) which are practicable for camels: one to Tokonda, the other to Kiagour, or Kayahkor. It will be seen, however, by this exploration, that there was no running water from Massawah to the Haddas, whereas there is water all the way above where the road from Massawah joins it. Mr. Munzinger, indeed, pursued his way up to Ali Gady, and found water in plenty all the way. Wood was also to be found at all places. Beef and mutton were plentiful everywhere, and grass is to be found at all places from October to May.

"The country," says Mr. Munzinger, "till the Ali Gady torrent is reached belongs to any one." The left of the torrent upwards to Haddas is, however, occupied by the Tora Mussulman nomades, nominally Egyptian subjects, and mustering seven to eight hundred spears. The country on the right of the Ali Gady belongs to the Catholic tribe of Zana Fagley, which has fixed settlements on the highlands near Halai. These people have extensive land, but only muster eight hundred spears. They have eight small villages, of which the largest are Akrom and Saganaytee. There are fine plateaux on the right and left of the Ali Gady—large plains four to five thousand feet above the level of the sea, well cultivated, water plentiful. Both the Tora and the Zana Fagley, however, remove their flocks and herds down to the lowlands near the coast in the winter months. During the tropical rains, from June till September, they remain on the highlands to cultivate.

From Aydereso, where the torrent is left on this road, the ground belongs to the tribe Angana, who have five villages, one of which is Kayahkor. Supplies of grain are to be obtained in this place, as also at Gotafalassee. The Angana are subject to a larger tribe, the Aggala Goora, who have seventeen villages. The chief of these two tribes is the son of Anda Michael, who does homage to Waksheim Gobazye, the rebel

leader of Lasta and Tigray. It is eight hours' journey, or twenty-two miles, from Kayahkor to Gotafalassee. The hill behind Kayahkor is not at present practicable to camels, but might easily be made so. Once at the top, the road passes over level plateaux to the village of Mya (four hours), there descends, crosses the Mareb, passable at all times, and ascends again the other side, presenting no difficulty whatever, to the village of Shaha (two hours), and on to Gotafalassee in two hours more. Gotafalassee is the great market-place for Northern Abyssinia, and lies in the midst of the fertile plain of Saramey. It is only about nine hours' journey from Tsazafa, the residence of Djaj Hailoo, the king's governor of Hamasen.

Dr. Beke visited Adule on his late expedition to Massawah, made in the cause of the Abyssinian captives. The Haddas, or Hadas, as he spells it, enters the gulf of Adulis or Annesley Bay, he says, near its south-western extremity. The "famous emporium" of Adule stood on the left or northern bank of the river; the modern Zula, or Zulla, is a poor village on the right bank. The ruins of Adule, twenty stadia distant in the time of Arrian, and two miles in that of Cosmas, are now about four miles from the coast, owing to the gradual uprising of the land. When Dr. Beke visited Adule (February, 1866), the bed of the river was dry, but from its head at Tohonda, as far south as Hamʾaammo, a well-known camping-ground of the caravans, situate a little to the south of where the river turns towards the sea, water is said to be met with at certain spots all the year round; and even when at the driest, wells, dug in the sandy bed of the river, afford a constant and copious supply.

The caravan-road passed in ancient times from Adule by the valley of the Haddas to Coloë, whose modern representative, Halai, retains its ancient name in a corrupted form, and thence to Axum, and so across the Takkazye, the "Nile" of the Ethiopians. Halai is eight thousand four hundred feet, or a mile and a half perpendicular elevation, above the sea, and yet it is little more than twenty geographical miles from the head of Annesley Bay as the crow flies. This place appears to have been superseded at one time by Senafé, a commercial station on the edge of the table-land, a few miles south-east of Tohonda, and of which place there are still remains. Dr. Beke advocates Senafé as the best position to be occupied by an invading army on its entrance into the country. The ascent to this place from the east and north, through the district of Buré, is said to be equally good with that by way of Tohonda, the former being the direct road from the great salt plain of Harho, which supplies Abyssinia with its present currency—pieces of rock-salt. So important is salt to the Abyssinians, that both Mr. Consul Petherick (Letter to Lord Stanley, No. 136) and Dr. Beke think that the emperor might be coerced to terms merely by stopping the supply.

At Senafé, which can be approached in more than one direction, the troops would be at once removed from the coast to the fresh and bracing climate and clear atmosphere enjoyed at upwards of a mile and a half above the ocean, for Senafé is of even greater elevation than Halai. It is also the nearest point to Magdala, it being less than two hundred miles distant from that strong place, and all the way on the healthy table-land. Magdala, situated on a detached spur, at a lower elevation than the table-land itself, is, indeed, said to be approachable by a practicable road

through Agame, Enderta, Bora, and Woffla, without crossing the Takkazye or any other large river. Dr. Beke (Corr. No. 101) is highly in favour of this upland road over the lower road through Bogos, Kassala, and Matemmah, or the middle road through Hamaseyn and Tigray, crossing the river Takkazye. It was the road followed by De Gama when he entered Abyssinia in 1541 at the head of five hundred Portuguese, to assist the emperor against the Muhammadans.

It is to be remarked that when Dr. Beke was at Adule, although the bed of the Haddas was dry, there were wells sunk in the sandy soil about a mile nearer the sea, at which numerous horned cattle were being watered; "small, well-shaped, fat beasts, giving a delicious rich milk," the pasture at that time of the year being plentiful almost down to the sea-side. Mr. Munzinger's reports do not tally with Dr. Beke's when the latter describes the twenty-six miles of country intervening between Arkiko and the Haddas as low, barren, with no regular supply of water. Mr. Munzinger describes water as everywhere obtainable by digging; and, in fact, there would appear to be very little difference between Massawah and Adule as places of disembarkation, except that Adule is of far greater political importance. Dr. Beke does not, unfortunately, tell us what tribe were pasturing their cattle there—whether Arabs, Danakil, or Tora, whom Munzinger describes as nominally Egyptian subjects. If the latter, a question might arise whether Zula is really no man's land, as described by the acting consul at Massawah. If it was the Catholic tribe of Zana Fagley, the same difficulties would not arise, although their tendencies might be towards the French; and one of the Blue Book correspondents is so convinced of this partisan feeling of the Roman Catholic Abyssinians, that he recommends a French alliance to redeem our countrymen from captivity.

Mr. Rassam denounces Dr. Beke's mission as foolish, and as having done all the captives great mischief. Be this as it may, we heartily agree with the intrepid traveller and indefatigable writer, that "the wisdom of the founders of Adulis was displayed in the choice of a spot so richly supplied with water in a desert and almost waterless region; and whenever peaceful commercial relations are established with the interior, Adulis, at the mouth of the Hadas, will again prove itself to be the key of Abyssinia."

Lieutenant-Colonel Merewether has also been to explore the gulf of Annesley, which he did down to the bottom, landing at different places. He ascertained through Mr. Munzinger that there were two roads, the one to Halai, taken by Dr. Beke, and which, he says, is not a good one for laden camels; the other *the old Greek caravan-road* from Adule to Tenafee (as he writes it). This last has not been frequented of late years, and is overgrown with jungle, but it was much used when Adule was a Greek colony; and, adds the colonel, "I cannot help thinking will, on further inquiry, prove as good as any—at any rate, well worth examination hereafter, should entrance into Abyssinia become necessary." The country on the western side of Annesley Bay was at that epoch (January, 1867) richly green, and the plains were covered with herds of cattle "from all parts." Wild elephants were also found close to the seashore, at the bottom of the bay, feeding quietly in the plain. There were also at that time a party of two hundred Egyptian troops in the bay pro-

tecting the customs, which it appears the Egyptians manage to levy upon the salt. This is a further untoward combination.

It will attach further importance to the site of the ancient Amphila, advocated as a landing-place by Colonel Merewether, and which is more decidedly without those boundaries which the Viceroy of Egypt once spoke of as being "very elastic." But Moresby describes the modern village of Hanfila, which represents in the present day Amphila of old, as one of the most wretched places on the coast, consisting of six miserable huts close to the sea, on the verge of a sandy plain, and incapable of furnishing any supplies. Consul Plowden also described it as "a bad roadstead, and a worse landscape; very unfavourable to the shipment of goods, with little water, and that of a bad quality." Another drawback which he mentions is the fierce tribe of the Taltals, who occupy the intermediate region between the coast and the highlands in the interior, and of whom we know scarcely anything beyond their reported treachery and barbarity. The other advantages of the site are therefore, according to Major-General Coghlan, "quite neutralised by the difficulties attending that route." Sir William Coghlan appears, indeed, to prefer the Massawah route, but he admits that the road from Adule is the nearest, and was in ancient times the principal approach to Tigray; and it would be desirable, he adds, "to obtain, if possible, more detailed and reliable information respecting its eligibility for an invading army."

Should the British government occupy Adule, they will have the best possible basis for advancing into the country, and should it be deemed advisable as a result of the war to leave a small force at the ancient port of Abyssinia, it would be easily made safe from all aggression from without. It would keep the Abyssinians in check, and protect travellers; it would establish a point on the coast from whence commercial and friendly relations could be maintained with the interior, enhance European influence among the independent populations—Arab and Danakil—of the seaboard, make the best and most spacious harbour in the Red Sea, and to which neither Egyptians nor Abyssinians have any real claim, available for all nations, and give protection to the packets and traders of all countries which now furrow the waters of the old Erythrean Sea, and which may be expected to increase largely in numbers when the Suez Canal comes into operation.

It is natural that our proceedings in these quarters should be viewed with a certain amount of jealousy by the French, who have so long coveted the possession of Adule. A certain Count de Bisson intimates (Blue Book, p. 67) "si le Negous (Theodorus) succombe, elle (England) seule en profitera. Elle deviendra la maîtresse de la Mer Rouge et du centre de l'Afrique, la plus riche contrée du globe, en productions tropicales, en mines de fer, de cuivre, de plomb argentifère, d'or et en bassins houilliers. La Mer Rouge sera un lac Anglais, et le percement de l'Isthme aura été fait à son profit."

But we look upon the question in a purely humanitarian and cosmopolitan light, not as affecting one party more than another, but as giving protection to each and all; and if a policy inaugurated and so long ago advocated by France as beneficial to the civilised world should happen by the force of circumstances to remain to be carried out by the English, it will be ultimately for the general benefit of a common humanity.

THE DEEPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

By M. Sullivan.

PART THE NINTH.

I.

AFTERWARDS.

It was over, and Mrs. Ashton was unwilling to remain another instant in the dark and gloomy court-yard; she hurried Robert into the house, for, as she said, there was more to be done, and in the first place they left the outer door of the kitchen a little open, that Hannah might find it so in the morning. Grace's rooms were then visited, and arranged with as great an air of comfort as was possible; scraps and fragments of writing were anxiously searched for, and everything of that kind was at once destroyed.

"And now," Robert concluded, "we had better soon go to bed, that Hannah may find everything as usual in the morning; and remember, we must not put the reservoir into their heads, because the longer they leave *it* there the better. That meddling Brooks might come bothering about the place, but a few hours under water will prevent him from finding anything out."

Between three and four o'clock in the morning Robert declared again that it would be prudent to go to bed as usual, that Hannah might find everything "on the square." The fire was now carefully raked out, and silence and darkness fell upon the gloomy old house. Strange to say, Mrs. Ashton, who had shrunk from the idea of being left alone while the crime was only in contemplation, had no such fear, but rather a feeling of vindictive triumph over Grace, now that it had been committed. Grace had been an object of dislike to her from the first, but of late she had hated her with the very bitterest degree and kind of hatred, as the whited sepulchre of Scripture might be supposed to hate the one whose very life and presence lifted the lying veil from his pharisaic respectability, and made him appear, to himself at least, the hypocrite that he really was. This is the deepest form of antipathy, and is founded on the destruction of the self-deceptive element. Your true Pharisee could sooner forgive the enemy who exposes him to the world, than the enemy who exposes him to himself.

Hannah, returning at half-past seven, found the gate of the court-yard and the door of the kitchen entrance left ajar, but did not deduce therefrom any conclusion, except that somebody had forgotten to shut them, about the nearest approach to a deduction of which her mind was capable. She "redded up" the dwelling-rooms, and made her usual preparations for breakfast, laying a napkin upon a tray that was presently to be taken up to "Mrs. Robert." At exactly half-past eight o'clock Mrs. Ashton came down-stairs; she usually made her appearance at about that hour, with a margin of ten minutes on either side, but on this particular morning

she had sat with her watch in her hand, anxiously waiting for the exact moment when it would be time to go down-stairs; it seemed to her as if a minute later or earlier might in some way rouse suspicion, and direct inquiry to herself. She looked better and younger than she had seemed to be of late, in spite of two wakeful nights; the excitement of her purpose, and the knowledge of its consummation, had given colour to her cheeks, and brightness to her eyes. It had done something more than this; it had rolled back the mists of age from her mind, and, for the time, at least, her mental faculties were as clear and vigorous as they had been a score of years ago.

She came down-stairs, and began to pour out the coffee with a steady hand; a cup for herself and a cup for Grace, Robert not having yet come down. She put Grace's cup upon the tray, with some toast and butter, and carried it up the stairs, as she had been accustomed to do since Susan had left them. Half way up she met Robert, descending. He wished her good morning, the same feeling taking possession of the guilty pair at the same moment, that it would be better for them now to act and speak to one another, exactly as if the world were looking on, and never, even in their strictest privacy, to refer in any way to the past.

"I am taking Grace her breakfast," she said, and went quickly past him, with a kind of galvanised agility. Up the lobby stairs, through the door that was not locked now, but closed, that it might look to Hannah as it had always looked before; into Grace's room, where everything had been left in order the night before, and where she set down the tray on the dressing-table. She gave one glance round her, paused for a few moments, looked into the sitting-room, and then went down-stairs again to Robert, who was seated at the breakfast-table. "Grace is not in her rooms," she said, quite steadily.

"Then perhaps she is in the garden. Ask Hannah," he replied.

Hannah being called, and interrogated, said that she had seen nothing of Mrs. Robert, and did not think she was in the garden, but would go and see. Returning from which quest, she announced, briefly, that she could see "nout of her," and plunged at once into some black and grimy region at the back of the kitchen, where she sympathetically absorbed and transferred to herself the sootiness of the pots and pans that she was cleaning. To her descended Mrs. Ashton, who asked her, with a face of alarm, where she thought Mrs. Robert could be. Now Hannah very rarely thought at all, but she made a bold attempt at this unwonted process, and after a pause of nearly five minutes, during which all her mental resources were called into play, she propounded the result of her reasoning —an opinion that "she worn't likely to be fur off."

With which it was not Mrs. Ashton's part to be contented; so she despatched the logician on a tour through the house, and then on another through the grounds; both fruitless ones. Then she called Robert, and acquainted him with the fact that Grace could not be found, asking him what it would be better to do. During the pause that ensued, Hannah again hazarded a conjecture that "she might have took a walk."

"But how did she go out?" Mrs. Ashton asked, anxious to elicit the fact of the door and gate being left open, before Hannah had had time to forget the circumstance. "She could not have left the house without unbolting one of the doors, you know."

"A seed t' door a bit ajar when a comed in," Hannah immediately affirmed, the opened gate seeming to have escaped her notice.

The criminals were alike afraid of doing too much or too little; they feared lest, on the one hand, they should seem to neglect any precautions usual and proper to be taken under these circumstances; and, on the other hand, lest they should betray a guilty knowledge of the catastrophe, by making too much of what still appeared to be a very simple and ordinary kind of incident.

"Hadn't we better have breakfast," Robert suggested, "and see if she doesn't come in before we have finished? The coffee will be getting cold."

They took pains to breakfast much as usual. Hannah presently appeared with a tray, and cleared away the cups and saucers with a stolid and indifferent face. She had probably forgotten the mystery of Grace's disappearance.

"How horribly stupid that girl is!" Mrs. Ashton exclaimed, forgetting that Hannah's concrete stupidity had been her principal recommendation.

"She doesn't seem to take much notice," Robert remarked; "you'd better poke her up again."

So Mrs. Ashton went down to the kitchen, and informed Hannah that she was very uneasy about Mrs. Robert, and that she wondered what it would be better to do. Hannah slowly opened her eyes, as a new idea dawned upon her, and declared that "it did look strange."

Mrs. Ashton asked her again what she thought it would be better to do; but here Hannah was quite at a loss, the idea of applying to the police, or of making any inquiry in the village, not occurring to her. Mrs. Ashton was afraid to suggest any step that might be afterwards understood to imply a prematurely serious view of what had happened, but she presently ventured to say, "Don't you think I had better go out and look about for her? I cannot help feeling uneasy."

Hannah opined that Mrs. Robert would be in, and looking after her breakfast, before "t' owd missis" returned; but Mrs. Ashton decided that it would be well to go, after holding a moment's conference with Robert, who remained in the house.

When she was once outside the walls, she felt that a new sense of life and freedom had come upon her; she had been living in daily dread of discovery, for a thousand chances, as she knew, might arise for Grace in the course of one single day, and any of them might be seized successfully, and might result in detection to the guilty schemers. Now, these avenues to ruin were all closed up; one more danger had to be faced, a great danger, but a single one, and then—wealth and freedom. The game was nearly won now—a game that she would—oh, so greatly—have preferred never to engage in; but circumstances had in a measure forced it upon her, the stakes were high, and she would play it carefully to the end. The confusing mists that had been creeping over her brain of late, had now all cleared away, she saw what it would be most prudent to do, and she had plenty of energy to do it. Guilt sometimes makes and keeps the promise, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

She inquired in the few shops of which Basnet could boast, whether Mrs. Robert had been seen that morning, and receiving answers in the negative, she mentioned the unusual circumstance of her absence from

home, trying, as it were, to make light of her own fears, and to seem to think that the absentee would be at home before her. She listened patiently to various items of news that were related to her, making suitable remarks upon them, though she heard with her outward ears only. On the preceding afternoon there had been an explosion at the coal works, five men had been killed, and several had been more or less injured; Mrs. Ashton was appropriately shocked. A patient had also escaped from the new lunatic asylum; Mrs. Ashton hoped the poor creature would soon be found. There was no news of Grace, and the inquirer returned to Tyne Hall.

Even Hannah had been startled from her normal stolidity by the news that Mrs. Robert had not been seen or heard of; but she had no suggestion to offer, and Robert had decided that he would "step round to the police-office," and acquaint those guardians of the public weal with the circumstance that was causing so much uneasiness. It had been settled that he and Mrs. Ashton must not both be absent from home at the same time, so she remained in-doors to keep watch and ward over the gloomy old house that she hoped soon to leave for ever.

She went into one of the sitting-rooms, and sat down to think; it was quite surprising to herself that she could think and reason so clearly, and the events of her past life unrolled themselves before her as in a kind of panorama, seen in the strong light of her present excitement. She had been a pretty girl, well educated, according to the standard of female education that obtained in those days, more than ordinarily robust and vigorous, and gifted, if not with much intelligence, with large ideas on the subject of worldly position, of wealth, and rank. The chance of a good marriage had been offered her very early, before she was eighteen years old, and she and her friends had concluded the negotiation with as little delay as possible, for it was quite unlikely that Fate could have anything better in store for her in the way of a husband than the rich Mr. Ashton. Troubles had come upon her very quickly, however; unsuccessful speculations were afloat in those days as well as in these, and a large portion of her husband's property had been lost in this way, before she had been married three years. It was a great loss, but it was not ruin; still, it had preyed upon his mind by day and by night, and had probably made him fall a more easy victim to disease, when he was attacked by it. She was left a widow, with two young children, boys, with enough to live upon comfortably, but without any of the pomps and vanities that follow in the train of wealth.

She was still very young, a mere girl in years, in spite of her widowhood, and her head was full of plans for her worldly advancement; but it happened that a second "good marriage" never fell in her way. Her eldest son, the father of Grace and Robert, had disappointed her by marrying, when very young, a woman of moderate fortune, somewhat older than himself. Her second son, the father of Grace Meadows, had also married young, but had secured the affections of an heiress, Miss Meadows, possessed of considerable property, and with still larger expectations. When Grace and Robert were born, their grandmother was only about forty-five years old, still handsome and blooming, and not without some idea of the possibility of another marriage; not more worldly than she had been at eighteen, and pious, after a worldly fashion.

She did not go to church merely because it looked well to assist in the public ceremonial of religion, but because she felt better and happier for doing so. The Pharisee, who does all his works to be seen of men, is but a coarse and blundering kind of hypocrite, and stands little chance of promotion in the Devil's service; the really useful and finished deceiver must be clever enough to deceive himself.

And this was a point that Mrs. Ashton had fully attained to; she was anxious to stand as well as possible in both worlds, to omit no duty, and to be as respectable in her own eyes as in those of her neighbours. Even her schemes had all consisted of proper and virtuous scheming, plans for the good of her family, that were to bear fruit in the regular way, in due season, as it were. Her favourite plan of late years had been to bring about a marriage between Robert and Grace Meadows, to secure to the grandchild she preferred the large inheritance that would otherwise go out of the family as soon as Grace Meadows happened to marry. This idea of hers could never have been carried out, but circumstances had enabled Robert, as the reader knows, to perpetrate a fraud, by means of which he had become possessed of the interest of Grace Meadows' fortune. It is certain that Mrs. Ashton would never have planned this fraud, would never have suggested or encouraged it; the element that does duty for sterling worth, that clings to respectability, and shrinks from crime, was far too strong in her for that; and she was really shocked and distressed when, on the occasion of her first journey to Deepdale, Robert had communicated to her the secret of the fraud that he had committed. It was only after a time that her mind had become reconciled to the idea from which at first it had shrunk away; her path was made smooth for her; the game would not be a difficult one to play. Grace Meadows' death, if known, would have deprived her of a large part of the income on which she was living. Once get the twin away from Deepdale, and among strangers, once obtain her consent to help her brother to the end, and there would really be no reasonable chance of detection. Every year that Grace lived would alter her a little, would make her more like what Grace Meadows might have been, if she, too, had lived to grow older, and the best thing for all parties would be really to believe and persuade themselves that they were acting as well as they could under the very untoward circumstances that had arisen. It was an unconventional way of acting, certainly, but then Providence, for once, had made such a dreadful blunder in taking Grace Meadows and leaving the twin, that there was really no conventional way of remedying it. And the thing was done before Mrs. Ashton knew anything about it. What *could* she do, unless she fell in with Robert's views when they were made known to her? It was then too late to remonstrate, for the Renshaws had been deceived, and the deception was actively going on. To denounce it would be to bring disgrace as well as comparative poverty upon her family, to bring the name of Ashton before the world, associated with an attempted fraud, to soil the spotless vesture of respectability that was so dear to her soul.

She did what she really thought it would be better to do; better for all parties, she said to herself, not including probably the legal heir of Grace Meadows' property. But all her plans had been baffled by the unexpected obstinacy of Grace, and by the utter failure of Robert's in-

fluence over her, when sorrow had matured her mind and character, and when her eyes were fully opened to the extent and wickedness of his scheme. Now, Mrs. Ashton had never liked Grace; something antagonistic between the two natures had kept them wide apart, and this want of liking deepened into positive hatred as Grace showed herself more resolutely intractable, and as her obstinacy threatened not only to overthrow the whole plan, but to give up the schemers to justice, to a power that would probably not take the same "view" of these peculiar circumstances that Mrs. Ashton had found herself able to adopt. She recalled the fears and worries of her continental life, her efforts to pacify Grace, her dread lest she should find an opportunity of betraying everything to strangers; she remembered how it became more and more difficult to put off Grace with pleas and excuses; how they were obliged to hurry away in the night from one town in which they had made an English acquaintance; how they had at last to bury themselves in that desolate old house, in the dullest part of Yorkshire, afraid to surround themselves with comforts, not to speak of luxuries, afraid even to have the house repaired, because any of these things would necessitate the presence of strangers, with whom Grace might communicate. It was a life of daily dread and anxiety that had suddenly brought upon her the infirmities of age; from being surprisingly young and vigorous for a woman of sixty-six or sixty-seven, she had become all at once feeble in body and paralysed in mind, all through Grace—all through Grace! And things were coming to extremities; Grace was growing more desperately determined to betray them, the intercepted letter to John Renshaw had been the nearest miss possible, and Susan, on whose vigilance they depended, was drawing near the time when she would be unable to keep watch over the prisoner. The money that they had sinned for was absolutely of no use to the two women; their lives were spent in all-consuming fear and anxiety.

And then came the discovery that Robert was spending this money, and more, at a distance from them, that even the large income he now possessed was not sufficient to keep him out of debt; he must have all, he told Mrs. Ashton, the whole principal of Grace Meadows' fortune, instead of only the interest of it, and then he saw his way to a steady and prosperous life. He would "cut" the pursuits that had caused him to get into difficulties; he would be as steady as it was possible to be, if only he had the whole, instead of the interest upon it. Let Grace Meadows be supposed to die, married and without children, and her entire property would belong, unconditionally, to her husband. Grace's death made just the difference to her that lies between wealth, with ease of mind, and poverty, with ceaseless gnawing anxiety and fear. She felt as if many years of life were before her, if only she could shake off the load that had been pressing so heavily upon her, and she hoped that now she had shaken it off for ever. No more haunting fears, after the next few days at least: no more lying down to sleep with wakeful senses, preternaturally alive to every sound and every ray of light; no more sinking into troubled dreams, and waking with a start, to ask herself whether her great dread were realised, whether Grace had found means to betray her.

She was not haunted by the consciousness of her crime, by the pale accusing face of the dead; for the time, at least, she had no feeling of

that kind; there was absolutely no room for it in the excitement of her release from one overwhelming dread, and of her preparation to meet with prudence and composure the danger that might be awaiting her. She did not believe there could be much danger of *that*. No eye had seen, no ear had heard. Some fragment of circumstantial evidence might start up when she least expected it, and might throw suspicion on the guilty; but much would depend on the way in which it was met, and here she felt that she had strength to be on her guard. As for Grace, she hated her more than ever now, for had she not brought this upon her too? And instead of any feelings prompted by the superstition of remorse, she experienced a sentiment of triumph over Grace, now lying cold and dead, incapable at least by word or act of doing further harm. She felt this, and rather wondered at herself, and at her own strength of mind, for being able to feel it. The strong excitement that followed upon her crime was bearing her up, for the moment.

Mr. Renshaw had received Robert's letter the day before, had talked the matter over with his wife, and had agreed with her that there was cause for very great anxiety on behalf of the supposed Grace Meadows. They remembered her peculiar state of nervous depression, as she had slowly recovered from the shock that had so completely prostrated her at Deepdale; they read the dismally suggestive poem, in the handwriting that they had always received as hers, and they tried to gain from it a glimpse into the mind and purposes of the writer. John Renshaw was away from home at the time, and they thought, as people not endowed with any extraordinary acuteness would be almost sure to think, that Grace Meadows was suffering from the depression that verges on absolute insanity, and yet often yields to skilled and careful treatment. They were kind-hearted people, and the presumed Grace Meadows, in spite of her long illness and her peculiar condition of mind, had endeared herself to them during her visit to Deepdale. They decided that it would be right for Mr. Renshaw to see her, and to judge for himself as to her mental and physical state, without even the delay that would be caused by first announcing his arrival. Robert had rightly calculated that Mr. Renshaw would be unable to reach Basnet until the day after Grace had been disposed of; and Mrs. Ashton was still thinking over her past troubles, when he drove up to the door of Tyne Hall, in a fly procured from the nearest railway station.

II.

THE SEARCH.

In a moment she was ready to receive him; while Hannah was still wondering, with dull curiosity, whether the carriage at the door contained Mrs. Robert returning home after her unusual absence, Mrs. Ashton was already in the hall, putting the great key into the lock. Before she turned it, however, she found time to call to Hannah, "Do make yourself as tidy as you can, in case it should be company." For she knew that many points connected with their establishment, Hannah included, would surprise Mr. Renshaw, and would have to be explained away. She met him with a face of anxiety and concern. "Have you heard——?" she asked, and then stopped short.

"Yes, I got Robert's letter yesterday. It is a cross post, or I think I

should have set out at once; but I did not get the letter until after train time. How is she this morning?"

As he spoke he had been following her across the hall towards the door of a sitting-room, but now Mrs. Ashton stood still, and turned round as she answered his inquiry. "We are in trouble about her. I did not know whether you might have heard of it in the village, for I have been making inquiries, perhaps quite needlessly."

"What has happened?"

"When we came down this morning, Grace Meadows was not in her room. I took up her breakfast as usual, but she was not there, and she has not been in since."

"God bless my soul!"

"It may be only a freak of hers, but it is so very unusual, that I could not help being uneasy, so, after waiting a little while, I went out into the village to ask if she had been into the shops, or if any one had seen her, but I could hear nothing of her at all."

"Did she go to bed as usual last night?"

"Yes, she was tired; we all were, for we had been having a little picnic. She had seemed all at once to get restless in the house, and inclined to roam about the grounds, so we thought that a day's excursion on these beautiful moors would do her good. We all went to West Vale yesterday, taking our dinner with us, in gipsy fashion, and at night I was so tired that I never woke at all, and did not hear her leave the house, as she must have done last night or this morning."

"And her husband? Did he not hear her, or miss her from her bed?"

"Ah, I see Robert has not told you. I thought he wrote on purpose to let you know how very odd she was becoming in all her ways: it is some time now since she insisted on having a separate room."

"Ah!" Mr. Renshaw was not greatly surprised at this statement, for he thought Robert particularly unlikable and unsuited to Grace Meadows; most likely the marriage had been a great mistake, and the young wife had found it so. "And so she was not missed till breakfast-time?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"No; I went up with her breakfast as usual, and found that she was not in her room."

"I think some one should have slept in her room," Mr. Renshaw observed here; "a female attendant, at all events. But what we have to do now is to find where she is. Was any door or window found open this morning?"

"Yes, the outer door of the kitchen had been unbolted, opened, and left a little ajar. But allow me to answer what you said just now; indeed, indeed, she was not neglected in any way. We had a very nice attendant for her, Mrs. Marsh, a superior kind of person, better than a common servant, but last week circumstances obliged her to leave us for a time, and we have been disappointed in the person we expected to fill her place."

"Ah, and the poor girl, who had probably been meditating over some wild plan or other, took advantage of the interregnum to carry it out. Well, we must manage better in future. Surely, there will be no great difficulty in finding her, unless——No, we won't think *that;* we'll look at the bright side, Mrs. Ashton. Did she take any money with her?"

"No, she never cared to keep much money about her, and she left her purse upon her dressing-table."

"That looks bad—very bad; worse than anything I've heard yet. Where is Robert?"

"He has gone over to the police-station to tell them about her disappearance, and to see what they can suggest. I expect him in every minute; indeed, it was scarcely by my wish that he went there. I have tried to keep her odd ways from being talked about."

"Yes, that is kind and considerate up to a certain point, but one may do harm by being too reticent. I think, myself, that Robert has done quite right in applying to the police. Ah, there he comes."

Robert had let himself in by a side-door, and his voice was heard calling to Hannah as he crossed the hall. Then he opened the door of the room, and came forward to speak to Mr. Renshaw.

"Has she told you?" he asked, in his old abrupt way.

"Yes, and I cannot tell you how concerned I am. Have you brought back any news with you?"

"No, the fellows at the station promise to keep a sharp look-out, and to make all sorts of inquiries, but I can't hear of any one who has seen her, or seen anybody at all like her. What do you think I had better do? Offer a reward?"

Mr. Renshaw considered.

"How was she dressed when she went away?" he asked, turning to Mrs. Ashton; "what must she have worn?"

"At the pic-nic yesterday she wore a brown silk dress, a black cloth mantle, a straw bonnet trimmed with blue velvet, and brown kid gloves."

"And are these things missing?"

"I don't know; I saw nothing in the way of wearing apparel lying about her room, not even her night-dress, but that is probably in her little dressing-room. It was nearly dark when I looked in there, for the shutters had not been opened, and I have been busy ever since, trying to find out if any one has seen her. But now I had better search among her things, and find out exactly what she has taken."

"Do so, please; we could not issue a description of her without knowing what she wore."

Mrs. Ashton left the room.

"She has seemed dreadfully cut up all the morning," Robert observed. "I hope she is making more of it than she need."

"I hope so too, but what I particularly dislike is the fact that your wife left her purse behind her; it may have been an oversight, or she may have had money about her, not in the purse. Do you think that is likely?"

"Can't say, I'm sure. Of course she always had what money she wanted, but she never seemed to care for any of the things that women like to spend money on. Everything seemed a trouble to her, except sitting still and thinking, and lately she took to strolling about the grounds by herself in an unsociable kind of way."

"Did she seem to enjoy herself at all at the pic-nic?"

"Not as anybody else would; she said she had a pain in her head, and at night she said she was very tired."

Down came Mrs. Ashton with a face of utter dismay. "Everything is there!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Renshaw stared at her; Robert remembered his part, and stared too. They both said, almost together,

"What do you mean?"

"I found all her clothes in the little dressing-room neatly folded, and laid in the clothes-press; nothing is missing except the night-dress that she wore last night."

There was a pause of consternation. Mr. Renshaw was the first to speak:

"Have you looked in her boxes and chests of drawers? Are you quite sure that no wearing apparel is missing?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Then I think she cannot have gone off the premises, and we had better have a thorough search. Perhaps it will be a help to have some one in from the police-station, they are more accustomed than we are to search with care and skill; will you send one of your servants with a note, requesting the attendance of one or two of the most intelligent officers?"

"I will go myself," Robert answered, "and save the time that would be lost in writing a note."

And he departed.

"The matter appears to me to be assuming a very serious aspect," Mr. Renshaw observed, turning to Mrs. Ashton; "have you any dangerous places about the grounds?"

No, Mrs. Ashton could not think of any.

"The grounds are very much neglected," she said; "it would require quite a staff of gardeners to keep them in order, and we have hitherto only employed one elderly man, for it was a fancy of hers to be as quiet and secluded as possible, and not to meet any one when she walked in the garden. Still, there is no place about that could become dangerous from being neglected."

"I suppose not, but everything you say makes me think that she should have been more closely watched. I don't want to blame you; I know how easy it is to prophesy after the event has happened. Ah, here is Robert with a policeman."

He was a middle-aged man, with rather an intelligent face, and he had been already made acquainted with the facts of Grace's disappearance. He thought it possible that she might be somewhere in the house, but, on the whole, more probable that she would be found about the grounds, taking into consideration the unbolted and opened door. On the other hand, it seemed very unlikely that she should conceal herself out of doors without wrapping herself up, unless, indeed, her mind were seriously affected, as he was rather disposed to think that it was. They determined that the garden and grounds should first be carefully looked through.

"Are you going to call any of the servants to help us?" Mr. Renshaw asked.

"You will be surprised to hear that there is only one at this moment in the house," Mrs. Ashton replied. "We only inhabit a part of Tyne Hall, and poor Grace was so very anxious to see as few strange faces as

possible, that I consented to have only two servants during the short time that we proposed to remain here. One, as I told you, was obliged to leave us last week, and we have been disappointed in her successor; she was Mrs. Robert's attendant, and for the last few days I have waited on her myself. I feel now that I have done wrong in indulging all her odd fancies, and in concealing the misfortune that I often feared was coming on her."

This speech was made while they were looking round the front garden, which contained many convenient hiding-places, on account of its overgrown and neglected condition. After searching it very thoroughly, the policeman asked to be shown the door that had been found ajar, and was accordingly taken to the kitchen entrance. The back garden was now carefully looked through, and a disused brewhouse, with many compartments, occupied them for some time. Then the policeman suggested that the stables and outhouses should be searched before they went farther from the house, and so the whole party went through the great gates into the court-yard. Mr. Renshaw was the first to point out—the reservoir!

"Look at that great cistern," he said; "for Heaven's sake, let us be sure that all is right there before we go any farther."

Mrs. Ashton was visibly agitated. "You don't think——" she said, huskily.

"No, no; compose yourself, I don't; only I can't help remembering the verses that the poor child wrote; the sight of water made me think of them. We'll set it all right in a moment. Don't tremble so."

The water was very black and sooty, for a spout that was connected with the roof of the building emptied itself here, and the "blacks" from the kitchen chimney found their way into the reservoir.

"How do you turn off the water?" Mr. Renshaw inquired.

The policeman had already found the stop-cock of the cistern, but it was stiff from long disuse, and would not turn. A large wooden rake was hanging on the door of a tool-house close by; the policeman took it down.

"Oh dear, what are you going to do with that?" Mrs. Ashton asked.

"Just to grope round the bottom, ma'am—it won't take a minute;" and the hayrake went steadily down, down, till it knocked on the leaden bottom of the cistern.

They were all standing round it, looking with straining eyes into the sooty water: the policeman watchful and business-like, Mr. Renshaw speechless from suspense. Mrs. Ashton looked down with a face of horror that would have seemed natural to the occasion if any one had had time and attention to spare for her, and Robert's inexpressive countenance only showed that he was waiting stolidly for the event.

Round and round against the sides of the cistern, twice round to make sure, and not a word was spoken. A gleam of hope dawned on Mr. Renshaw's face, a thanksgiving to God rose to his lips. Mr. Ashton hated the man for being so slow. Why, oh why did he not get it over quickly? Surely, surely, that large rake could not sweep round without catching *something!* But it did, twice, and then it trailed into the middle. Mrs. Ashton clutched the edge of the cistern on which she was leaning, and a sharp broken piece of soldering ran into two of her fingers,

but she felt no more than the senseless metal. The rake caught something this time, something heavy, too, for the man exerted his strength to raise it; it must have been half way up when it slipped away from the rake, and went down again, striking heavily against the bottom of the reservoir.

The man caught the expression of Mrs. Ashton's face at that moment. "Don't you be frightened, ma'am," he said, kindly; "it only felt like a big stone, or something of that; not like what we were afraid of." The rake went down as he spoke, took a good sweep, so as to get well under the object, and brought it up very quickly before it had time to slip away. In another moment it was lying on the stones of the court-yard. It was a large iron weight, with a ring of the same metal, and through this ring a piece of strong corded ribbon had been passed, of the kind generally used for ladies' waistbands, and a steel buckle was hanging on the ribbon.

Mr. Renshaw uttered an exclamation of horror. "Again, again," he said impatiently to the man, "try again." But the rake was already in the water, trailing up and down, and from side to side, searching every inch of the bottom of the reservoir, while watchful eyes noted the slightest inequality in the depth of water. All in vain, there was nothing else in the cistern.

Mrs. Ashton had sunk down on the stones; she did not faint, but she was crouched together, speechless, stiffened with terror, as she stared with glazing eyes at the mass of wet iron—at that, *and nothing else!*

In a moment Mr. Renshaw was kneeling beside her. "Now don't, pray don't lose heart!" he exclaimed; "take comfort, as I do. Let us look the matter boldly in the face. There has been an attempt at self-destruction, no doubt there has, but God's hand has mercifully intervened. We can't tell how, that is still hidden from us, but I hope, I feel, I am sure, that she is living! She wasn't saved from that black water to sink into some other form of death; no, no, we won't believe it for a moment. Take comfort from my conviction that she lives, that she will speak to us face to face, and tell us everything. She was religiously disposed, in spite of her misfortune; she had faith in God, and He has interposed to save her from this dreadful death. Why, she may be at this moment only a few feet from us. She can't be far off; rouse yourself for her sake, and be ready to help her, to listen to her first words—— Why, she gets worse—like a dead person almost! Ashton, go into the house for some brandy before we look any farther—quick!"

Robert had been looking at the iron weight with a kind of dull, stupified gaze, but Mr. Renshaw's voice roused him, and he did mechanically what he was told to do, and went into the house for brandy. Hannah was standing on the door-step, staring at the party in the court-yard, and as he approached her she called to him, with some appearance of anxiety, that "she hoped nothing hadn't been found in the water." He pushed past her with a curse, and went to the cupboard in which the brandy was kept; he tried to think of what had happened, and of what it might portend, but it was as if an iron hand had crushed all power and purpose out of his scheming brain.

He went back with the brandy, trying to walk as steadily as possible, for once or twice the ground seemed to slide away from him, and gave

the bottle and a glass to Mr. Renshaw. He had brought a glass without having been asked for it, and without thinking of it at all, just because it had stood on the shelf beside the bottle.

"That's right," Mr. Renshaw exclaimed; "she won't hinder us many minutes; I know she will rouse herself for the sake of that poor dear girl. Come, now, try to swallow it, for *her* sake, you know, because we want to go on with the search. I do believe we shall find her in one of these stables and places—alive, I mean—requiring the utmost care for a long time, but still alive!"

The miserable old wretch clutched, as it were, at the shadow of oblivion that was stealing over her. She would have been glad to die. She would sooner have faced the unknown terrors of eternity than the discovery that was waiting for her in this world; but the stimulant revived her in spite of her own will, and with a desperate feeling that something might be done, if only she knew what it was, and had strength to do it, she caught hold of Mr. Renshaw's arm with both her hands, and tottered to her feet. Her face looked wild and ghastly, as her eyes roamed over every corner of the court-yard, half expecting to meet the answering eyes of the accuser.

"There," said Mr. Renshaw, "that's real strength of mind triumphing over the weakness of the body. Let me persuade you to go in-doors while we pursue the search. I know how you feel. I blame myself for having seemed in any way to blame you, now that I see with my own eyes your depth of love for her. Take my arm and return to the house, while we find news for you, good news, be sure." But Mrs. Ashton could not go into the house; the first shock of paralysing terror was over, some strong impulse impelled her to stay, and to know the worst.

"Thank you," she answered, forcing herself to speak distinctly, "I wish to stay."

Mr. Renshaw did not wait any longer to argue with her; he was too anxious to continue the search, so he said, "Very well, don't exert yourself at all till you feel better;" and then he turned to the policeman to ask which of the outhouses he thought it would be better to look over first. He, in the mean time, had been inside the tool-house, and had found nothing there, and he proposed to look through the stables regularly in turn, taking the coach-house first, because it came next. They all went into the coach-house together; it was not now used for its original pnrpose, but contained some green flower-stands, on which the gardener kept a number of flower-pots, with cuttings of plants that he hoped to rear through the coming winter. No one could be concealed here, but in the ceiling of the coach-house there was a trap-door communicating with the hayloft. This trap-door was open, and there was a ladder that reached from the floor of the coach-house to the floor of the loft. The policeman proposed to search the loft in the next place, and Mr. Renshaw advised Mrs. Ashton to remain below. She shook her head, for it seemed to her as if the suspense of not knowing what they were finding would be worse than anything else, and she caught hold of the ladder and tried to ascend it, but she was dazed and giddy, and she nearly fell in the first attempt.

"There, I knew she couldn't," Mr. Renshaw affirmed; "she would

help us as long as she had any life left in her, poor soul. Ashton, you stay with her; we will be as quick as possible, and if we find her we will call to you that moment; you will know as much as if you were with us."

Robert muttered something in the way of assent, and Mr. Renshaw and the policeman disappeared through the trap-door, and were heard tramping overhead on the floor of the loft. Then Mrs. Ashton tightened her hold on Robert, and asked in a hoarse whisper, "What shall we do?"

"God knows! The game's up if they find her alive; it was you that brought us to this, curse you, hurrying me away from the water before she was well in it!"

"Oh, Robert, she may be in one of the stables, and alive! Oh, go and look while they are up there, and if you find her——"

"If I find her, I'll make it *all right*, never fear. Hush! They've found her!"

It was Mr. Renshaw's voice calling from the extreme end of the loft, which was large, and extended over an adjoining stable, as well as over the coach-house. "We've found something," he called to them, "and we don't know what to make of it. It was stuffed in behind a lot of mouldy old hay up here, and there's nothing else to be found in the loft."

The something proved to be the night-dress that Grace had worn on the preceding night; it was marked with the initials G. M. A., for Susan Marsh had taken care that every article of Grace's clothing should be stamped with these letters. It was very wet and very black, dripping, in fact, with the black water of the reservoir. It had been found in the loft, hidden behind some hay, and without any other trace of its late wearer.

The stables, knife-house, and wood-house were searched anxiously; and when the court-yard offered no other place of possible concealment, the adjacent premises were looked through and through, until night fell upon the searchers. And all in vain.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

DREAM of a mighty mind!—The sleeper woke,
  Recalled that dream, and built it up in stone!
Pleased was the shade of Angelo, whose cloak
  Of gorgeous genius on our Wren was thrown;
Old Architecture gazed with wondering eyes,
As domed St. Paul's flashed upwards in the skies.

Come from the idle bustle of the street,
  The noise, the glitter of life's little "now!"
Enter the hall of thought, Religion's seat,
  Feel God is near, and reverent bare thy brow;
Look round, and lift thy meditations high,
Grandeur a golden ladder to the sky.

All is colossal here; the gazer seems
  Lost, overwhelmed, beneath yon wondrous dome,
A being borne to giant-land in dreams,
  A creeping pigmy in a Titan's home:
He stands incredulous, entranced the while,
And scarce can think frail man upreared this pile.

The pyramids are grand, but wildly rude;
  Here beauty weds magnificence; O Art!
What hast thou done for mortals?—Man, imbued
  With thy great soul, achieves a wondrous part,
Builds like a god, and leaves impressed behind,
On works of glory, his proud master-mind.

Marble, cold, shining marble, all around—
  Statues of marble, marble 'neath my tread,
Where every passing footfall gives a sound;
  Sublimity begets a sense of dread:
Could nobler temple rise from this low sod,
Where mind, in holiest calm, might worship God?

Here, from the throng, the whirl of life, apart,
  A loftier life awhile we seem to lead;
A still small voice is whispering to the heart,
  Why grovelling cares and trifles should we heed?
This mighty temple lifts the soul above
All things save noble deeds, religion, love.

Hark! heard I the far cannon's deepening boom,
  Such as at Waterloo went up the sky?
Saw I a sword bright-flashing through the gloom?
  Did the vast walls faint echo victory?
Such thrilling fancies in the heart will glow,
Musing on Valour sepulchred below.

He rises yonder with the "eagle eye,"
  Full plumed, and harnessed for his last great fight;
Cool yet resolved—if vanquished, he can die;
  Mighty are hearts when battling for the right;
Heroic shade! why still? Dash on! dash on!
Do I not gaze on conquering Wellington?

Sleep, England's famous captain! such a pile
  A worthy tomb for thee; great hero, sleep!
Glory on thy sarcophagus shall smile,
  And stainless honour thy prized relics keep;
St. Paul's, from age to age, will stand sublime,
And, like thy world-spread fame, will mock at time.

ABOUT PETER BELL AND PRIMROSES.

A CUE FROM WORDSWORTH.

By Francis Jacox.

To Wordsworth, the meanest flower that blows could give thoughts which did often lie too deep for tears. To Wordsworth's Peter Bell, a yellow primrose was a yellow primrose, and it was nothing more. What more *would* you have? Peter Bell would have said. Sure never man like him had roamed! yet for all his trudgings over Cheviot Hills and through Yorkshire dales, not by the value of a hair was heart or head the better. "He roved among the vales and streams, in the green wood and hollow dell; they were his dwellings night and day,—but nature ne'er could find the way into the heart of Peter Bell.

> In vain, through every changeful year,
> Did Nature lead him as before;
> A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."*

Notwithstanding his opportunities, he was not a whit better off in effect than the brutalised town-poor described years ago by the Children's Employment Commission: "You will find poor girls who had . . . . . never seen a violet, or a primrose, and other flowers; and some whose only idea of a green field was derived from having been stung by a nettle."† But before illustrating the Peter Bell type of taste and intellect in general, a page or so may be given to the literature of the particular flower to which he was so memorably indifferent.

Wholly unread was Peter Bell in the language or the literature of flowers. What the poets have said of primroses was to him a matter of supreme indifference. Almost all the poets *have* something to say of primroses. In Shakspeare, Perdita speaks of

> ——pale primroses,
> That die unmarried, ere they can behold
> Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
> Most incident to maids.‡

And Arviragus, over the supposed corpse of the supposed Fidele, promises with fairest flowers, while summer lasts, to sweeten his sad grave:

> ——Thou shalt not lack
> The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose.§

One of the most picturesque of our old pastoral poets, as variegated a word-painter as he was a genuine lover of nature, puts it next in his floral catalogue to the daisy (scattered on each mead and down, a golden tuft within a silver crown):

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* Peter Bell, part i.
† Report of the Children's Employment Commission, 1843.
‡ A Winter's Tale, Act IV. Sc. 3. § Cymbeline, Act IV. Sc. 2.

The primrose, when with six leaves gotten grace,
Maids as a true love in their bosoms place.*

The bonny hind squire has to answer the ladye, in the old ballad, a series of questions; to the first of which his reply is,

The primrose is the first in flower,
That springs in muir or dale.†

From Milton we will only

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies.‡

John Clare has a sonnet to the pale primrose, that starts up between dead matted leaves of ash and oak, strewn through every lawn and wood: to him, how much its presence beautifies the ground! how sweet its "modest unaffected pride glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!"§ Bernard Berton devotes to the evening primrose an octave of stanzas. Miss Mitford makes a stage songstress set aside the red rose, that queen of the garden-bower, and the lady lily that swings her white bells in the breeze of June,—in favour of flowers that bloom less pretentiously at a less sunny season:

But they who come 'mid frost and flood,
Peeping from bank, or root of tree,
The primrose, and the violet-bud,—
They are the dearest flowers to me.‖

Hood's sempstress utters her "Oh but to breathe the breath of the cowslip and primrose sweet, with the sky above my head, and the grass beneath my feet!"¶ And in some miscellaneous stanzas of his we read how he

——pluck'd the Primrose at night's dewy noon;
Like Hope, it show'd its blossoms in the night;—
'Twas, like Endymion, watching for the moon.**

So that in making up his flowers, and assorting them as symbols, if this poet gives daisies for the morn, and pansies and roses for the noontide hours, he gives primroses for gloom—some, perhaps, would suggest for the gloaming.

That is a pretty picture Mrs. Browning paints for us, of the happy violets hiding from the roads

The primroses run down to, carrying gold.††

Cowper, in his Winter Walk at Noon, gives us a passing glimpse of

——lanes in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root.‡‡

Kirke White, too, has his early primrose, opening its tender elegance to nipping gale, unnoticed and alone, serene, the promise of the year:

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire,
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds;

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* Browne, British Pastorals, ii. 3.
† Early English Ballads: The Bonny Hind Squire.
‡ Lycidas.
§ John Clare's Rural Poems.
‖ Rienzi, a Tragedy, Act III. Sc. 2.
¶ Song of the Shirt.
** Hood's Poems, p. 372, 8th edit.
†† Aurora Leigh, book i.
‡‡ The Task, book vi.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.*

John Keats shall give us

What next? a tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it doses;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep.†

We can readily imagine even Peter Bell doing *that*. In fact, it is the very thing he would most naturally do, if required to let his mind hover o'er the primroses.—Another poet commonly classed with the Keats school, as the jargon of criticism goes, or went, takes us

To visit the virgin Primrose where she dwells
'Midst harebells and the wild-wood hyacinths.
'Tis here she keeps her court. Dost see yon bank
The sun is kissing, &c.‡

Of late primroses the Laureate offers us a figurative presentment:

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
The primrose of the later year,
As not unlike to that of Spring.§

The penultimate Laureate, describing an autumnal day so bright that it sent into the heart a summer feeling, introduces this among other signs of the season:

The solitary primrose on the bank
Seem'd now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth.‖

His nephew, Hartley, compares Leonard, in one of his narrative poems, to

——the last primrose in the shadowy glade,
That bloom'd too late, and must too soon decline.¶

Another solitary one he greets on the first of April, 1845,—"And if a primrose peep, there is but one where wont the starry crowd to look so jolly."** He paraphrases Milton's line in another poem:

——as oft in dewy glades,
The peering primrose, like a sudden gladness,
Gleams on the soul, yet unregarded fades.††

Frequent, indeed, are gentle Hartley's references to this simple flower. If he styles the cowslip, in a poem entitled by that name, "the lady Cowslip, that, amid the grass is tall and comely as a virgin queen," he adds:

The Primrose is a bonny pleasant lass,
The bold and full-blown beauty of the green;
She seems on mossy bank, in forest glade,
Most meet to be the Cowslip's waiting-maid.‡‡

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* H. K. White's Poems: To an Early Primrose.
† Keats's Miscellaneous Poems, from the first in the collection, after the dedication to Leigh Hunt.
‡ Barry Cornwall, Dramatic Fragments, cvii.
§ Tennyson, In Memoriam, lxxxiv.
‖ Southey: Madoc in Wales, c. xiii.
¶ Hartley Coleridge: Leonard and Susan.
** Sonnets on the Seasons, v. †† Poems by Hartley Coleridge, i. 45.
‡‡ Ibid., ii. 91.

And in another poem on the Cowslip, again hailed as a lady, and a coy one, he says:

> Thy sister Primrose is a damsel bold
> That will be found, mayhap, before we seek;
> Thou art a lady, coy, yet not so cold,
> Tall and erect, though modest, yet not weak.*

He seems never to tire of the comparison betwixt them twain. In another flowery piece, next to the cowslip, "maiden of the mead," he places the

> ——primrose of the "river's brim,"—
> A village lassie, frank and free,
> Unlike the cowslip tall and slim—
> A lady she of high degree,
> Like a Roman bride in her bridal trim.†

He was mindful of Wordsworth in that quotation of the "river's brim;" and Wordsworth is still fuller than he of allusions to the flower Peter Bell could not for the life of him idealise. Long as there's a sun that sets, primroses will have their glory, sings the bard of Rydal in one of his lyrical pieces.‡ In another he says the patient primrose sits like a beggar in the cold§—while the celandine, wiser-witted, slips into sheltering recess. In another he relates how a wren's nest was built in a tree where a primrose concealed it—spreading for a veil the largest of her upright leaves; "and thus, for purposes benign, a simple flower deceives."‖ Another poem celebrates a tuft of primroses on the so-called glow-worm rock between Rydal and Grasmere. Hideous warfare had been waged, and kingdoms overthrown, since first the poet spied that primrose-tuft, and marked it for his own; and large and deep were the moral lessons he fain would draw from the blooming of that lonely plant, which dreaded not her annual funeral.¶ And yet once again, there is a sonnet of Wordsworth's which tells how a love-lorn maid once came to a hidden pool, deep and crystal-clear,

> And, gazing, saw that rose, which from the prime
> Derives its name, reflected, as the chime
> Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound:
> The starry treasure from the blue profound
> She longed to ravish;—shall she plunge, or climb
> The humid precipice, and seize the guest
> Of April, smiling high in upper air?
> . . . . . Upon the steep rock's breast
> The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,
> Untouched memento of her hapless doom!**

Wordsworth's son-in-law, Mr. Quillinan, often caught something of his inspiration, and this we see in the stanzas headed "A Flower of Fairfield," about a primrose in a nook enshrined, a rocky cleft with mosses lined and overarched with fern: "wrens hide not in more jealous cells their precious hoard of speckled shells, than that where hidden blew this golden treasure of the Spring, as brightly delicate a thing as ever Eden knew."†† And in some lines of welcome to a returning friend, written in winter, he says, amid other compliments,

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* On a Bunch of Cowslips.
‡ To the small Celandine.
‖ A Wren's Nest.
** Sonnets on the River Duddon, xxii.
†† Poems by Edward Quillinan, p. 13.
† To the Plant "Everlasting."
§ To the same Flower.
¶ The Primrose of the Rock.

If a flower be thy type, 'tis the simplest, the dearest,
The bright little primrose, whose advent is nearest:
That flower will I call thee, the herald of spring;
'Twill announce thy return, and the season will bring.
No rose in all England, no lily of France,
Or in summer or spring against thee has a chance:
Such a primrose is worth all the tulips of Holland."*

It is as the herald of Spring that the primrose is so dear. As such it brought tears to the eyes of Blanco White, as a rememberable passage in his Journal records. He was living at Bayswater at the time, when fields were possible opposite one's window; and one morning, while he was getting up, and rejoicing in view of fields in tender green, he saw a woman passing on her way towards town, with a basket full of flowers, to sell there, and singing as she went. His heart was still beating when he wrote this record, from the impression which the sight of the flowers made upon him. "They were primroses, new primroses, so blooming, so fresh, and so tender, that it might be said that their perfume was perceived by the eye. A sudden tear started in mine, and my heart was instantly overflowed with mixed sensations of tenderness, melancholy, and pleasure—the pleasure of longings and regret."†—In a like spirit William Sydney Walker—not altogether an unlike-minded man, hails returning Spring, and this its symbol, when

On sloping banks, and under hedgerows tall,
The primrose lights her star.‡

Professor Wilson goes so far as to say, in his far-going way, that all the verses that ever were written on flowers, are good—at least, he declares (in a review of flower poems) he can remember no bad ones: the reason he alleges being that flowers are so spiritual in their balmy beauty as to inspire not only clods, but clod-hoppers. A bunch of flowers suddenly held up before the eyes and the nose of the veriest blockhead, makes him for the moment, according to Christopher North,§ a poet. How much greater the effect then, if, instead of a blockhead, a poet or poetess, *in esse* or *in posse*, be in question. An Emily Brontë, for instance, of whom her sister tells us,‖ describing her love for the moors, that flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her; and that out of a sullen hollow in a livid hill-side, her mind could make an Eden.

But not even primroses, which in one sense were above him, must detain us longer from Peter Bell, the Potter; or rather from some discursive exemplifications of that type of creation, differing enough among themselves in degree, and sometimes almost in kind.

In his essay on Use and Beauty, Mr. Herbert Spencer makes some remarks on the contrast between the feeling with which we regard portions of the earth's surface still left in their original state, and the feeling with which the savage regarded them. If any one, he suggests, walking over

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* Poems by Edward Quillinan, p. 86.
† Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, iii. 341.
‡ Poetical Remains of W. S. Walker: Wandering Thoughts, p. 3.
§ *Blackwood's Magazine*, xxviii. 270.
‖ Life of Charlotte Brontë, ch. viii.

Hampstead Heath, will note how strongly its picturesqueness is brought out by contrast with the surrounding cultivated fields and the masses of houses lying in the distance; and will further reflect that, had this irregular gorse-covered surface extended on all sides to the horizon, it would have looked dreary and prosaic rather than pleasing; he will see that to the primitive man a country so clothed presented no beauty at all. "To him it was merely a haunt of wild animals, and a ground out of which roots might be dug. What have become for us places of relaxation and enjoyment—places for afternoon strolls and gathering flowers—were his places for labour and food, probably arousing in his mind none but utilitarian associations."*—The name of "weed prairies," it has been observed of those expanses of flowers which enrapture the traveller in America,—enamelled pictures (as one has described them) brilliant with every hue of the prism, where millions of corollas are waving their gaudy standards to the breeze, the tall stalks of the helianthus bending and rising in long undulations, like billows on a golden sea, and where, in short, Nature wears her richest mantle, richer in its tints than the scarfs of Cashmere,—the misnaming as "weed prairie" what should rather be called the garden of God, is ascribed to the trappers, "practical men, indifferent to objects which have no bearing upon the immediate demands of existence, intent upon furs and skins, fodder for their steeds and food for themselves."†—Who, asks a transatlantic transcendentalist, who sees the meaning of the flower uprooted in the ploughed field? The ploughman who does not look beyond its boundaries and does not raise his eyes from the ground? No; but "the Poet who sees that field in its relations with the universe, and looks oftener to the sky than on the ground."‡ Says an English poet,

> This wild white rosebud in my hand
> Hath meanings meant for me alone,
> Which no one else can understand:
> To you it breathes with alter'd tone.§

We are told of the French poet Louis (or, as he liked *se poetiser*, Ludovic; or still better, *Aloïsius*) Bertrand, that "tantôt, les coudes sur la fenêtre de sa mansarde, on l'eût surpris par le trou de la serrure causant durant de longues heures avec la pâle giroflée du toit."‖ In one of his letters on poets feeling most forcibly, of all mankind, the powers of beauty, Burns affirms that "even the sight of a fine flower" has "sensations for the poetic heart that the herd of mankind are strangers to."¶ But it need not be a "fine" flower to do that. For Wordsworth at least, as we have seen and said, the meanest flower that blows would suffice.

Sir Thomas Browne says of that "universal and public manuscript," the book of nature, "that lies expansed unto the eyes of all," that it was the scripture and theology of the heathen world; and adds: "Surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than

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* Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative, by Herbert Spencer, p. 385.

† It is allowed, however, that the flowers have a weed-like distribution, being indiscriminately scattered, and not arranged in beds.

‡ M. Fuller Ossoli, Summer on the Lakes.

§ Owen Meredith, The Artist, xxi.

‖ Sainte-Beuve, Portraits Littéraires, t. ii; Aloïsius Bertrand.

¶ Appendix to Currie's Life and Letters of Burns.

we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature."* Wherein they may thus far be said to have approved themselves a little nearer to the angels, and we a little nearer to the brutes.

> Brutes graze the mountain-top with faces prone
> And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
> It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,
> Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
> Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
> From inland regions to the distant main.†

An eloquent essayist on Alpine Travelling expatiates on the intense feelings it awakens as seldom experienced by many even richly endowed with intellect and imagination—to whom the stern language of rock and glacier is unintelligible and harsh, though from the forest, or the heaving plain, nature speaks to them in tones that they can understand. For, "not every man is equally fortunate in being able fully to enjoy these high delights. The spell may awaken faculties, but cannot create them. Neither the cabbage, nor the caterpillar that feeds upon it, would feel it a gain to be transplanted into the region where the gentian bursting through the snow turns its blue starry eye towards the zenith. In some men the sense of the sublime is all wanting, or benumbed by some accident of education or circumstance."‡—There's nothing great nor small, has said a poet of our day, whose voice (has said *the* poetess of our day) will ring beyond the curfew of eve and not be thrown out by the matin's bell; and truly (she reiterates) nothing's small:

> No lily-muffled hum of a summer-bee,
> But finds some coupling with the spinning stars;
> No pebble at your foot, but proves a sphere;
> No chaffinch, but implies the cherubim . . . .
> . . . . Earth's crammed with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God:
> But only he who sees, takes off his shoes;
> The rest sit round it, and pluck blackberries,
> And daub their natural faces unaware
> More and more, from the first similitude.§

We, ὁι πολλοι, it has been truly enough said, can have but a glimmering notion of what it must feel like to be a *savant*—to go about the world reading everywhere truths to which the gross eyes of one's fellow-men are closed, seeing wonders in that which they think common-place, and regularity in that which they stare at as extraordinary, and tracing harmonious beauty and order, exquisite mechanism, and delicate structure, in things which perhaps seem to them monstrous and grotesque, or at best mere lumps of dirt, chips of rock, or fragments of crumbling bone—"always to carry about with one a key by which the fair language of nature, her invariable laws, her touching poetry, her solemn antiquities, may be deciphered, while the ignorant behold only a jumble of mysterious characters."‖ Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes makes his Professor

* Religio Medici, sect. xvi. † Cowper, The Task, book v.

‡ Art. on Alpine Travelling in No. 3 of that short-lived *Review*, *Bentley's Quarterly* (1859).

§ E. B. Browning, Aurora Leigh, book vii.

‖ Art. on the British Association at Balmoral (1859) in *Sat. Review*, viii. 393.

wonder whether the boys who live in Roxbury and Dorchester (U. S.) are ever moved to tears or filled with silent awe as they look upon the rocks and fragments of "pudding-stone" that abound in those parts. He has his suspicions that those boys "heave a stone" or "fire a brick-bat," composed of the conglomerate just mentioned, without any more tearful or philosophical contemplations than boys of less favoured regions expend on the same performance. Yet a lump of pudding-stone, the Professor asserts, is a thing to look at, to think about, to study over, to dream upon, to grow crazy with, to beat one's brains against. "Look at that pebble in it. From what cliff was it broken? On what beach rolled by the waves of what ocean? How and *when* imbedded in soft ooze, which itself became stone, and by-and-by was lifted into bald summits and steep cliffs, such as you may see on Meeting-house Hill any day—yes, and mark the scratches on their faces left when the boulder-carrying glaciers planed the surface of the continent with such rough tools that the storms have not worn the marks out of it with all the polishing of ever so many thousand years?" So again he refers us to a roadside ditch or pool in spring-time, and bids us take from it a bit of stick or straw which has lain undisturbed for a while; fastened to which are some little worm-shaped masses of clear jelly containing specks—eggs of a small snail-like shell-fish; one of which specks magnified proves to be a crystalline sphere with an opaque mass in its centre. "And while you are looking, the opaque mass begins to stir, and by-and-by slowly to turn upon its axis like a forming planet—life beginning in the microcosm, as in the great worlds of the firmament, with the revolution that turns the surface in ceaseless round to the source of life and light." A pebble and the spawn of a mollusk! Mysteries are common enough, at any rate, the Professor concludes, whatever the boys in Roxbury and Dorchester think of "brick-bats" and the spawn of creatures that live in roadside puddles.* To quote Mrs. Browning again:

> —— See the earth,
> The body of our body, the green earth,
> Indubitably human, like this flesh
> And these articulated veins through which
> Our heart drives blood! there's not a flower of spring,
> That dies ere June, but vaunts itself allied
> By issue and symbol, by significance
> And correspondence, to that spirit-world
> Outside the limits of our space and time,
> Whereto we are bound. Let poets give it voice
> With human meanings; else they miss the thought,
> And henceforth step down lower, stand confessed
> Instructed poorly for interpreters,—
> Thrown out by an easy cowslip in the text,†

or, say, handling a primrose not so very much better than Peter Bell.

The pleasures of nature, it is truly observed, become more vivid as our internal store of association becomes richer, and as we gain in sympathy and in experience. "Man does not get much out of a sunset, or a landscape, except what he carries with him. We draw, not upon the outer but the inner world, and the outer world only supplies an occasion

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* The Professor at the Breakfast-table, xi. † Aurora Leigh, book v.

or a key to internal emotion." So writes an anonymous essayist,* who adds, by the way, that the very young, as a rule, have no experience of the pleasure in question; the reason of which is, not that nature is less beautiful when the young look at it, but that they approach nature empty-handed, and, bringing little to her, get but little in return. We receive but what we give, as Coleridge has it.

To persons with an ear for music, it has been remarked that sound speaks thoughts as truly as a landscape or a flower is full of expression, or as the human countenance speaks, though no articulate sounds are uttered. "To those who are destitute of the musical organisation such a notion may seem inexplicable and visionary; yet, by a similar deficiency, there are minds so constituted that a rose or a lily, the Cascade of Terni or the Bay of Naples, no more awakes any special thought or feeling in their breasts than does a dusty road or a meadow full of ditches." Whereas, to the true composer† and lover of music, on the contrary, these innumerable combinations of concords and discords, these successions of notes high and low, express with an inimitable accuracy all that multiplicity of conceptions and feelings which the human mind is capable of entertaining. "All our ideas of law and order, of unity and movement, of moral beauty and sweetness, of human energy and strength and self-reliance and tenderness and sorrow and agony, with every variation in the fleeting moods of the heart, find as real and satisfactory a vehicle of utterance in the combinations of genuine music as in the plays of Shakspeare or the Psalms of David."‡

The sculptor's marble suggests to Mr. Hawthorne a train of reflections in which he by no means expects the general body of sculptors to join with him—for, indeed, his preconceptions demand that a sculptor should be even more indispensably a poet than those who deal in measured verse and rhyme: his material, or instrument, which serves him in the stead of shifting and transitory language, being a pure, white, undecaying substance, which ensures immortality to whatever is wrought in it. Under this aspect, to the author of "Transformation," marble assumes a sacred character; and he holds that no man should dare to touch it unless he feels within himself a certain consecration and a priesthood, the only evidence of which, for the public eye, will be the high treatment of heroic subjects, or the delicate evolution of spiritual, through material beauty. "No idea such as the foregoing—no misgivings suggested by them—probably troubled the self-complacency of these clever sculptors [the Americans in Rome]. Marble, in their view, had no such sanctity as we impute to it. It was merely a sort of white limestone from Carrara, cut into convenient blocks, and worth, in that state, about two or three dollars per pound; and it was susceptible of being wrought into certain shapes (by their own mechanical ingenuity, or that of artisans in their employment), which would enable them to sell it again at a much higher figure."§ Clever men, with yet a family likeness to the

* On Intellectual Pleasures.

† Said in reference to Mendelssohn, and to his avowed experience of the greater clearness and intelligibility of music than of words. "What the music I love expresses to me is not thought too *indefinite* to be put into words, but, on the contrary, too *definite*."—Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Second Series (1833-37).

‡ *Sat. Rev.*, vol. xvii. p. 230.

§ Transformation, ch. xv.

vulgar minds and souls without refinement, whose perceptions, as Father Prout says, are of that stunted nature, that they can see nothing in the pass of Thermopylæ but a gap for cattle, in the Forum but a cowshed, and for whom St. Helena is but a barren rock.

There is a tomb in Arquà,

which to the stolid peasant that wends his way along the Euganeian hills is mute indeed as the grave, nor breathes the name of its in-dweller.*

Mr. Chester, in "Barnaby Rudge," riding at a tranquil pace along the Forest road, when the trees are budding into leaf, goes glancing on among the trees, from sunlight to shade and back again—looking about him, certainly, from time to time, but with no greater thought of the day or the scene, than that he is fortunate (being choicely dressed) to have such favourable weather. And so he "went riding on, upon his chesnut cob, as pleasant to look upon as his own horse, and probably far less sensitive to the many cheerful influences by which he was surrounded."†

Francis Osbaldistone, in his tour northwards, takes notice of the air of reverence which the Scotch usually pay to their distinguished rivers—the Clyde, the Tweed, the Forth, and the Spey, being commonly named by those who live on their banks with a sort of respect and pride; indeed, he professes to have known duels occasioned by any word of disparagement. With this sort of "harmless enthusiasm" he, for one, has no sort of quarrel; so when the Bailie exclaims, "That's the Forth!" with the proper tone of reverence, as they come upon that river in their moonlight progress, Frank receives his friend's communication with becoming interest and respect; whereas his body-man, Andrew Fairservice, mutters a matter-of-fact "Umph!—an he had said that's the public-house, it wad hae been mair to the purpose."‡

It is this same prosaically constituted Andrew Fairservice that testifies of this same poetically disposed Francis Osbaldistone, in another chapter, that—the converse of Peter Bell—"he'll glowr at an auld-warld barkit aik-snag as if it were a queez-madam in full bearing; and a naked craig, wi' a burn jawling ower't, is unto him as a garden garnisht with flowering knots and choice pot-herbs."§ Andrew's vocation as a gardener supplies him with something like imagery that looks somehow like poetry—despite his intensely matter-of-fact temperament. As for the Bailie, notwithstanding the almost enthusiasm of his note of admiration, at once expressing it and challenging it, "That is the Forth!" he is a prosy body after all, and knows it, and owns it. *Habemus confitentem.* When he and Frank, on the road back to Glasgow, have lost view of Loch Leven, and its superb amphitheatre of mountains, the younger traveller cannot refrain from an outburst of delight at its natural beauties, conscious though he be that Mr. Jarvie is a very uncongenial spirit to communicate with on such a subject. "Ye are a young gentleman," says the Bailie, "and an Englishman, and a' this may be very fine to you; but for me, wha am a plain man, and ken something o' the different values o' land, I wadna gie the finest sight we hae seen in the Hielands, for the first keek o' the Gorbals o' Glasgow."‖

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* Reliques of Father Prout, pp. 45, 46; ed. 1860.
† Barnaby Rudge, ch. xxix.
‡ Rob Roy, ch. xxviii.
§ Ibid., ch. xxi.
‖ Ibid., ch. xxxvi.

So (and yet not so; *sic et aliter*), in Mr. Disraeli's *par excellence* Love Story, when Ferdinand Armine makes his first entrance into the streets of London, he is enraptured as they seem each minute to grow more spacious and more brilliant, and the multitude more dense and excited; as palaces, churches, squares, of imposing architecture, rise before him; so that to his unsophisticated eye the route appears a never-ending triumph. "To the hackney-coachman, however, who had no imagination, and who was quite satiated with metropolitan experience, it only appeared that he had an exceeding good fare, and that he was jogging up from Bishopsgate-street to Charing-cross."* Ludgate-hill was a city hill to him, and Temple Bar was a city bar to him,—and it was nothing more.

So Mr. Sala prefaces his discursive essay on the Mall in St. James's Park,—to him a region teeming with ancient and pleasant memories,—with the assumption that clownish readers, dunder-headed money-spinners who vote that books are "rubbish," and cobweb-brained fops who languidly call them a bore, "will find in the broad smooth Mall, just a Mall, broad and smooth, and nothing more"†—or at best, and for practical purposes, a short cut from Marylebone to Westminster.

The novelists are fond of introducing a walker or rider through sylvan or hilly districts, and of describing his susceptibility or apathy to the attractions of the scene. We have glanced at Bailie Nicol Jarvie in the Highlands, and at Mr. Chester in the Forest. Here again we have Lord Lytton's banker riding along green lanes on a summer's day. He rides slowly, for the day is hot. The face of the country, it is suggested, so fair and smiling, might have tempted others to linger by the way; but our hard and practical man of the world is more influenced by the temperature than by the loveliness of the scenery. "He did not look upon Nature with the eye of imagination; perhaps a railroad, had it then and there existed, would have pleased him better than the hanging woods, the shadowy valleys, and the changeful river that from time to time beautified the landscape on either side the road." But, after all, Lord Lytton submits that in the affected admiration for Nature there is a vast deal of hypocrisy; and he expresses his conviction‡ that not one person in a hundred cares for what lies by the side of a road, so long as the road itself is good, and the hills are levelled, and turnpikes cheap.—Take, again, Currer Bell's Malone, doggedly pursuing his way by night—not a man given to close observation of Nature, whose changes "passed, for the most part, unnoticed by him: he could walk miles on the most varying April day, and never see the beautiful dallying of earth and heaven; never mark when a sunbeam kissed the hill-tops, making them smile clear in green light, or when a shower wept over them, hiding their crests with the low-hanging, dishevelled tresses of a cloud."§ Miss Braddon pictures James Conyers gazing into the long glades of Mellish Park, where the low sunlight is flickering upon waving fringes of fern—following with his listless glance the wandering intricacies of the underwood, until they lead his weary eyes away to distant patches of blue

* Henrietta Temple: a Love Story, ch. vii.
† Twice Round the Clock, p. 69.
‡ Ernest Maltravers, book iv. ch. ix.
§ Shirley, ch. i.

water, that slowly change to opal and rose-colour in the declining light. "He saw all these things with a lazy apathy, which had no power to recognise their beauty, or inspire one latent thrill of gratitude to Him who made them. He had better have been blind; surely he had better have been blind."* In this respect the handsome trainer is the pronounced inferior of his brutish helper, the "Softy"—in the semi-darkness of whose soul there is said to have been some glimmer of that light which was altogether wanting in Mr. James Conyers; for Steeve Hargraves, on his way to the Hall, "felt that these things were beautiful:" —the flickering shadows of the evergreens on the grass; the song of a skylark too lazy to soar, and content to warble among the bushes; the rippling sound of a tiny waterfall far away in the wood,—"made a language of which he only understood a few straggling syllables here and there, but which was not altogether a meaningless jargon to him, as it was to the trainer; to whose mind Holborn-hill would have conveyed as much of the sublime as the untrodden pathways of the Jungfrau."† If the "Softy" had more than a little of the Caliban about him, Caliban's susceptibility to island beauties—witness his descriptive lines in the Tempest—may be in a measure included. But the trainer, except for his Antinous face, is a Peter Bell. He belongs to the people stigmatised by Dr. Boyd as utterly unimpressionable by the influences of fine scenery; who live perhaps for long years where Nature has done her best with wood and rock and river, but in whom, on the closest acquaintance, one cannot discover the faintest trace of the mightily powerful touch (as it would be to many) which has been unceasingly laid upon them through all that time.‡

Miss Ferrier rightly says of two of the characters in her Highland story, that "certainly Glenroy and Benbowie did not seem in character with the scenery, as they were borne along on the bosom of the blue waters," which reflected the magnificent panorama of hills. But Glenroy and Benbowie cared for none of these things—though the woods and waters, hills and dales, suggested ideas to them, such as they were, as they sailed along. "The crystal depths of the limpid waters over which the sun was shedding its noonday effulgence, suggested to their minds, images of herrings, fat, fresh, or salted, with their accompaniments of casks, nets, and busses; the mountains in their stern glory, with their lights and shadows, and lonely recesses, to them showed forth heath-burning, sheep-walks, black-faced wedders, and wool." So when these *Arcades ambo* touch the shore of Inch Orran, they break into no idle raptures about the water-plants, the fern, the wild flowers, the tall foxglove, the grey rocks and bright mossy stones, half hid beneath the broad-leafed coltsfoot, that form the rich and variegated foreground; "for they were casting searching looks for 'black tang' and 'yellow tang,' and 'bell wrack' and 'jagged wrack,' and such other ingredients as enter into the composition of that valuable commodity called kelp."§ Probably neither of that dual number would greatly have objected to join in the candid confession ascribed by Mrs. Southey to

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* Aurora Floyd, ch. xxi. † Ibid., ch. xxii.
‡ Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson, ch. xi.
§ Destiny, ch. vii.

> One who says plainly—"I confess to me
> Painting's but colour'd canvas, Music noise,
> And Poetry prose spoilt; those rural scenes
> Whereon *you* gaze enraptured, nothing more
> Than hill, and dale, and water, wooded well
> With stout oak timber groaning for the axe."*

A. K. H. B. waxes wroth over his experiences of unimpressionable people, usually with high cheek-bones, smoke-dried complexions, and disagreeable voices; who think Mr. Tennyson a fool, and tell you that *they* cannot understand him, in a tone that conveys that in their judgment nobody can. "I have known men who declared honestly that they did not think Westminster Abbey in the least a more solemn place than a red-brick meeting-house with a flat ceiling, and with its inner walls chastely whitewashed, or papered with a paper representing yellow marble."† His acquaintance with such "individuals" (a favourite word of his) was not likely to add materially to the Recreations of our Country Parson; and he mentions that by mutual consent it speedily ceased.

Your model Manchester man, as depicted by that other clerical essayist on *Fraser's* staff, who styles himself "A Manchester Man," is one who, "like Peter Bell, sees things as they are." If he examined the coat in which Nelson died at Trafalgar, he would wonder (Mr. Lamb goes on to say) whether it were of West of England or Bradford manufacture. Of the Duke's despatch-box he would say, that it was worth so much as "old materials." If told of the marvels of Aladdin's lamp, he would inquire whether it were gilt or bronzed. "If he saw the mummy of Potiphar's wife, he would pronounce oracularly that the wrapper was flax, not cotton."‡

Of Goethe at Strasburg, in 1770, his biographer well says, that to him pictures meant something; they were realities to him, because he had the true artistic nature; whereas "to the French architects, as to the Strasburg officials, pictures were pictures—ornaments betokening more or less luxury and taste, flattering the eye, but never touching the soul."§ In another place, Goethe's biographer incidentally criticising Lessing and his tendency to realism, observes that the author of the "Laokoon" loved a beautiful landscape, but German though he was, never felt any of the soft sadness and mystic witchery felt by moderns; that he looked on Nature as a Greek looked on her, seeing nothing *behind* the panorama.‖ Referring later again to Goethe's study of anatomy, and the delight with which he declared how legible the book of Nature was becoming to him, Mr. Lewes remarks, by the way, "But there are minds, and these form the majority, to whom dry bones are dry bones, and nothing more."¶ His own genial researches in science have been of a kind to acquit *him* of the charge, or rather to secure him against its ever being made.

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* The Birthday, by Caroline Bowles, part ii. p. 105.
† A Reminiscence of the Old Time.
‡ Free Thoughts on Many Subjects, by a Manchester Man.
§ Lewes's Life of Goethe, book ii. ch. v.
‖ Id. ibid., book iii. ch. vi. ¶ Ibid., book v. ch. vi.

THE ARLINGTONS:

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

By a Looker-on.

PART THE THIRD.

I.

MORTIFICATION. A GOOD LESSON NOT TAKEN TO HEART.

In this not very safe state of mind, Sophia Larpent made her début in London. Of course her circle was limited, for her own family had never resided in town, and Mr. Larpent had not cared to mingle much in society, confining himself principally to that of his own connexions, or of those with whom he was obliged to associate in consequence of his position as a member of parliament, and the numerous undertakings in which he was engaged, most of which related to charitable institutions.

He was a director of more than one hospital; of a society for the benefit of poor clergymen, of a society for the relief of the widows and orphans of artisans, of a society for the propagation of the Gospel, of a ragged school society, of a society for the prevention of crime, ditto for the prevention of cruelty to animals; of a charitable loan society, which took a good deal of money out of his pocket, as he was the only director who gave anything but his name, and there were but few subscribers to it; and, lastly, of various missionary societies—viz. to China, Thibet, Borneo, Van Diemen's Land, the Fiji Islands, New Zealand, Terra del Fuego, and the gold coast of Africa; thus embracing a great portion of the circuit of the world in his pious exertions for the good of mankind and the spread of Christianity.

It was no wonder that, with these multifarious engagements and self-constituted duties, Mr. Larpent had no time to look after his wife or her doings. She was consequently free to do whatever she pleased. She was pleased to spend a good portion of her day in shopping, paying long visits to her milliner, and lounging at Howell and James's. Of course buying finery and pretty trifles of which she had no need.

But where was Sir Jasper Dillon? In vain she haunted Regent-street, Bond-street, and Pall-mall; in vain she went to the public places which were open—no Sir Jasper was to be seen, and the young dame was getting ill from "hope deferred," when one day Mr. Larpent came home from his club with the stunning intelligence that the rich baronet had eloped with a popular young actress, and carried her off in his yacht to the Mediterranean, if not to Constantinople!

Here was a crusher to Mrs. Larpent's undefined hopes and projects, for she had not formed any plan in regard to her acquaintance with him: to see him as frequently as possible, to ride with him in the morning, and probably to waltz with him at evening parties, was the amount of the expectations she had formed respecting him. Nothing absolutely wrong had entered her mind; she certainly was innocent of all idea of eloping with Sir Jasper, or doing anything which might lead to an elopement;

but she did not reflect that a married woman errs when she allows her thoughts to dwell on any man who is not a member of her own family. There may be no positive vice, but a vicious tendency assuredly exists, and if not stifled, destroyed in its early stage, it may grow into a state of feeling difficult, if not impossible, to subdue.

Notwithstanding his escapade, her acquaintance of a fortnight still held his place in her recollection, but she was not so deeply smitten as not to be able to enjoy the novelty of life in town. All was going on smoothly, when, towards the end of the season, the runaway returned to his accustomed haunts and accustomed habits. He was received very cordially by his former associates among the men, and graciously, upon the whole, by his acquaintances among the ladies.

Mrs. Larpent met him at the house of the very lady, the wife of her husband's cousin, at whose abode in the country she had been introduced to him.

How her heart fluttered, and how her cheek became red and pale by turns as she beheld him! Her first impulse was to rise from her seat, and fly across the room to him; but she constrained herself to remain quiet, for she had sense enough to fear a scene. She watched him, however, eagerly; at length she saw him draw the arm of his hostess, Lady Mary Thornhill, within his, and make a progress round the room, bowing respectfully to some, stopping to say a few words to others, and passing loftily by those who did not seem to recognise him; but these were ladies who were *very particular*, or ladies who had no daughters to marry.

At last he and Lady Mary approached the part of the salon where Mrs. Larpent was sitting; she actually trembled, and yet in the tremor there was a thrill of joy. How gracefully he moved! how handsome he was! and though he had been such a sinner, how charmed she felt to see him again!

But he passed her without the smallest attempt at recognition—not a glance showed that he had the slightest recollection of her, and Lady Mary's spitefully triumphant look evinced her satisfaction at the gay Lothario's oblivion of "the little rustic," of whom she had once felt some jealous fears.

It was a trying moment for poor Sophia; but if she had laid the lesson to heart, that moment would have been a fortunate one for her: it would have subdued her vanity, and checked her folly, and taught her how utterly worthless is any apparent regard which is not based on respect and esteem.

She was struggling hard to conceal her mortification, when Richard Arlington was brought up and introduced to her by an acquaintance of his and hers. Richard was a tall, fine-looking young man, with easy and pleasant manners. He speedily got into conversation with the lady, and paid her a few adroit compliments, which were very acceptable after her grievous disappointment. But she could not get over her chagrin, and expressing a wish to go, Richard escorted her down-stairs, sent to call her carriage, and handed her into it. Small attentions these, but fraught with serious consequences to him, poor young man!

He and Mrs. Larpent did not then, however, meet often; he only saw her at the last Philharmonic Concert, and at a pic-nic at Richmond; for

everybody knows that pic-nics and whitebait dinners always mark the fag end of the season. Neither of them had made any impression on the other, therefore neither felt the slightest pang when the usual period of migration, and the temporary break up of London society, arrived.

Sophia could not get over her vexation at Sir Jasper Dillon's real or pretended oblivion of her; and she was furious at Lady Mary's conduct. So angry was she, that she could not help complaining of her to Mr. Larpent.

"That wife of your cousin, Mr. Thornhill," she said to her husband at breakfast, for they still sometimes took that meal together, "is a very disagreeable woman; she treats me with the utmost rudeness, I cannot imagine why. She seems to look upon me as a mere nobody, quite beneath *her* notice. To be sure she is the daughter of an earl, but my father is of a good and ancient family, and my mother was the granddaughter of an earl, and none of us ever swindled anybody. Her father, the old earl, died over head and ears in debt, and her brother can't show his face in England until some of these debts are paid. If your cousin, Mr. Thornhill, had not married that Lady Mary, she would now be living on soup maigre and frogs in some remote part of France instead of sporting her diamonds and showing her rouged cheeks and painted eyelids and eyebrows wherever she can exhibit them here in England."

Sophy stopped to take breath, and Mr. Larpent, who was amazed at her unusual volubility, and could not get a word edged in before, exclaimed:

"Rude to you, my dear! I am surprised and sorry to hear it. I think it must be your fancy; but if she really annoys you, I will speak to Guy, and I am certain he will make a point of her treating you properly."

"Oh no! please don't—don't—Marmaduke! I should not like a word said to Mr. Thornhill; he is always very kind, but he can't help his wife's ill nature, and she would only ridicule me."

"Very well, my dear; if you don't wish it, I won't."

"I'll tell you what I *do* wish, though, Marmaduke. I think, as I am not riding now, that it would be better to send my horse to Craig Court; it is only taking up the groom's time, and eating oats uselessly in town. Pray send it into the country, and the sooner the better."

Mr. Larpent was much pleased at his wife's consideration, and agreed readily to her proposal. He would not, perhaps, have been so pleased had he known her real motive for sending away her horse—that she did not care whether it ate oats uselessly or not, but she wished to disappoint Lady Mary Thornhill, who had latterly been in the habit of frequently borrowing her horse. It was a showy but gentle creature, while Lady Mary's own horse was heavy-looking, and sometimes not very manageable.

"Now for my revenge," thought Mrs. Larpent; and, as she expected, a servant came the day after with Lady Mary's compliments, and would Mrs. Larpent lend her ladyship her horse, as she was going to take a ride in the Park with Sir Jasper Dillon.

Sophy was delighted to send back word that she could not lend Lady Mary her horse, as it had been sent off early that morning to Craig Court.

"Now she may break her neck if she likes riding that obstinate brute

of hers. She won't appear to such advantage as she would have done on *my* horse, but she shall never mount that again!" exclaimed Mrs. Larpent, in high glee.

A few days afterwards, Mrs. Larpent was driving in the Park with her relation, Lady Clarissa. Among the gentlemen leaning over the railings was Sir Jasper Dillon, and he bowed as their carriage slowly passed him. Sophy did not know whether the bow was to her or to Lady Clarissa, though she saw him look at her; but neither lady took the least notice of him, and Sophy observed that his brow darkened, and an angry expression flitted over his countenance.

"That man has a vast deal of assurance," said Lady Clarissa. "I am glad you did not notice his bow. If ladies of respectability would only cut the acquaintance of gentlemen when they make themselves notorious, it would be better for the interests of society. I am some years older than you, Sophia—let me advise you never to encourage men or women who parade their vice before the world with unblushing effrontery. I am afraid Lady Mary Thornhill will singe her wings if she is seen so much with that Sir Jasper."

"I don't care how far she commits herself," replied Sophy, "but I should be sorry if any disgrace were to fall upon poor Mr. Thornhill; he is a very good sort of man. Have you heard what has become of the young actress who eloped with Sir Jasper?"

"Some people say that he transferred her to the harem of a wealthy pasha; others, that he left her under the protection of an Italian nobleman, poor girl! There is a sad career before her in any case," remarked Lady Clarissa; "and her having become that man's victim has been terrible for her unfortunate bedridden mother, who was dependent upon her for support."

"How can that Lady Mary patronise such a wretch?" cried Mrs. Larpent, apparently in a fit of virtuous indignation.

"We must charitably hope that she thinks only of amusing the passing hour," replied her companion; "but she forgets that when the breath of scandal taints a lady's character, it is touch and go with her reputation. In the mercy of the Almighty there is pardon for all repentant sinners; but by the harsher laws of man, the woman who brings disgrace upon herself and her family can never, never be forgiven."

II.

CONVERSATIONS IN EATON-SQUARE.

HAVING seen what were the antecedents of Mrs. Larpent, we cannot be surprised at her subsequent career. Yet she really had nothing to complain of, nothing to urge her into the neglect of her duties as a wife and a mother.

It is a sad spectacle that of a lady with every domestic comfort, surrounded by luxury, with a most indulgent and trusting husband, with children looking to her as their guide and hope, poor innocent creatures! with an excellent position in society, relations, friends, and acquaintances of high respectability, casting away all the blessings the God of Mercy had showered upon her. For what? A wild chimera—a vicious incli-

nation—a morbid feeling of dislike to her husband, and weariness of those duties which ought to have been equally her pleasure and her pride!

What a state of mind that woman must be in who knows what is right yet does what is wrong! What a dreadful fate for her victims, who are sacrificed without regret, without remorse, to the Molock of her Vanity! The outer world may shrug its shoulders and sneer at her, but she lives under the protection of her husband; she gives recherché dinner-parties, therefore they do not break with her. She is not sent to Coventry at once, as she *ought* to be; therefore her power of doing evil remains. And the relations of the favourite, or the cavalière servente of the time being, dare not say a word, for fear of injuring one who is dear to them. Wincing under the woman's influence over a member of their family, they are forced to be dumb. Despising and naturally disliking her, they must be civil to her, and, for his sake, pretend to be on friendly terms with her.

Such was the position of the Arlington family in rgard to Mrs. Larpent—at least, of most of that family, for there were some few of them who were either too obtuse or too indifferent to care about her improper influence over Richard. His father was rather gratified than otherwise by Richard's intimacy with "the Larpents." It was a maxim of his that a young man must either have good society or bad.

"And so, my dear," he said to his wife, "we should be very glad that Richard find sufficient attraction in the society of a lady in his own rank of life, a well brought up and well-educated lady, which keeps him from forming low and vicious connexions. Richard is a good-looking young man, with money at his command; he must be, therefore, surrounded by temptations, and of course must have plenty of bad examples among his brother-officers. Military men are not celebrated for their steadiness, and so I think we ought to feel obliged to Mr. and Mrs. Larpent for the friendly manner in which they receive him."

"Ladies can be bad as well as women of the lower classes," replied Mrs. Arlington.

"But, my dear! surely you don't mean to affirm that Mrs. Larpent is a—a bad woman!"

"No—not decidedly—a bad woman—in the broadest acceptation of the term; but I don't call her *good*. A married woman, who runs after a young man as she does after Richard, can't be called very correct in her conduct."

"But her husband is just as partial to him as she is," urged Mr. Arlington.

"Mr. Larpent is a very worthy man," replied Mrs. Arlington, "but a bit of a noodle."

"Well, I don't see this, Nelly—I really don't see this, and I think you must have got some spite against these Larpents, or perhaps the girls have, and you have taken your cue from them. I consider Richard fortunate in having such safe and pleasant friends."

"Safe!" ejaculated Mrs. Arlington to herself, as her husband left the room. "Arlington is as great a noodle as Mr. Larpent; he does not see an inch beyond his nose!"

Mr. Arlington was not far wrong about his wife and daughters having

taken a spite against Mrs. Larpent. Aurelia and Eleanor could not forgive that lady for having prevented Richard from escorting them to Plymouth on the occasion of the festivities there, to which they had been so anxious to go; Fanny found out that Mrs. Larpent had applied the ignominious term of "old maid" to her; Cornelia suspected that Mrs. Larpent had ridiculed the Reverend Septimus Severin; and Letitia was always inclined to be severe on the actions of others.

"I wish," exclaimed Eleanor, "that that Mrs. Larpent had fixed on any other young man than poor Richard for her cher ami, or l'ami de maison. She makes quite a slave of him, poor fellow!"

"You need not commiserate him so much, I think," said Letitia; "he seems a willing slave, at any rate. I had hoped, when he became acquainted with that girl, Miss FitzHenry, who has thirty thousand pounds, that he would have thrown Mrs. Larpent overboard, and attached himself to her. She is a nice-looking girl, and her money is quite at her own command, or will be very soon at least, for she will be twenty-one on her next birthday. I am quite sure that she rather likes Richard, she seems so pleased to dance with him, and when he joined her the other day in the Park, she got rid of all the other gentlemen who were flocking round her, and devoted herself entirely to him."

"These Irish girls," said Maria, "are *very* frank; they think nothing of meeting a man half way."

"You had better say meeting him three-quarters of the way, Maria, then you will be nearer the truth," remarked Letitia.

"*I* would not care if she met him every inch of the way," exclaimed Eleanor, "so she cut out Mrs. Larpent, and bestowed her fortune upon Richard."

"Depend on it," said Letitia, "the Larpent woman will never give him a chance of marrying the thirty-thousand pounder, or any one else. He ventured to take a ride the other morning with Miss FitzHenry, and I conclude, not having presented himself in Wilton-crescent for his daily orders, the vigilant dame came forth with two of the children and their nurse, and possibly suspecting some little wandering on Richard's part, she perambulated the walks, both on the side of the carriage-road and the ride, until she discovered him. Fanny and I happened to be in the Park at the time, and we saw her shake her finger in a threatening way at him. He will never dare to ride with Miss FitzHenry again."

"He had better look sharp if he should be thinking of her," observed Eleanor. "A girl with her money, though she is not a millionnaire, will have plenty of admirers and offers."

Little did Eleanor guess, when she made this speech, how Miss FitzHenry's fortune would affect her own future prospects—or, at least, fancied prospects.

Had Richard Arlington, as his sisters wished, given up his quiet little liaison with Mrs. Larpent, and enlisted himself tout bonnement among the ranks of the young Irish lady's admirers, with her apparent proclivities towards him, he might probably have carried the day and won the heiress. What a difference this would have made to himself, if not to another member of his family.

How blind we often are to our own good! Working in the dark like moles—but, alas! not like moles bringing our work to a successful issue!

Richard Arlington just paid enough attention to Miss FitzHenry to awaken her susceptibility, and create for him some interest in her mind. Had he followed up the matter, there seemed every promise of success for him, and had he succeeded, it would have been fortunate for him. He would have married a pretty, good-humoured girl, with a tolerably large fortune. She was not very bright, but neither was he, and they might have got on extremely well together. But Mrs. Larpent's jealousy and selfishness came, like a withering blight, between them.

God help the poor young man who is led in chains by a married woman! She becomes his evil genius—she cares not how she sacrifices his best interests, his respectability in the present, his hopes, his prospects in the future. She is a moral murderer! Can a stronger term be used?

Miss Fanny had opened her mother's eyes to the eligibility of Miss FitzHenry as a daughter-in-law; and that worthy matron was seized with a strong desire to secure the young lady and her fortune for her eldest son.

"We must ask her, and the lady who is her companion, or chaperone, to dinner, Fanny," she said. "A dinner-party will be better than an evening one, for we need only have a select few, and Mrs. Larpent can be excluded. I must get Richard to fix on a day, and keep himself disengaged. He must really promise to come."

"He will promise fast enough," replied Fanny. "But will he keep his promise? If Mrs. Larpent discovers that Miss FitzHenry is to be here, she will find some other engagement for him, and as Richard tells her everything, I don't see how the fact can be kept from her."

"I will manage that," said Mrs. Arlington. "I'm pretty sure Richard is in want of money, and he shan't have a shilling until the dinner-party is over, and he has done his duty."

She mentioned the matter to Richard that very afternoon.

"Humph!" exclaimed Richard, making a wry face. "Marrying is a very serious affair, mother. I can understand running off with a pretty girl whom one loves to distraction, but I don't know any such adorable damsel. As to little FitzHenry, I can't pretend to be in love with her. If I were to swear it until I were black in the face, I could not make her believe me sincere. She's not quite a fool, and she would soon enough find out the difference between pretence and reality."

"Do you suppose," answered Mrs. Arlington, "that any one among the gentlemen who swarm round her, and pay her attention, care a straw for herself? It is her money they all want, and of course they must take her into the bargain. I have it from good authority that you have made a favourable impression upon her. Follow it up, my boy—follow it up! You are always in hot water about money; this marriage will set you at ease upon that point, and as you do not care for anybody else, there won't be much difficulty in your making up your mind to marry Miss FitzHenry. If you were much attached to another girl—a girl who, however charming and accomplished, was too poor for you to marry, I admit it would be a bitter pill to take this young Irish lady; but as you don't care for anybody——"

"How do you know that, mother?" exclaimed Richard, interrupting her; "perhaps I *do* care for somebody."

"It is not possible, Richard, or you would not be so much devoted to Mrs. Larpent. You are quite under her thumb; it is a sad pity. But you know you can't marry *her* unless you make away with her husband, and I don't think you would administer poison to him, as Hamlet's uncle did to his father, Shakspeare's celebrated Ghost. You can't marry Mrs. Larpent, and therefore it would be folly to throw away a good chance on her account."

Richard moved his foot impatiently; then rising stiffly, he asked if she had anything more to say.

"Yes, I have, and you must listen. Silvester's expenses at college have been increasing very much lately; I fear he is falling heavily into debt, and I also fear not doing much in the way of study. You can't live upon your pay and your allowance put together. We have a large establishment to keep up, and eight daughters are not fed and clothed for nothing. You and your brother seem to think that your father has the whole revenue of the bank at his disposal; you should remember that he has only a portion of it, and that he can no more go beyond that amount than a clerk can go beyond his salary—that is to say, without dishonesty. If anything were to happen to your father, his private fortune would not be much divided among so many. Make hay, therefore, while the sun shines, Richard, and secure a tolerably rich wife while you can!"

III.

A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE.

THE projected dinner-party took place. Miss FitzHenry and her chaperone, Mrs. Gray, came to it; Richard handed the younger lady down to dinner, and exerted himself considerably to chat with her. But had she known why he so exerted himself, she would not have felt gratified, or fancied that the handsome Guardsman was pleased with her conversation. Mrs. Arlington had bribed him into good humour with the promise of a cheque on the bank, which, however, she prudently refused to deliver to him until the following day.

The Reverend Septimus Severin was one of the guests, and Miss Cornelia was in the seventh heavens, for, under the influence of the champagne and other wines, the curate, accustomed generally only to regale himself with small beer, or a glass of bitter ale, became quite eloquent and quite tender, and spoke of love as "the brightest gift of Heaven to suffering humanity." Query—Did he not think in his inmost soul that a good dinner, with "a little wine for his stomach's sake," was better?

Cornelia made up her mind that the hour was now close at hand when the name she was so anxious to bear—Mrs. Septimus Severin—would be offered to her.

The evening passed off pleasantly and harmoniously. Mrs. Gray, the widow of a major in the army, was very confidential and communicative to Mrs. Arlington. She had been, she said, a schoolfellow and early friend of Mrs. FitzHenry, and that was the reason she had undertaken the charge of her "dear Ellen," whom she had known since she was a

sweet child of four years of age. Mrs. Gray did not allude to the three hundred pounds a year remuneration which she received for being chaperone to the sweet child, now a grown-up young lady. Mrs. Arlington agreed with Mrs. Gray that, even when Ellen FitzHenry married, it would be an advantage to her to have that experienced lady as her companion, and to take charge of her house. The delivering of this opinion was a stroke of policy on Mrs. Arlington's part, and it evidently told, for the major's widow hinted rather plainly that Richard Arlington would be an acceptable suitor.

Maria, for a wonder, was anxious to sing; but neither her mother or her sisters would let her.

"Maria has had a cold for some days past," said Mrs. Arlington, in so decided a tone that it admitted of no contradiction. And Letitia added,

"We don't want to hear *you*, Maria. We wish to hear Miss FitzHenry sing."

Miss FitzHenry had no idea how much better Maria sang than she did, or she would have had good sense and modesty enough to have declined showing off; but, ignorant of Maria's extreme superiority, she sat down without any fuss, and sang some of the beautiful melodies of her native island. She did not sing badly, and Richard, who had a tolerable voice, joined her in the duet, "Go, where Glory waits thee!"

Mr. Septimus Severin volunteered, somewhat to the surprise of the party, "The night before Larry was stretched"—a proof that the Puseyite clergyman was half seas over; and Irish songs being thereupon discontinued, Miss FitzHenry, who pertinaciously kept her seat on the music-stool, sang one or two Scotch airs. She knew that she was not equal to Italian, and as she was not strong in her pronunciation of German, she was afraid to venture on any German Lieder, so she took refuge in English ballads and Scotch songs. She had chosen

> O, dinna ask me gin I loe you—
> Ask it o' yoursel'!

to which she was giving all possible expression, her eyes fixed on Richard's face, when a loud double knock was heard at the door, and the portly butler announced, in a clear voice, to Richard,

"Mrs. Larpent is waiting for you, sir."

If a bombshell had fallen into the drawing-room there could not have been greater surprise, indeed dismay, amongst most of its occupants. Mrs. Arlington absolutely started, Richard turned very pale and looked at his watch, then stammered forth, "It wants a quarter to eleven o'clock; I told her not to call for me till a quarter past eleven." The Reverend Mr. Severin said, in a loud whisper, to Cornelia, "'Tis well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new;" and Miss FitzHenry reddened up to the roots of her hair.

"Where are you going, Richard?" asked Mr. Arlington.

"To Lady Mary Thornhill's, sir," he replied.

"Lady Mary Thornhill's!" repeated Letitia, scornfully. "You will meet a nice set there!"

"Do you visit Lady Mary Thornhill?" asked Mrs. Gray of Eleanor, who happened to be standing near her.

"No," she replied, "not now. But I believe some ladies still visit her, and of course plenty of gentlemen do."

"She has made herself very notorious about that Sir Jasper Dillon," said Mrs. Gray, turning to Mrs. Arlington, who was struggling hard to regain her composure.

"Very!" she at last jerked out; adding more quietly, "I think such extremely light-headed ladies should form a coterie of their own, and keep to it. But while their husbands wink at their misdeeds, what can be done?"

Mrs. Arlington with difficulty suppressed a sigh. It was a relief to her that Miss FitzHenry's carriage was announced, and nothing more was said than adieu.

The guests had no sooner all taken leave, than Letitia exclaimed,

"What a vile woman that Mrs. Larpent is!"

"And what a blockhead Richard is!" added Aurelia.

"He is very soft!" said his mother. "I am quite distressed at his folly. We must try to get him sent to some foreign station—Gibraltar, perhaps—or some colony—Canada, the Cape of Good Hope—anywhere so that *that* woman cannot follow him, and keep up her influence over him!"

"I wish she were at the bottom of the sea!" cried Eleanor, passionately. "My poor Richard!"

"Don't say that, Eleanor!" exclaimed Cornelia. "Wish, rather, that the Lord would touch his heart with grace from above, and lead him into green pastures!"

"I don't know what you mean by 'green pastures,'" cried Eleanor, "but I think that Miss FitzHenry will be very green indeed if she takes up with him after the finale of this evening."

Richard's folly was in the mouth of every one of his sisters. Yet he was not quite so much to blame as they thought. He had told Mrs. Larpent that he had promised to dine at home on the day fixed for inviting Miss FitzHenry, and that lady at first took no notice of the matter. But, by degrees, she extracted from Richard the names of the persons who were to be of the party, and when Miss FitzHenry was mentioned, she became angry.

"They are trying to get up a marriage between you and that doll, Richard," she said, "on account of her having a little money. You will be a fool if you submit to be led blindfold into this scrape. Depend upon it she won't suit you, and the pittance you will receive with her will never indemnify you for all the privations you will have to undergo, and all the sacrifices you will have to make."

Richard was not exactly thunderstruck, but certainly he was taken a little aback.

"Really," he replied, "I cannot see things in the same light as you do. My mother wants me to fill a place at her table on a certain day; what has that to do with my marrying any of her guests? My mother is not an ignoramus in the affairs of the world, and she knows very well that my dining at my father's house in company with a young lady, rich or poor, does not entail a matrimonial adventure."

"Look here, Richard," said Mrs. Larpent. "You can't mystify me. I know very well that this Miss FitzHenry is destined, or rather desired by your own family, to be your wife. They don't care for your comfort or happiness, only for the money. If you are going to marry for money alone, there are plenty of richer girls to be had."

"Name them," said Richard, "and tell me where I can meet them. A plentiful addition of tin would really be very acceptable to me."

"Tin won't give you happiness, Richard."

"There is no happiness without money, however," he replied. "You, who have had abundance since you were born, and never knew what it was to owe a bill that you could not pay, or be reduced to your last five-pound note, may speak with lofty scorn of money; but a poor devil like me, with a soldier's pitiful pay, and a not exceedingly liberal allowance, can't despise the useful metals."

"I hope he is not going to ask me for a loan!" thought Mrs. Larpent; and, taking no notice of his financial difficulties, she plunged back into the subject of the dinner at his father's house, and informing him that Mr. Larpent was engaged that day at a meeting, and a dinner given by one of the numerous societies to which he belonged—for public bodies of men can never settle their affairs, great or small, without the accompaniment of eating and drinking—she asked him to take a tête-à-tête dinner with her, and go with her to the Gallery of Illustration after it.

But, for once, Richard was refractory. Not that he cared in the least to meet Miss FitzHenry, but his mother had promised him a cheque the day after the dinner-party, and he well knew he would not behold it unless he kept his word.

Mrs. Larpent was equally surprised and annoyed at his "obstinacy." Richard Arlington, whom she could always mould to her will, as she would have moulded a bit of soft wax between her fingers! Was he going to give her the slip? If he resigned his post, who was to succeed him? Not Sir Jasper Dillon, that hateful Lady Mary had fastened her chains too tightly round him! Suddenly Mrs. Larpent remembered that she was asked to a soirée at Lady Mary Thornhill's on the evening of the dinner-party at Mrs. Arlington's. Her determination was instantly taken. Richard should go with her; she knew he was also invited; she would call for him, and carry him off in triumph from Miss FitzHenry, though Mrs. Arlington and her six daughters should go into hysterics!

Richard calculated that Miss FitzHenry and her chaperone, as well as all the other guests, would be gone by eleven o'clock, and he therefore agreed to be fetched by Mrs. Larpent at a quarter past eleven. But to wait till that hour was no part of *her* scheme, and she came, on purpose, half an hour too soon.

Mrs. Larpent, however, was mistaken if she fancied Mrs. Arlington was to be so easily conquered. She had only made enemies by her manœuvre, for Letitia could not be restrained from speaking of her as a person no better than she should be; and Mrs. Gray was very bitter against her. But Mrs. Larpent was fast falling into that hardened state that she did not much care what any one said of her.

Prompted by his mother, Richard had left cards for Mrs. Gray and Miss FitzHenry, and he had, moreover, escorted these ladies to an exhibition of paintings.

"He is regaining his lost ground," said Mrs. Arlington to some of her daughters, "and we must get up a party at the Crystal Palace. If Richard will only pay a little marked attention to Miss FitzHenry, all may yet go well."

The party was arranged with great care. An old East India colonel

was invited to escort Mrs. Gray; Eleanor's friend, and supposed admirer, Captain Colville, was asked; as also was the rich stranger who had been introduced to Richard at Major Chapman's club-dinner, Richard having succeeded, by his mother's instigation, in hunting him up. Two or three other gentlemen—"nonentities," according to Letitia—were invited to fill up the necessary complement of their sex. Fanny and Cornelia were to be left at home, for it was impossible to take more than four Miss Arlingtons. Richard objected to so many; but, as he was rather in disgrace, no notice was taken of his objection. Cornelia did not care to go, for the charity children were to have a treat that afternoon at the schoolroom, at which the Reverend Septimus Severin was to be present. He was to deliver a short lecture to the little pupils, after which they were to be regaled with a preparation called tea, but which was, in reality, warm water and sugar with a slight dash of milk, with bread-and-butter, and half-baked, very indigestible cakes.

Fanny was in great wrath, and expressed her opinion that *she* ought to have been selected as the companion of the old Indian officer, instead of his being delivered over to "that Mrs. Gray." She considered herself very ill used; but there was no help for her.

MUHBOOB JAN.

Part V.

The boorea was soon known to the chief, who made him alight, and had his dromedary taken care of. When he had given him something to refresh him, and he had bathed his feet and washed his hands, Ukhbar Khan said that he could not go back so late that night, so he must stay and rest himself.

To this the boorea consented, and said, "Is it safe for me to speak to you my message in this lonely room?"

Ukhbar Khan said he need fear nothing.

Then the chokeydaur said: "The begum, the lady of rank, who lives in the palace near Delhi, and is married to the son of the nawaub, has some important message for you, and she sent me to tell you to be with her at five in the morning, two days from this, so that you may have time to make your journey."

Ukhbar Khan replied: "I cannot go on a dromedary. I am so well known, that I should be seized soon after my arrival at Delhi by some of the people in the pay of the new government which has taken the country from the Mahrattas, but I will send on my horses by different stages, and by that means I may travel over the ground if I go disguised as a hajee."

Then the boorea said that such was the best plan.

After this, Ukhbar Khan sent his saeeses with relays of horses to the different villages on the route from his own jungle home to Delhi. He said, that as he had three strong fleet horses besides the one which he rode on, they would be enough to carry him swiftly the seventy miles, and he would be able to finish the journey the next night. So he sent them on that night, and he told the boorea that when he reached the palace of the begum, the next night, he might say to her that he would be sure to be at her service on the morning she mentioned at five o'clock. After this he left him to his repose, and he himself, having given all his orders, selected a dress which was that of a hajee, or pilgrim who had been to Mecca, and which he knew would secure his not being arrested either on the road or the streets of the Great City.

There is no more exciting mode of travelling than by a relay of horses; and in a country where there are no roads it is, with the exception of riding a dromedary, the swiftest mode of getting over the ground. To one who knew the face of the country so well as Ukhbar Khan, it was also very secure travelling, as he was sure not to miss his way. So he was determined to give the saeeses a day to lay the different relays of horses, and to travel the whole of the journey, the next night stay in the town at a friend's house, and the morning after that pay his visit to the begum. So the chokeydaur took his departure the next morning, and returned on his dromedary to the begum's palace, and at night brought her news of the message which he had received in answer to hers to Ukhbar Khan; and the next night Ukhbar Khan put on a green turban and a green sash, took a large tusbee which he hung from his neck, and dressing himself in the thick clothes which travellers wear crossing the desert, he mounted his horse and took the direction of Delhi. He found his relays of horses all waiting for him at the different places, and as he changed each he gave a certain number of coins to each saees to expend in feeding the animal which he entrusted to him in place of the one which he mounted, and told him to wait in charge of the steed until his return. By this means he made sure of having the same accommodation coming back as he would have going, and that the horse should always be available, however late his return.

The journey, as he supposed, passed over without his being stopped or, in fact, suspected by any one; and when he reached Delhi he put up for the day at the house of an old friend. He heard numerous stories of the wonderful people who had now got sway in the country, and that their vigilance was such that an ant could not fly through the gates of the city without their being aware of it, and that the trade of the outlaw very soon bade fair to become extinct; but he said while there are women that pay like the begum, the men who work for her shall not starve. He was dressed the next morning at four, and mounting his steed he took the road that led out of the Shalimar Gate to the palace of the begum. When he gave his name as Hajee Khan to the durban, he was admitted. This was the name he told the boorea he should take, and accordingly the faithful boorea reported it to the begum, and he was admitted without further question. The begum, who always rose early, was attended by three of her old female servants, and walking in a spacious verandah enjoying the cool morning air, and the perfume of the flowers and plants from the extensive gardens. The different sorts of oranges, the chukotra,

the satrunjees, the jumbaylee, the acacias, and many other shrubs grew there, laid out in parterres.

When Ukhbar Khan arrived he gave his horse to an attendant, and being led up to the verandah by two burkandosses he made a profound salaam to the lady of rank, who said, "Are you Hajee Khan?"

Then he answered, "Mistress of my life, I am that slave."

She then waved her hand, and the three women who stood near her in the verandah disappeared, and also the burkandosses who had accompanied Ukhbar Khan. She then said, "I sent for you to ask you if you will, with your gang, surround the house of Khurreem Buksh, who is a merchant of this town, and whose servant, Morad Alee, has a daughter called Muhboob Jan?"

Ukhbar Khan answered: "Lady, if what you propose were to have been done some years or even some months ago, before the regulations were in force that exist since the English have got footing in this city, I should have said I should do it easily; but to come here with my men armed, considering the number of patrols that they have established, is what now no man who is sane could think of doing."

She then said: "I have not told you yet what my wish is; but when I tell you, you will see that by means of using your ingenuity I think you will be able to effect it. I want to get possession of the little girl who is living in that house. If you can bring her to me here, either alive or dead, you shall have a thousand gold mohurs. If you use your own discretion, and surround the house some time when Khurreem Buksh and his servant are away, and then break into the zinana and seize the girl, when you bring her here you shall have the money given you instantly; or if in the attempt you should be stopped by any means, then, if you will make an end of the girl, and bring me certain proof that she is no more, I will give you also the same sum. You now know my wish."

Then the bandit replied: "Lady, it is an arduous task, and one which I would rather not attempt; but your word is good, and your patronage and that of your lord is what would be like a fountain of life to your slave. You would be better to him than father, mother, or any natural blessing, if he were so fortunate as to gain your favour. I have now disguised myself as a pilgrim, and if any of our family were to see that I had done so, I should be disgraced for evermore; but I will go through this matter to the end for your sake, and you may rely upon my doing what is possible to effect your wishes."

The begum said: "Enough. I have told my husband that you were a hajee, but it will not do for you to stay too long here. You know the terms of the agreement, so you may now take your departure."

Then Ukhbar Khan made answer: "There may be some little delay before I can ascertain what time it will be best to surround the house, and I must linger a little longer in the city; but when I have heard of any likelihood of the merchant leaving his house, I will certainly take my steps to have my followers brought in here. And if I should hear anything further, I can come here to-morrow at the same hour and tell your highness of it."

The begum said: "You know that the Mohurrum will soon take place, and you know what crowds assemble in the streets, and what an opportunity it will afford you for your doing what I say."

"What the lady of rank says is true," replied Ukhbar Khan, "but it is hard on a follower of the prophet to do as you say."

"I have told you of the reward," said the begum, "and I know your resolution of mind. Go in peace."

When she had finished speaking, Ukhbar Khan knew that she would hear no more; so, making a profound salaam, he took his departure.

When Ukhbar Khan left the begum and returned to the house of his relative, his first object was to inquire relative to the movements of Khurreem Buksh and his servant. He learned from some of the hangers-on, who are so numerous in every man's house in India, that the chokeydaurs had ascertained that in the ensuing month, when the Mohurrum was to be celebrated, Khurreem Buksh and his follower were about to go to an Emaumbarah, or large shrine, which is used by the Mussulmans for the purpose of going through the commemoration of this religious ceremony, and that the Emaumbarah was situated about three miles from the city; that they were the more anxious to celebrate this anniversary of the murder of Mohammed's grandsons on account of their wishing to evince a sense of religious gratitude upon the occasion of Morad Alee's recovery from the dangerous accident, and as soon as the sacred rites of this mourning celebration were finished, Khurreem Buksh proposed to reward the fortunate doctor, who had been the instrument under Allah of recovering his faithful servant. But, as a matter of paramount necessity, they were both determined that the reward and the demonstration of gratitude to Morad Alee's deliverer should not take their course until after the due solemnities, which all true Mussulmans of the Sheeah class owe to Hassan and Hossein, had been completed.

Although Ukhbar Khan found it revolting to his feelings and to his creed to take advantage of such an occasion for the purpose of carrying on the plot for which the begum had made him her agent, yet the urgent need in which he stood, and the tempting anticipation also of gaining future favour from her, made him enter into the business with all the unction and earnestness that was a part of his character on all occasions. So he sought the next morning the appointed meeting with the begum again to report progress, and show himself her faithful ally. He left the city in the same disguise, and took the same route as he had taken the day before. When in due form he arrived at the verandah where the begum was seated, she smiled, and said that it augured favourably his returning so soon.

He then said: "Queen of my life, this your bounden slave is here to do your behests, and to die for you if there should be need."

"Bu muzmoon—Come to the point," she replied.

"When the approaching Mohurrum is to be," said Ukhbar Khan, "and the moon of mourning is to begin, then this slave will have fifteen of his followers here, and he will go for them now, but will himself return during the night. His eyes and his head are in pledge to the service of his queen. When the servants shall be all ready in the city, and the merchant and his follower shall have gone to draw their tazias at the Emaumbarah, three miles from Delhi, then will be the time to enter the merchant's house and carry off the khanazadee."

The begum clapped her hands, and said: "Shahbash! May your fate be glorious."

The ceremony which Ukhbar Khan had adverted to is one that is considered the very holiest of all those that are observed by the Mussulmansin India. It is for many days the sole object of the consideration of the faithful. During its continuance, in a series of processions (conformable to the demi-theatrical mimic show so prevalent in the country), the whole history of the march of Mohammed's grandsons and their sister with her lover to Kurballa is represented by living actors; these work up the feelings of the faithful to such a pitch, that a host of frenzied fanatics of all ages are seen during the days appropriated to this celebration continually moving to and fro in the direction of the Emaumbarahs, where the mursya kwans, or singers, call out or chant the tragical story. Some are actually to be seen dancing while they beat their breasts, and call out loudly, "Hassan-Hosseyne!" There are at all the cross-roads in the country contiguous to the towns scaffolds erected, called sabbeels, and a guardian seated on each has numerous jars of sherbet, and keeps perpetually calling out, "Nuzzur-Hosseyne pyasa ne jaeyo!" "Pass not thirsty, the free gift of Hosseyne the martyr." And those who are of the Mussulman creed get as much of this from him as they please to drink, paying nothing. The horse, called Dhul Dhul, who was ridden by the bridegroom, is paraded in procession on one of the days. All well-to-do Mussulmans provide themselves with a wooden representation of a hand, which they hold while they walk in procession. This is commemorative of the circumstance of the bridegroom, Huzrut Abbas Alee, having had his hand cut off. Even the mussack of the water-carrier, who was supposed to have accompanied the party in their march, is carried in mimic procession pierced with arrows. The grandest part of the demonstration, however, is the tazia, which is a very large framework made of talc, and decorated most elaborately, as also festooned with numerous garlands. At night it is lighted up with lamps and brought out on a plain near the city, where multitudes of Mussulmans stand round it gesticulating, calling out in clamorous language the names of the two martyrs, and evincing every sort of violent grief. The ceremonies of the Mohurrum, which take up a period of ten days, are concluded by the tazia being buried in the earth, or, in some cases, thrown into a river.

When Ukhbar Khan left the begum's presence he was determined not to delay any time longer his return to his own house, and taking the same horse as that which carried him to her residence, he rode the first dawk, or stage, and found the horse which had been in charge of his servant there; and, without any pause further than giving over his steed to the saees to await his return, he proceeded on, and in the same way rode through the several stages, and was at his own house before evening set in. Then his next task was to select the men from amongst his followers whom he should consider most efficient to aid him in his nefarious project. Notwithstanding what he had heard related of the wonderful vigilance observed by the English government, and that the officials were free from the taint of venality which universally pervades all the natives of India, he could not, from his antecedents, realise the fact that he should not be able to deal with men in authority there so as to buy impunity for what he should wish to undertake. But, at all events, he said, I will get the wisest, the most

active, and the most experienced men to accompany me in my expedition, and as they can scarcely trust to receiving anything from these strangers to betray me, I hope I may be enabled to carry out the begum's wish.

Of all the characteristics which strike a European most on his arriving in any part of Asia, the trait which is so universally predominant in the native's disposition, the peculiar one that most arrests his astonishment and inspires him with a distaste and even disgust, is their universal venality. This is, throughout all countries which are subject to Asiatic rule, one observable distinction compared to those which are under the domination of any power in Christendom. There is a universal absence of even-handed justice. All parties that approach any tribunal, no matter of what kind, throughout Asiatic countries, must never expect to earn any recognition of their claims from their own merits. Unless it be that they bribe the officials, or that they have a friend to plead their cause, the expectation of meeting with due justice is a dream that would never enter into the conception of any suitors. In the same proportion also as justice is enfeebled and neutralised by the extensive venality of all her functionaries, injustice is practised by means of delinquents being able to purchase their connivance. Thus it was that previous to the British occupation of Delhi there was no certain protection for any resident, although the Eastern saying, so similar to that found in our Scriptures, "The lion and the lamb under his sway drank water together out of the same stream," was one of frequent expression. The sublime allegory which represents Justice as blind is one that is unknown in the philosophy of a Hindoo or a Mussulman. The love of self and of lucre has so completely swamped all idea of disinterested impartiality in his mind, that he does not even understand what it is to approach the subject of forming a judgment without having first received an equivalent to the value of his opinion in the way of something substantial; and the judge being universally of this opinion, the advocate, the client, and the whole *posse comitatis* who form the court, are alike imbued with it. The unfortunate claimant who would rashly attempt to engage in any suit without having the means to satisfy the harpies of justice would certainly have not a shadow of a chance of succeeding. There is no country wherein the popular writers say so much that is at variance with the popular practice, and the precepts of Noshérwan the Just are constantly quoted, and the example of the benevolent Hatim continually adverted to. The whole of it is "lip-worship." But they are profuse in commendation of what they have not, and from their frequent mention of justice, both in their writings and in their conversation, one would suppose it likely to find appreciation amongst them; still, nothing could be more helpless than the condition of those who were unable to pay for the protection of the so-called police who are in the pay of the native governments. Ukhbar Khan chose the men from his gang who were most proper for the purpose of making the attack. These he fixed on, and confining his number to fourteen, he directed them to proceed in two bodies, dressed as travellers, but still armed, to Delhi. The first party, consisting of seven, he obliged to set off immediately. They were to accomplish the journey in three days,

so as not to give their horses over-fatigue, and he charged the leader of the party to leave them at the Ajmeer Gate, and to enter it and report his arrival to himself at the house of the relative whose name he told him. He gave similar instructions to the second party, who were to move in the same order the next day, and he went himself that night, and as his horses were still in waiting, he, having started at four in the morning, completed his ride and arrived at his friend's house by twelve the next day. The men of his party in their several divisions also arrived in time, and long before the commencement of the Mohurrum were housed in different lodgings which Ukhbar Khan had been careful to provide for them in the city. The whole party were instructed as to what measures Ukhbar Khan would take when the Mohurrum would come on. Something like a saturnalia, so far as regards license of movement, but the very reverse of such so far as regards the object and purport of the groups assembled, is this ceremonial of Mussulman observance. But when the rule of the foreigner, the high and mighty Feringhees, who wielded the sceptre of power over the vast territories of the Mogul, had been, through the instrumentality of Lord Lake's power, established in the North-West Provinces, then a system of guardianship was set on foot, which, while it admitted to the fullest extent of the processions and the rituals of devotion which the Mussulmans observed, and contributed by its wholesome power to ensure the safety of all true believers whilst in the exercise of their acts of devotion, still was influential in preventing any depredator, disturber of the peace of any of the class commonly called among the natives budmashes, from the pursuit of their nefarious occupations.

At last the days for the commencement of the Mohurrum came on. The crowds assembled in every street. The colours of mourning were so prevalent, that all Mussulmans of the Soonnee class who did not dress so were hooted by the majority. The population being mostly of the Sheeah order made the Hindoos and the other descriptions of Mussulmans refrain from any sort of remark upon the doings that were going on. The songs of mourning night and day, the crowds with banners, the shouting of the names of the martyrs, would have made a stranger suppose that the whole populace had become inoculated with a spirit of frenzy. Morad Alee had been sufficiently recovered to accompany his master to the Emaumbarah, and two days after they had gone there an assemblage, consisting of fifteen men, all dressed in the mourning garb, and shouting in the most vociferous manner, passed down the street in which his house was situated, and finding the door of the zinana open, rushed inside. The chokeydaur had gone to look at the tomasha a little distance off, he being also one of the Sheeah tribe, and before he could return, Ukhbar Khan and four of his men had seized poor little Muhboob Jan, and, dragging her outside, were about, notwithstanding her screams and entreaties, to take her to a part of the street where there were a party of kuhars, who had a native litter, or meanee, ready, and who were hired for the purpose of conveying her to a chosen house which Ukhbar Khan had some days before selected. In the mêlée, in the great hubbub of the crowd, in the confusion incidental to such occasions, Ukhbar Khan thought he could safely build upon this plan of abduction. But when he

had gone on with his companions only a short way from the house, and as they led the struggling and terror-stricken girl away, some mounted police, with whom were the magistrate, Mr. Johnston, and the doctor, came down the street, and hearing the cries, they galloped straight up to the place, and the policemen called out to Ukhbar Khan to say that the magistrate, who was the acting judge in the city, was present. But he with two of his men still persisted in drawing the girl away, until one of the policemen, dismounting, seized him by the arm. He drew a pistol from his belt and fired at the policeman. Just as it was fired, Mr. Johnson and the doctor came up, and the latter, seeing the state of the case, instantly aimed a blow with his bludgeon at the bandit, and knocked him down. When the other men saw this, they ran away, and left their chief in the hands of the policemen. The case was a desperate one for the robber, who, when he recovered his consciousness after lying a few seconds on the ground, drew his kunjar from his belt and aimed at one of the policemen who stood near; but another of the force standing by made a cut with his tulwar at the robber, and nearly severed his head from his body. All this was the act of but a few moments, and the poor little girl, who had fallen senseless, was, by order of the magistrate, taken to his house in a palanquin, and given in charge to his wife. The ruffian, who had paid the penalty of his life for his daring act of villany, survived no more than a few seconds after the man had cut him down with the tulwar.

When Muhboob Jan arrived at Mrs. Johnson's house, it was like new life to her. The kindness, the cordiality, the affection even with which she was welcomed, were so reassuring and so grateful to her feelings, that it seemed to her as if she had found new relatives. The doctor, who never had seen her before, was extremely pleased with her appearance; and when Mrs. Johnson told her that it was to him that she was indebted for her escape from the fiendish plot that had been devised to take her away, she looked her gratitude, and tears of joy came into her sparkling eyes. The most advisable plan now appeared to be, to urge Muhboob Jan to remain an inmate of Mr. Johnson's house until the Mohurrum was over, and her father, along with Khurreem Buksh, should return from the Emaumbarah. The morning after her arrival at his house, accordingly, Mr. Johnson rode out to the Emaumbarah, and seeing Morad Alee, he told him that his house had been entered, but that no property had been taken away; and evidently the intentions of the assailants was merely to take away his daughter, but that he had by chance been passing that way with his policemen. He then told him the account of the whole of what had happened, how they succeeded in rescuing her, and that she was now at his house; and added, if he would permit him, she should stay there, where Mrs. Johnson would be delighted to take charge of her. Morad Alee consented; and as Mr. Johnson did not wish to interrupt the progress of the solemnity which was going on, he stayed but a short time after Morad Alee had given him his consent. He then returned, and found the doctor seated with his wife, conversing together relative to the young Mussulman girl, Dr. Mainchance certainly feeling a great interest in all he heard her say. She was so lovely, so innocent looking; her manners were so simple and unaffected, she was so different from all other females that he had ever seen. Before he left the house,

Mrs. Johnson never ceased to enlarge upon her qualifications and her charms, and she said that she had adopted the Christian religion in all its purity, and was not in the least biased by the parties which, in their zeal of partisanship throughout England, make the forms of religion supply the place of its reality.

Mrs. Johnson, who now began to feel the affection of a mother for the little girl, was extremely anxious to forward her views of ensuring her being confirmed in her belief of the Christian religion, and weaning her from the prejudices which naturally belonged to her birth and her tribe. She sounded her upon the point, and from the glad way in which she expressed herself as appreciating the great kindness that had been shown by her, she thought of introducing the topic of her being married to a Christian, which, she said, would be so desirable as sealing the agreement which she had engaged herself to in becoming a member of the Christian Church. The little girl said that her heart and her every wish was to be a Christian, but that she must be in duty bound to obey her father in everything. It then became Mrs. Johnson's grand object to effect what, in her woman's tact, she surmised would be practicable—a union between the doctor and the little native girl. She saw that he was much taken with her, and she ventured to ask the little girl what her opinion was of the great Feringhee hukkeem whose skill had saved her father's life, and whose courage had been instrumental in saving hers? The little girl listened long, and pondered. She could not bring her mind to realise the idea of becoming the wife of the great strange gentleman. She had, in her crude state of education, been under the impression that it was solely the duty of a girl in her situation to submit herself to the dictates of a parent. Mrs. Johnson told her that now she had taken the part of being a true disciple of the Saviour of mankind, a Christian believer in the true faith, she would not, she hoped, ally herself to any of the Mohammedans. She said she firmly resolved to refuse to do so, and that she thought her father would not, from his very great partiality to her, urge her to do what she did not like. "But this great gentleman, this wise hukkeem, is so learned and so much above me; how is it possible that he can be supposed to be content with the love of a poor native girl, even supposing I had any to give him?" Mrs. Johnson said that she would like to know first the state of her inclinations, and then, she thought, she would be able to answer for him. She laid her head on Mrs. Johnson's lap, and she began to cry. She wept long and loud, and at last she said, "Take me, lady, and do what you will with me. There has been nothing but persecution of this slave since ever she had sense to know anything. I have no friends to trust but my God and you; I never would have known what was good had it not been you that showed it to me. What can a poor creature like me say? What knowledge have I of the world, that I should be able to judge one man from another? This slave is, indeed, helpless. What was written in her destiny will be carried out, let her do what she will." Mrs. Johnson said, "We will pray together to the Most High that He may so order His decrees that you may be directed in the right path." They knelt down together, and the amiable English lady poured out her thoughts to the throne of grace, and asked for guidance from the Holy Spirit to be enabled to tread the right path.

The Mohurrum, with its curious and fantastic solemnities, proceeded daily. The horse of the bridegroom was brought out, the wedding procession was acted in mimic show; the last day arrived, in which the tazias were drawn out and taken in state, followed by an immense crowd, to the place of burial.

As soon as all the mummery and the fanaticism of the scene had been finished, and the proprietors of the tazias, as well as the actors in the drama, had leisure from the discharge of all the rites which were looked upon as essential to maintaining a due regard for their creed, the magistrate bethought him of sending to Khurreem Buksh's house for Morad Alee, and requesting that he would do him the favour of coming to him. The man, who felt the greatest gratitude to the magistrate for the manner in which he had behaved, and for the kindness which he had shown in taking care of his daughter, came instantly. The day before, at the house of Khurreem Buksh, the latter had said to him that, now that he felt perfectly recovered, he should like to think of some way by which he could reward the generous doctor who had been so helpful in bringing about his restitution to health. He said that he would gladly give him anything that it was in his power to bestow—that certainly no amount of wealth could repay the services of a man who had restored a fellow-creature to health in the way that he had done. When the next day he, at the instance of Mr. Johnson, repaired to his house to see and embrace his daughter, he found, from what she told him, that he had, indeed, much more to be grateful on account of the conduct of the doctor, and so lavish was Mr. Johnson in his praise for the noble manner in which he had acted, that he was able to say that the additional debt of gratitude that was due to him for the preservation of his daughter's life was, in his opinion, so weighty, that it greatly overbalanced the favour which he had conferred upon himself. The meeting between Morad Alee and his daughter was most cordial and affectionate, and he felt most grateful to the strange Feringhee gentleman who had so opportunely taken her into his household, and made her a companion for his wife.

After this, and when they had talked long and lovingly together, her father said he was on his path to fetch her back to her house. She sighed at the idea of going again to revisit the place where she had been so rudely assailed, but Mrs. Johnson told her that certainly her duty to her father was imperative, and, though she parted from her now, she was in hopes that they would often meet again. This comforted her much. When they arrived at Khurreem Buksh's house, her father took her to the zinana, and some hours after their arrival Dr. Mainchance came to ask after his patient, and Khurreem Buksh, having heard of his being there, went to meet him. He said, "You see, doctor, that my servant is now nearly quite as well as he was before, and he only now wants your advice as to what exercise he should take—whether it would be dangerous for him to walk too much now, and what you would say would be the best diet for him to observe." Then the doctor said that with care, and refraining from over-exertion, he was in great hopes that his limbs would become as strong and active as ever they were. Then Khurreem Buksh said that if there was anything that he could possibly think of that he could do to recompense him for his goodness, he would be glad to hear him name it.

Dr. Mainchance, who had just been at Mrs. Johnson's, and had a long and tender colloquy on the subject of the little Mussulman girl, was now full of the subject, and was confident also in his mind that, in addition to her being a most beautiful creature, whose every look was formed to captivate and entrance all who saw her, she was indeed, and in truth, a Christian, said to the merchant that there was a girl who was the inmate of the zinana which his house contained, a daughter of Morad Alee, his servant, that he considered would be a gift for an emperor.

The merchant said: "If the hukkeem will gain the consent of her father to take her, I will give her in dowry twenty thousand rupees, and I only hope that no further accident may happen to mar her happiness."

Morad Alee answered: "Oh, hukkeem! this slave's life has been saved by you, and if Allah grant you happiness and joy, the slave will feel glad. I will ask the daughter of my house (such as it is) the question, and if she consent to let you take her, what more shall I say?"

Then he went to his daughter, and she threw herself on the ground before him, and said:

"Oh, giver of my life! if you will pardon the wish that rises in my heart, and if you will give permission to your born slave to speak, she will say somewhat that is in her mind."

So he told her to say on.

She then said: "The Feringhee lady, high in rank, the light of whose eye was a blessing to all around her, had counselled her to accept the love of the strange hukkeem who had first saved her father's life and then her own." She added: "How can this little maid form in her heart a purpose and not tell it to her father? Say, shall she be pardoned for thinking what the high begum has brought to her mind to think?"

Then Morad Alee said: "Daughter of my heart, you shall have your wish. The strange gentleman has asked me to give you to him. There is no denying it. Jo Khoda kee murzee hye so hoga—What God has said will be, must be."

There was little more to be said after this between them, and the consent of her father having been obtained, the doctor was no longer in doubt. When he was allowed to visit her he made his proposal, which she at last consented to, and their union soon after took place, and formed one exception to the general rule that has most commonly been observed, that the great distinction of the European and Indian race generally precludes a happy marriage between two persons so wholly different in creed and in education.

GLORY AND MISFORTUNE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

By Mrs. Bushby.

Part III.

At length, irritated by some acts of extreme unkindness, Augusta resolved to seek consolation and advice from her own family. To obtain her sister's sympathy, she drove to the gloomy and silent abode where her monotonous childhood had passed. She sighed as she glanced at the upper window from whence she had first kissed her hand to him who now caused her so much sorrow amidst the glory he had shed around her. Here, nothing was changed—Virginia stood in the very spot where her mother had stood for years; her brother-in-law received her with his pen behind his ear, but he seemed too busy to waste a moment upon her. Her sister met her coldly; no wonder, for Augusta's visits had hitherto been few and formal, and the wife of the prudent Lebas fancied that this unusually early call might be to borrow money—an act of intimacy which she was determined to discourage.

In the course of her visit, Augusta had occasion to remark that the good sense of Joseph Lebas had made many improvements in the regulation of the family; she saw, too, that the properly matched couple before her seemed to esteem each other, and though enjoying no very exalted felicity, lived together in quiet comfort. It was difficult for her sister even to understand her grievances, and when she had recounted them they were met by a deluge of truisms and many moral precepts. Joseph Lebas, indeed, entered with a little more warmth into her feelings; but after balancing the advantages and disadvantages, as if he had been balancing his ledger, he finished by giving advice which so ill accorded with the affection she still felt for her husband, that Augusta declined being guided by it.

She then repaired to the old-fashioned domicile of her father and mother. The poor little woman was like one of those confirmed invalids who try every recipe, and fly even to quacks in the hope of bettering their condition.

The old people received her with much empressement; it is but fair to say, however, that any visitor was welcome to them now. For four years had they wended their way through life, like navigators without a helm or compass, drifting slowly in a profound calm. Seated at their chimney-corner, they recapitulated to each other all the doings of former days, and told each other, over and over again, all the old stories of the Rue Saint Denis. Monsieur Guillaume's greatest joy was to walk at a certain hour every day to the *Chat qui pelote*, to convince himself that all was going on well; while Madame Guillaume seldom used her fat over-fed horses except when she went on Sundays to grand mass at the parish church. The rooms were encumbered with gold and silver ornaments, and crowded with heavy but expensive furniture. Riches and economy seemed to be struggling for the mastery in these unique apartments, and it might have

been suspected that Mr. Guillaume was making an investment of a portion of his capital, even in the purchase of a candlestick. In the midst of this incongruous scene, the celebrated family picture, painted by Henri de Sommervieux, had obtained the place of honour. It was a great comfort to Monsieur and Madame Guillaume, who, with spectacles on nose, contemplated twenty times a day this representation of their former existence.

Madame Guillaume was no enemy to gossip, and therefore she drank in with avidity the detail of Augusta's matrimonial griefs.

"How, my child! your husband shuts himself up with half-naked women, and you have the simplicity to believe that it is only to paint them?"

"But, mother, all painters are obliged to have models."

"He took good care not to tell us that when he proposed for you. If *I* had known it, I never would have given my daughter to a man who had such a business. Religion forbids that sort of thing; it is not moral. And at what hour do you say he comes home of a night?"

"Why, sometimes at one o'clock, sometimes at two——"

The old people looked significantly at each other.

"He gambles, then," said Mr. Guillaume, "for in my time no one stayed out so late except gamesters."

Augusta shook her head to deny the accusation.

"What wearisome nights you must pass waiting up for him," said Madame Guillaume; "but I hope you go to bed rather. I suppose when he comes home he always scolds you?"

"No, mother—sometimes he is very gay, sometimes, when the weather is fine, he begs me to get up and take a walk with him."

"Take a walk with him? At that hour! Take a walk! . . . Oh, it is to give you cold that the scoundrel proposes such walks; it is to get rid of you. Did anybody ever hear of a reasonable being galloping about like a——"

"But, mother, you don't understand these things; excitement is necessary to develop his talent; he delights in these sort of scenes, which——"

"Ah! I should give him fine scenes if I were you," cried Madame Guillaume. "I don't know how you can put up with him at all. In the first place, I don't like his fancy of only drinking water—and then, forsooth, he can't endure to see women eat. But he must be deranged. To think of his setting off for ten days without deigning to vouchsafe a word to you, and then to tell you that he had been to Dieppe to paint the sea. Did ever anybody hear of painting the sea? All these stories are trumped up that he may get sleeping away from home."

Augusta was about to defend her husband, but her mother imposed silence on her by a wave of the hand, which sign, from ancient habit, she mechanically obeyed. Mrs. Guillaume then proceeded to say, in a dry tone,

"Hush hush, don't talk to me about that man! When did he ever put his foot inside a church except to stare at you and to marry you? People who have no religion can do anything that is bad. Did my Monsieur Guillaume ever venture to conceal anything from me? Did *he* ever remain for days without so much as saying *ouf*, and then take to chattering like a magpie as your husband does?"

"But, dear mother, you judge superior people too severely. If their ideas were like those of common people, where would be their talent?"

"Well, let these folks with talent keep themselves to themselves, and not think of marrying! What! a man will render his wife miserable, and if he has talent it is to be all very well. Talent—talent, indeed! There is not so much *talent* in downfacing people that black is white and white is black, as he does—in shutting people's mouths—in making his house a hell—in not letting you call your head your own—in ordering you to be gay when it pleases my gentleman to be merry, and sad when the humour takes him to be melancholy."

"But, mother, people of imagination——"

"What do you mean by imagination?" cried her mother, interrupting her sharply. "Imagination, forsooth! A pretty specimen of it his whim of eating nothing but vegetables without being put on diet by any doctor. If it were from religious motives, indeed, there would be some good in it; but he has no more religion than a Huguenot. Did any mortal ever hear of dressing statues in muslin—shutting out daylight to work by candlelight! Why, he should be put into a madhouse if it were not all wickedness. Ask the vicar of St. Sulpice what he thinks of him, and he will tell you that your husband does not conduct himself like a Christian."

"Oh, mother, how can you say so?"

"Glad am I," remarked Monsieur Guillaume, "that I settled your fortune upon yourself."

But when Madame de Sommervieux had been so imprudent as to relate her more serious griefs, the old people remained at first dumb with indignation, and then proposed a divorce. The very idea shocked Augusta, who had not the most remote wish to separate from her husband had he treated her ten times worse than he did. In vain, therefore, her father offered to advance money—to engage lawyers—to move heaven and earth for her release; she steadily refused to afford him this employment for the leisure which perhaps hung heavy on his hands. Leaving the couple, who could only be compared to persons cast on a golden rock far from the rest of the world, poor Augusta returned to the chilling atmosphere of her now solitary home. She did not care any longer to study, since study had failed to recover for her the heart of her husband; she had no resources within herself to withdraw her thoughts from her chagrin, and she felt, with bitter regret, that her mind had only sufficiently expanded to be capable of participating in the pains, but not in the pleasures of the souls of fire with whom she had latterly associated.

One evening the extraordinary idea struck her that she would go to the Duchess de Carigliano, not to accuse her of having withdrawn her husband from her, but to try to discover what were her arts of pleasing—to try to soften her heart towards the wife of the man for whom she professed so much friendship—to try, in short, if it were possible, with the duchess's magnanimous assistance, to recover her lost happiness.

The next morning, therefore, the timid Augusta, arming herself with a courage almost supernatural, ordered her carriage, and drove to the house of the celebrated coquette at the earliest hour at which it was possible she might be visible.

Madame de Sommervieux was not familiar with the sumptuous mansions of the Faubourg St. Germain. When she crossed the majestic vestibules, ascended the magnificent stairs, and entered the immense saloons, ornamented with natural flowers in the midst of the rigours of winter, and decorated with that elegance of taste only to be acquired by mixing in distinguished society, Augusta's heart sank within her, and she was at no loss to guess what attractions all this must have for her husband. But when she reached the smaller and more private apartments of the duchess, she experienced a feeling of jealousy and despair, for *there* even disorder seemed graceful, and luxury, disdaining any display of riches, affected only to render homage to the arts. The refined taste, the genius of the mistress of the house, was evident in all around.

"Alas!" thought Augusta, "it would be difficult for honest and artless affection to compete with so many fascinations; but perhaps, had I been educated like this syren, I might have struggled against her more successfully."

"I tell you I am not at home," said a sharp voice from the adjoining boudoir, which made her heart beat.

"But the lady is *there*," said the waiting-maid.

"You are a fool," answered the duchess. "However, ask her to walk in," she added, in a tone of affected softness, as if remembering that she might be overheard.

Augusta advanced timidly. She beheld at the opposite end of this recherché boudoir the duchess reclining voluptuously on a blue velvet ottoman, in the centre of a sort of half circle formed by drapery of the sofest muslin. Exquisite ornaments of bronze and gold relieved the whiteness of the sort of alcove in which the duchess had placed herself like an antique statue. A subdued light, favourable to her beauty, pervaded the apartment, from which the trying glare of day was carefully excluded, and rare flowers in vases of rich Sèvres china shed a delicious fragrance around.

On perceiving Augusta the duchess rose languidly, and invited her to sit by her on the ottoman.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit, madam?" said she, with a smile full of sweetness.

"What deceit!" thought Augusta, who only replied by a bow of the head, for she saw another than the duchess in the room. This other was a man; and of all the colonels in Paris, he was the youngest, the handsomest, and the most graceful. Perfect were the little pointed moustaches, the well-furnished imperial, the whiskers combed in a superior manner, and the forest of black hair which floated in a sufficiently elegant disorder. His toilet was exquisitely made, and the self-satisfied expression of his countenance showed that he was quite aware of his own charms; the ribbons attached to his button-hole were carelessly tied, and he seemed much more vain of his fine figure than of his martial deeds.

Augusta looked imploringly to the duchess, and then glanced at the colonel. She understood the appeal, and answered it with "Well, adieu, colonel. We shall meet at the Bois de Boulogne."

These words were spoken by the syren as if in reference to some previous arrangement, but they were accompanied by a threatening look,

which perhaps the gay officer deserved for the admiring gaze with which he had turned from the proud duchess to the modest flower beside her. The young fop bowed in silence, looked at his boots, and glided gracefully out of the boudoir.

There was an expression in the face of the duchess as her eyes followed the brilliant officer that could not be misunderstood even by the inexperienced Augusta; and she felt her heart sink at the thought that her visit would be useless, for that the woman before her must have a heart thoroughly bronzed, alive only to the admiration of the other sex.

"Madam," said Augusta, in a broken voice, "the step I am about to take must appear very singular to you; but pray excuse the folly of despair. I see too well why Monsieur de Sommervieux prefers your house to all others, and why your mind exercises so much power over his. Alas! I have but to remember my own inferiority to find sufficient reason for his preference. But, madam, I adore my husband. Two years of grief have not driven his image from *my* heart, though I have lost his. In my misery I have dared to conceive the idea of rivalling you, and I come to beg that you will instruct me how to triumph over —yourself. Oh, madam!" cried the young woman, seizing with warmth the hand of her rival, which was not withdrawn from her, "I shall never pray God for myself with so much fervour as I shall pray for you, if you will only aid me to recover, I do not say the love, but the friendship of Monsieur de Sommervieux. My sole hope is in you. Ah! tell me how you have been able to fascinate him, and to make him forget the first days of——"

Stifled by her sobs, Augusta could say no more, but, ashamed of her weakness, she concealed her lovely face in a handkerchief, which was moistened with her tears.

"Are you a child, my little beauty?" said the duchess, who, surprised by the novelty of the scene, and softened, in spite of herself, by the homage of perhaps the most perfect virtue in Paris, took Augusta's handkerchief, and began wiping her eyes, while she soothed her by some words of flattery and pity.

There was a minute's silence, and then the coquette, taking Augusta's hands into hers, said, in a soft and affected voice:

"In the first place, my dear, I advise you never to cry in this way, because tears make people look ugly. One must arm one's self against vexations. They render one ill, and love never remains long near a sick-bed. Melancholy gives at first a certain pensive grace which is pleasing, but it finishes by lengthening the features, and spoiling the prettiest face in the world. Besides, these tyrants of men, in their self-love, will that their slaves should be gay."

"Ah, madam! I cannot help feeling. How can one, without suffering a thousand deaths, see a face dull, indifferent, dissatisfied, which formerly was radiant with love and joy? Ah, I cannot command my heart!"

"So much the worse for you, my dear. I think I can read all your history. But first, please to observe, that if your husband is faithless, *I* am not his accomplice. If I have manœuvred to get him to my house, I confess I did so from self-love; he was celebrated, and went nowhere. I really am too much interested in you to tell you all the ridiculous

things he has done to please me; I shall only reveal one to you, because that one will perhaps enable you to recal him to yourself, and will punish him for the audacity with which he thinks fit to approach me. He will end by compromising me. I know the world too well, my dear, to put myself in the power of any of your *very superior* men. Believe me, it is all very well to let them make love to one—to marry them is a folly. We women may admire men of genius, and gratify ourselves with their conversation, as we do with a play—but live with them! Never! Why, it would be like trying to take pleasure in seeing the machinery of the stage, instead of sitting in a box at the Opera enjoying its brilliant illusions. Unhappily, however, with you the evil is already done. Well! you must only endeavour to arm yourself against tyranny."

"Ah, madam! since I have seen you and your little sanctuary, I feel that I know some little artifices of which I had before no idea."

"Well, my love, you must come and see me sometimes, and you won't be long of acquiring the science of these bagatelles—these important trifles. These little exterior matters make the sum of human life to fools; and there are more than one clever man who is a fool in such things, notwithstanding his talents. But I wager you never found it possible to contradict Henri in anything?"

"How, madam, *could* one contradict the person one loves?"

"Oh, dear little innocent! I shall quite adore you! But do learn that the more we love, the less we should let a man, above all a husband, perceive the extent of our affection. For it is the person who loves the most who will be tyrannised over, and worse even, who becomes a bore sooner or later. The woman who wishes to reign should——"

"What, madam! Is it necessary, then, to dissimulate, to calculate, to become false, to teach one's self an artificial character . . . and . . . always to act? Oh, how can any one live thus? *You* . . . could you find——"

She hesitated, and the duchess smiled.

"My dear," replied the great lady, in a grave tone of voice, "conjugal happiness has been from the earliest times a speculation. It is an affair which needs very particular attention. If you continue to speak of passions, while I speak of marriage, we shall never understand each other. Listen to me," she continued, assuming a confidential tone; "I have known some of the most superior men of our age—I have remarked that those among them who were married, had, with very few exceptions, taken to themselves wives who were complete nonentities. However, these very women governed them, as the emperor governs us, and were—if not loved—at least respected and well treated by them. I love secrets well enough—above all, those which concern our sex—to have amused myself by prying into this mystery; well, these good women had the talent of analysing the character of their husbands without frightening themselves, as you do, about their superiority. They had adroitly found out the qualities in which they failed; then, whether *they* possessed these very qualities, or that they only pretended to possess them, they found means to show themselves off to such advantage, that they finished by imposing on their husbands. Further, let me tell you, that these minds which appear so elevated have all a little grain of folly, which it is our business to know how to work upon. Also, in making the firm deter-

mination *to govern*, in never losing sight of that end, in bringing to bear upon it all our actions—our ideas, our coquetries—we shall conquer these capricious beings, who, by the very changeableness of their feelings, afford us the means of influencing them."

"Oh, Heavens!" cried the unsophisticated Augusta, looking quite aghast. "And is this life? This is an eternal combat—a——"

"Yes, one must always be in an attitude of defiance," replied the duchess, laughing. "Our power is quite factitious. Above all, we never must let ourselves be despised by a man;—there is no getting over *that*. Come with me, however," she added; "I will give you something which will enable you to put your husband in chains."

She rose, and with a gay smile conducted the young and innocent pupil in the conjugal rules across the labyrinth of her little palace. When they had arrived at a staircase that communicated with the reception-rooms, and was concealed by a door, and when the duchess had turned the secret lock, she stopped, and looking at Augusta with an inimitable air of grace and of finesse, she said:

"The Duke de Carigliano adores me. . . . He dares not enter this way without my permission, and yet he is a man who is in the habit of commanding thousands of soldiers! He can stand his ground before batteries of cannon, but not before these," said she, placing a finger of her right hand under each of her sparkling eyes.

Augusta sighed. They reached at length a splendid gallery, where the painter's wife was led by the duchess to the portrait Henri had painted of Mademoiselle Guillaume. At sight of it, Augusta uttered a cry of surprise and dismay. She had nearly fainted, but recovering herself, she said:

"I knew it was no longer in my house, but . . . here!"

"Nay, I only made a point of having it to see how far the absurdity of *one of your men of genius* would be carried. Sooner or later I intended to have returned it to you, but I never expected the pleasure of seeing the original here before the copy. I shall desire, during our luncheon, for we must finish our conversation, that my secretary shall have it taken down to your carriage. And if, armed with such a talisman as that, you are not able to manage your husband for a hundred years to come, why—you are no woman, and well deserve your fate."

Augusta kissed the hand of the duchess, who, in return, embraced her with a tenderness the more lively that she would forget her on the morrow. This scene would, perhaps, have for ever destroyed the candour and singleness of mind of a woman less virtuous than Augusta. The secrets revealed by the duchess were equally sad and salutary. Augusta resembled at that moment some shepherd of the Alps overtaken by an avalanche: if he hesitate, and would listen to the cries of his companions, he is almost sure to perish. In such a great crisis it is imperative, according to the words of a philosopher,

Que le cœur se brise ou se bronze.

Madame de Sommervieux returned home in a miserable state of agitation. The conversation she had held with the Duchess de Carigliano had awakened a crowd of contradictory feelings. She was, like the lambs in the fable, full of courage in the absence of the wolf. As she

drove along she harangued herself, and laid down admirable rules for her own conduct. She thought of a thousand little coquettish stratagems, determined even on what she should say to Henri; then, on reflecting on Henri's searching, steady look, she trembled even by herself. When, on reaching her own door, she asked if Monsieur de Sommervieux were at home, her voice was scarcely audible, and on hearing that he was out, and would not return to dinner, she experienced a strange joy; she felt like a criminal condemned to death, whom the shortest delay in the execution of the sentence seems to restore to a new lease of life.

Placing the portrait in her own chamber, she waited for her husband in all the anxiety of alternate hope and fear. She was so impressed with the belief that this attempt was to decide the fate of her future life, that she started at the sound of every carriage, and trembled at the very ticking of the clock, which seemed to increase her terrors by measuring the hours. In the idea of increasing the effect of her little scheme, she dressed herself exactly as she was dressed in the picture, and then, remembering that Monsieur de Sommervieux was very inquisitive, she ordered her apartment to be lighted in an unusual manner, in order that he might be induced to visit her on his return home. Midnight had just struck, when the heavy gates of the court were heard to open, and the rolling of a carriage disturbed the silence below.

"What does all this illumination mean?" asked Henri, in a gay tone, as he entered the chamber where his wife was sitting.

Seizing the moment which appeared so favourable, Augusta threw her arms round her husband, and pointed to the portrait. The artist remained as motionless as a rock, his eyes wandering from the picture to Augusta and her unlucky dress. The timid wife, half dead, observed that his brow began to darken—that terrible brow!—and that frowns, like threatening clouds, were gathering on it. She felt as if every drop of blood were frozen in her veins, when, with a look of lightning, and in a deep husky voice, she was asked,

"Where did you find that picture?"

"The Duchess de Carigliano gave it back to me."

"You asked her for it, then?"

"I did not even know that she had it."

The sweetness, or rather the enchanting melody, of that voice might have softened a cannibal, but not a Parisian writhing under the tortures of wounded vanity.

"This is worthy of her!" cried the artist, in a voice of thunder. "But I will revenge myself," he added, pacing up and down with hurried steps. "She shall die of shame. I will paint *her!* Yes, I will paint her as Messalina leaving the palace of Claudius by night—disguised!——"

"Henri!" sighed a low, soft voice.

"I will kill her . . . I——"

"Henri!"

"She loves that little colonel of cavalry because he looks well on horseback."

"Henri!"

"Leave me! Begone!" cried the painter to his wife, in a voice hoarse with rage.

It would be odious to describe the whole of a scene during which the intoxication of fury carried Monsieur de Sommervieux into words and actions which madness only could have excused.

At eight o'clock the next morning Madame Guillaume found her daughter pale, her eyes inflamed, her hair in disorder, holding in her hand a pocket-handkerchief wet with tears, gazing at the scattered fragments of a torn picture and a gilded frame broken to pieces.

Augusta, almost speechless from grief, pointed to these evidences of destruction with a gesture of despair.

"And what great loss is it?" cried the old regent of the *Rampant Cat.* "It *was* a good resemblance, certainly, but I have been assured that on the boulevard there is a man who takes charming likenesses for fifty crowns."

"Ah, mother!"

"Poor dear! Well, never mind. Come, tell me all your vexations; I am ready to console you. Ah, no love can equal a mother's! Have I not told you that that man was mad? Your waiting-maid has been repeating some fine things to me. Why, he is an absolute monster!"

Augusta placed a finger on her ashy lips, as if to implore her mother to be silent. During that terrible night wretchedness had taught her to find in her soul that treasure of patient resignation which in mother's, and in women who truly love, is far above human energy, and which proves, perhaps, that God has endowed these delightful beings with gifts which he has denied to the colder hearts of men.

An inscription, engraved on a marble tomb in the cemetery of Montmartre, recorded that Madame de Sommervieux had died at twenty-seven years of age; and a poet who had been her friend, beheld in the simple lines of this epitaph, the last scene of a melancholy drama. Every year, on the solemn 2nd of November, when he visited that quiet spot, he asked himself if it did not require women of minds stronger, and dispositions less meek than the unfortunate Augusta's, to bear up against the turbulent passions that too often pervade the overheated atmosphere of genius.

The humble and modest flowers of the valley, he would say to himself, die when they are transplanted too near to the skies—to those regions where clouds are formed, and where the sun shines with overwhelming power.

THE REFORM BILL.

ANOTHER manifestation in accordance with the spirit of the age has been exhibited by the legislature in the passing of a second Reform Bill, and, what is more, a bill in considerable advance beyond that of Earl Grey in the main enactments. There may be some who are ready to find fault with its provisions, or may feel inclined to refuse it at the hands of those who were so lately uncompromising opponents. It is for them to reconcile their inconsistencies, and for us to profit by them. Lord Derby, it is true, left upon record in the proceedings upon the bill of Earl Grey in 1830-31, the most powerful advocacy of reform in his recorded speeches, and they are equally applicable for the present measure. That the ministry would be divided upon the question was to be expected. We might as well imagine that the honest obduracy of good Mr. Newdigate would vanish before a law for perfect religious freedom, or that Mr. Whalley would swallow a wafer consecrated by his Holiness of St. Peter's, without hazard to the worthy gentleman's digestion, as that some of the friends of Lord Derby's ministry would sanction a proceeding that might, if only by construction, hazard a fraction of political power, just or unjust, real or imaginary. Fanatics, religious or political, are not all of one faith. Some of the dissatisfied may desire to repudiate any benefit from a political opponent out of mere party spirit, but such persons must know very little of the basis upon which political concessions are commonly grounded if they dwell upon niceties. We must not, it is true, test political measures by the law of faith or morals. The rule of cabinets, in all times, has been policy before honesty, dissimulation before truth, gain before principle. Whenever an advantage is to be obtained let it be secured. We congratulate ourselves that without anarchy we are making a salutary progress towards a popular government rather than continuing to tolerate an aristocratical one. Let us reflect that the support of those who so long and unrelentingly opposed all popular advance has been yielded to reason. Let us not be too nice in examining into motives, nor in scrutinising the consistency of those whose present services we had far better place in the balance against past obduracy, and hope the continuance of further good. Let us forget the past in the expectation of future advantage, and hail the present measure as a further approximation to the spirit of our old Saxon institutions, making an allowance for the difference of the times, of which Edward I. returned us so large a portion, restoring some of the spirit of those institutions which the Norman hordes and their system of feudal tyranny and robbery had for a time annihilated.

The change now effected will soon exhibit salutary results, if the electors do their work honestly. It rests with them to perform their part, as they are bound to do if guided by a consideration of the welfare of their common country, their own interests, and, prospectively, that of their posterity—in short, if they resolutely exercise their franchise with the fear of a solemn duty before their eyes. Here is our chief apprehension. We feel that in a country where the lust of gain is so all-absorbing, rules so absolutely, and is the source itself so often of evils to

be deprecated, and even abhorred, that it will too often still pervert the baser minds in the community, where its effects will be the more injurious because more difficult to defeat. The social venality prevalent is fearful, seldom artificially masked, but unblushingly displayed. Never were the lines of Pope more applicable:

> Get money, money still!
> And then let virtue follow if she will;
> This, this, the saving doctrine preach'd by all,
> From low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
> From him whose quill stands quivered at his ear,
> To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

If the government have yielded to the right principle, it remains that the principle be honestly carried out by the people, that the electors resist venality and expose it. We must now, therefore, direct our attention to the electors and their duties. We would fain see that the principles of honour and patriotism rule at the hustings. We would desire that an honest reputation and a love of country should guide the voters, and that high feeling should direct every part of the public duty of an elector. Here we dread the mercenary character of the age with high and low, and its effect upon the duties of those who possess the franchise. When we peruse the histories of the ancient people of Greece or Rome, and find that a high reputation in the sight of their fellow-citizens was the noblest object of their ambition—when we find that the honour of a cheap laurel crown, the prize of the winner at the Olympic games, was more valued than a thousand talents of gold, we can no longer wonder at the ascendancy of Greece and Rome in their palmiest days, nor at their never-dying reputation, nor at their great names of poets, warriors, sculptors, artists, and others, never to be forgotten while man inhabits this lower world. Contrast these renowned states with Carthage and Tyre. Search the rolls of sordid traffic for similar glories. Vain will be the search. All we find is that they were, and are not. With the moderns, who place the *summum bonum* in riches, the laurel crown at the Olympic race would only excite a sneer. The sordid gamblers, high and low, who attend the races at Newmarket or Epsom, have never learned to set a value on renown. They are low-minded. The coin alone and its venal accompaniments are their ruling principle. They live under the laws in reference to action of those who "strain at gnats and drink down camels" in their conduct, yet boast of high moral feeling, and some of barbarian descent. A people who value only the glory that a betting-book will explain (certes that is not the glory characterised as the "last infirmity of noble minds") are, however, useful in sustaining the luxury of the passing hour, or resisting foreign aggression, it may be, at the nod of authority. The modern mind is essentially low, skimming the earth's surface like the swallow, in place of soaring like the eagle.

In a land where corruption extensively predominates, the performance of a great public duty is more difficult, on the principle that the virtues are ever more nearly allied with poverty than riches. Have we to expect that when the franchise is become more extended venal influence will be lessened? If the field for corruption has now become more extended, will there be a proportionate degree of integrity infused among the electors, or are we to trust alone to the greater difficulty of their corruption for the

advantage we expect to obtain? Will the multiplication of voters not render corruption more difficult from the expense? for it is upon pecuniary corruption that aristocracies batten, and sustain the arrogance which characterises them.

The integrity of the voter and his high-mindedness are the public safeguards. Reform bills may render elections more expensive, and still men without principle decide in favour of the deepest purse. Regard to the calls of duty, and a due degree of patriotism in the voter to second them, may not be increased. Those ignorant of the proceedings at elections imagine that corruption means a pecuniary consideration paid down to the voters of the party winning. It is not in general such a wholesale affair, and this is a still greater hardship to the conscientious voter. There may be a considerable number of honest voters on both sides who do their duty, but are neutralised by a per-centage of the corrupt kept back by agents, when voters understand them, and by whom they are understood on their part, suppose five or ten per cent. of the whole number. They await to see how the voting proceeds, and are brought up to turn the scale on receiving so much per head paid either beforehand, or else, where the "right sort" of confidence exists, paid by a promise when the election is over, in order to evade consequences. The agent is generally some solicitor of the borough, well known and trusted by the corrupt electors. At times, men wholly strangers are introduced as paymasters, who vanish like ghosts after the election, taking care not to be traced. In this mode it is only a small proportion of the electors who may be bribed, and yet the evil be fully effected. We knew an instance of a borough in which the entire of the population only reached eight hundred, and the valuation of the whole place was a little above fifteen hundred pounds, and yet the election between the parson, the attorney, and the principal innkeeper cost the members five thousand pounds per head! This was under the old system, which Sir Robert Peel denominated excellent, and the Duke of Wellington, to use his own words, said "ought not to be changed, and that, without proof of delinquency, no one had a right to deprive a borough of its franchise any more than himself of his estate!" The duke contended, too, that it was "the most efficient legislative body in the world, and as complete a House as could be formed!" Rather the averments of ignorance, it is to be hoped, on the part of one who neither felt nor understood anything of the constitution of the country, nor of civil liberty in any other light than as delaying or accelerating the sovereign's business, which the duke ever honestly endeavoured to do. The English constitution very happily knows nothing of military rule, and her great military leader understood nothing of the real merits of any constitutional question, for he was too honest to play a double game about anything, and thus he showed it.

To return to the point. If there be not a feeling of high principle, and a sense of duty in the electors, no reform bill whatever will answer the desired end. Men will always be found scoundrels enough to be employed in corrupting profligate voters. Here, too, it must not be passed over in regard to the effect of principle, that the corrupter as well as the corrupted should be brought under the law, a thing heretofore shirked or neglected. The corruption of a voter is a heinous offence,

and men of fortune and of good social standing should not escape the law upon that account. Being proved corrupters, they should be incapacitated during life from taking a seat in parliament. When we see proved before a committee of the House of Commons that a large sum of money has been laid out in corrupting a constituency, and that certain electors are proved guilty, but that still there is no evidence to show that the individual returned by the corruption knew of any corrupt practices in his return, it provokes a smile. Is there no such thing as circumstantial evidence even in cases involving life? How is it that some one is generous enough to pay thousands of pounds to seat Mr. A. or Mr. B. in parliament, and the spotless virgin member, who took his seat, and then lost it through the corruption of voters, was "innocent of being guilty" of knowing anything about what his seat cost him! The wisdom of parliament in its transcendentalism, so it seems, does not admit of the principle, "*Qui facit per alium facit per se!*" This is really, as the late Lord Liverpool once remarked about the request of a brainless peer, "too bad." What hundreds of thousands of pounds have been thus "gratuitously" expended to place individuals in the House of Commons successfully, and how many unsuccessful attempts, all paid for without acknowledgment by Mr. Noman, as Ulysses called the giant, if our œsophagus be capacious enough to take it down!

The passage of the present reform bill through parliament it is our duty to accept thankfully. Let us keep in progress—let us restore and improve upon the plans of our Saxon ancestors. They had rendered their laws reasonable, and their courts popular. Their institutions embraced, not a mere clique, but all save serfs. Their chiefs and freemen had a tendency to association for the preservation of law and order, and for the general benefit, though they were somewhat different in privileges. Independence was the character of both. The Wittenagemote, though we know but little of the institution, we are aware was a popular body, and not, as some would "cunningly" have it, an assemblage of lawyers. The country was then free of those evils, for the law that bound all could be understood by all, being made for the benefit of all, not for that of its practitioners. It is true the Saxon appellation given to it does not designate exactly what we call a House of Commons. It was probably at first a meeting of certain landed proprietors, with some of the freemen, for the independent population consisted only of such. The serfs had, of course, no voice. The writings of Alfred, and, we believe, not more than one or two who wrote before him, do not clear up the obscurity as to many things relating to this body, but they show that the exercise of the government was not a despotism, the rule of a single mind without advice, a monarch isolated from the freemen and chiefs of the land, if they may be so called. The very fact of the existence of a chosen deliberative body, or one for consultation, shows a great superiority over the barbarous rule of the Norman bastard and his banditti, who destroyed every trace of freedom in order to establish the rule by brute power, accordant with the system of every savage government. From whatever quarter the Normans came originally, they brought with them only barbarous institutions; not one which marked the Saxon principle of government in the popular share of it. The feudal system alone was a curse enough upon any people. In fact, if the legislative

power were but partially vested, as there is little doubt but it was even in those rude times, in a Wittenagemote, that alone was sufficient to prove the vast superiority of Saxon over Norman institutions. It shows, too, that the affairs of the government admitted of discussion in a body of freemen, in place of the head of an unlicensed band of Norsemen ruling at their own wild wills.

The chief defect in the present bill consists in its complications. The spirit of the old system of qualification for voters in counties and boroughs is clear and consistent. Every voter ought to have a station, and some degree of social responsibility. The forty-shilling freeholder and, later, the copyholder to a certain amount for the counties, and the householder at a fixed rent after a given term of residence, would be a plain and simple system, to which might not unwisely be added the educational test of reading and writing. The duties of a free citizen cannot be duly fulfilled without these elements of knowledge. No man should vote without understanding the principles upon which he is governed. A list of voters for a county would be sufficient evidence of the due qualification for that class, and his last receipt for rent or taxes might qualify the householder. In such cases simplicity is everything. The vote should be void upon the discovery of any discrepancy in the proceedings, which thus simplified would easily be detected. There should be no canvassing for votes. The constituency should find its representative, and return him free of cost, as if performing a solemn duty. There is not the smallest doubt that the representative was originally selected by the voters, and sent up by them to parliament; that he was always known to them personally, understood their interests, and was one of their own body. It would have been considered a perversion of the whole system if an individual in Cumberland were sent to represent Devonshire, or a freeman of Carlisle to sit for Truro, which he had never seen. The burgess was clearly intended to be a resident in the borough, who understood the feelings and interests of the place for which he was returned, as well as the general tendency for good or evil of any political measures which the government might pursue affecting it in the practice of its public functions, in place of being a stranger introduced by his own purse in one hand, and led up to the hustings by an attorney.

In regard to the House of Peers, we cannot help thinking it should be a body selected from its own order, as the Irish and Scotch peers are selected at present. There are reasons for this, inasmuch as men may now decide important questions by their votes, who may not be exactly idiots for the care of a Lord Chancellor, but who, being little better, may count heads when on important divisions the numbers closely approximate, and decide by vote that which by natural want of understanding they cannot comprehend. We are aware that Montesquieu meets this objection by giving the peers the power of rejecting, but not of resolving. This does not seem to us to meet the difficulty, nor answer incapacity from natural feebleness of mind. Franklin's objection to the system, when he said that in some city of Germany they had "hereditary mathematicians," was not thus much out of the way. The advantage of this estate of the government being as it is cannot otherwise be disputed. Could the objection above made be met? It is neither an unfounded nor factious one. It is undeniable that a peer unfit to take his place in a drawing-room may

give a casting vote in the legislative house. While the executive power is of course lodged in the monarch, the Peers are regarded as a body that interferes to temper the other two estates. This, however, must depend on the feeling of independence it may preserve. We had an instance in the reign of George III. of the want of moral courage and patriotism in the Peers, who should be as independent as the king or Commons. Thus that House acted with a mean subservience to the unconstitutional conduct of the monarch, who suffered his arbitrary feeling to appear when the Lords having approved and read a bill once, the king had the "audacity"—for it was no less—to send the Peers a notice that if any peer voted for the bill, which, too, had already passed the Commons, he should regard the peer so voting as his "personal enemy." On the next reading the House of Peers, in place of regarding such a message as the insult of which it should have taken no notice, and as well being most unconstitutional, threw out the bill, in place of carrying it at once *nem. con.*, having carried a former reading, to show that the House had some value for its own independence of action, some sense of an insult to the constitution. But we are travelling out of the record.

Our Saxon usages, mingled with so much that was popular, were crushed beneath the Norman barbarian, and those little better than banditti who accompanied him, who had been manufactured into feudal nobles, and thus established a system ruinous to popular freedom, as well as altogether opposed to the previous customs and habits of the people of England. The realm had now fallen into vassalage. The feudal lords, the creatures of their leader, were a race of barbarians, with minds wholly uncultivated. They ruled the people they had reduced to vassalage with an iron hand, and seized their properties. These feudal chieftains, and their sovereigns afterwards to the reign of King John, exhibited only scenes of tyranny in action. John came to open differences with them, and then, not from any public, but from their own selfish motives, they forced from him the celebrated "Magna Charta," giving up privileges and royal prerogatives enjoyed by the throne from the time of William. Thus the people shared indirectly in the advantage obtained by the restraint put upon its head though only by the barons in the first instance. Certain powers and privileges were extended to citizens and merchants, which, though not more than were enjoyed by their Saxon ancestors, were a wonderful concession compared with Norman ignorance and vassalage. There was a feudal parliament, which meant no more than the king in the council of bishops, abbots, and barons, in which the bishops and abbots ruled with absolute sway, for but few of the barons could read and write. There were no corporate places until a later time. The grant of William the Bastard to the city of London was no charter, nor were any of the commons admitted as a part of the legislature, for such, as a body, did not exist at all at that time.

It was in the reign of Henry IV. that the barons assumed the character of an oligarchy, which in the present day means an aristocracy, according to some members of the House of Peers. Their sinister designs being seen by their looking only to their own interests, they gradually lost the influence which they had possessed. The clergy, too, crafty as ever, and in no instance the champions of freedom, began to play a game for their own advantage. They were too clever for the uncultivated barons.

Wales was invaded, and disturbances took place in London. King Edward enforced the Great Charter, and subdued Wales and Scotland. The last allying itself with France, a war with that nation ensued. The king's necessities and want of money obliged him to ask it of his subjects. The parliament being applied to in the royal pressure, a different class of persons to those before admitted were received into the public councils. The feudal system, from the dregs of which we are not yet free, together with the vassalage of the people, it was found had much weakened the means in the power of the king either for offensive or defensive warfare. The barbarous system of the Norman Conqueror, who cut up all the land into knights' fees, was now, from the pressure of circumstances, become much reduced in effect, as well as the men bound to do military service by tenure. The lands of Englishmen, too, seized by William, and conferred upon his creatures and dependents, had by the time of the accession of Edward I. been divided up or shared among the children of the owners as a provision. The knights and petty barons had become multiplied, and an order had arisen called "small barons," so that in a little time the baronage of England was held by writ as well as tenure. Other changes followed, the barons by writ strengthening the crown, and all pregnant with important results. Edward soon perceived the advantage of having the lesser barons and knights in parliament. It was this prince who assembled the deputies from boroughs, and from him dates our representative system, which acquired weight and influence, particularly in the assemblage of the burgesses or members of the Commons House, as well as the knights. It was remarkable here, and a proof of the selfish obstinacy and disregard for all but themselves, which so peculiarly marks churchmen, that while the nobles and burgesses granted an eleventh and seventh to the king, in the way of supply, the clergy held fast the "mammon of unrighteousness," and resisted to the utmost the king's writ, under the ridiculous pretence that they should thus acknowledge the superiority of the temporal power. At last it ended in a compromise. It was not long afterwards that the Pope forbade all princes from levying taxes on the clergy without his consent! The king did not pay much regard to these insolent orders from the head of the Church. He made the clergy feel that their spiritual insolence would be treated by him as it merited, and be subjected to the civil rule. Nor was this unjustifiable upon other grounds, for the king's necessities were great. It ended at last in the confirmation of the charters, with a clause that there should be no impositions or taxes laid on the people without consent of parliament. It was not quite palatable to the crown, but it was a far bitterer pill for church arrogance, and delayed as long as possible from being swallowed. Ultimately, that law and others were confirmed, and the Great Charter of freedom established. From this reign dates the free constitution of England, the restraint under civil law of a boundless clerical ambition on pretence of religion, and an enlargement of trade and commerce. The name of Edward I. is seldom mentioned by Englishmen in the high status where truth should place him.

There were no serious attempts to abrogate the representative system until Charles I. proceeded to an open violation of the constitution by raising money without the consent of parliament—in fact, by dispensing with the representatives of the people altogether. This treason against

the people of England met the fate its author so well merited, with that of his family, subsequently. The Church, however, clung to Charles, and characterised the despot as a holy martyr, the last canonisation made by the Church of England.

There does not appear to have been any tampering with parliament in the election of members except by the influence of peers (though declared unconstitutional) and landed proprietors, exerted according to the party feeling of those who lent their interference for the sake of supporting or opposing the government. The individuals of large landed property, peers or commoners, continually influenced the freemen. In small boroughs more particularly they did not hesitate to use noon-day corruption to effect their objects, until Lord Grey's bill moderated it in a measure. In addition to these means of influence *pro* or *con.*, as the case might be, the invasion of the Pretender was seized upon as an excuse for prolonging the duration of parliament from three to seven years. This was a serious violation of the constitution, but a great convenience in aid of ministerial corruption. By prolonging a parliament from three to seven years, and changing the constitution before established, the right being once admitted, a parliament might vote itself perpetual. A corrupt minister afterwards found it more easy and far less expensive to corrupt constituencies and bribe patrons with public money once in seven than in three years, and hence, no doubt, the measure really originated. This last evil, however, the Reform Bill of Lord Grey and the present of Lord Derby united may effectually prevent. It is impossible to review that measure, which cost us America and the war commenced in France to replace the Bourbons, both carried out by corrupt practices in the representation, backed by the influence of the sovereign in promoting such ruinous and unjust wars, and not to regret that an end was not before put to such an enormous corruption as well as cost in the waste of life and the practice of every kind of iniquity in opposing free principles.

But to return to the present measure of reform: we cannot do better than welcome it, because it is right. We had rather the borough returns rested upon household suffrage of a fixed value in its simple form. It would be less complicated and clearer than any other mode of qualification, and as little capable of being abused. All that is great and pure must be simple. There is still much wanting to render the bill perfect. Treating under any plausibility should be forbidden. The opening of public-houses under the *pretence* of their being committee-rooms for election purposes, a practice through which some elections are wholly governed, should be set aside. Leave guttling and stuffing to the city of London, where four members are returned by one hundred thousand of population. There was to have been a bill to reform that Augean stable when other corporations were reformed—why not yet brought forward? The number of open houses in some places in certain boroughs about the capital are said to decide the elections.

There is one grand mistake in regard to the motive and spirit which takes up an elector to the poll. We continually hear of the duty which binds him in giving his vote, and that he is to consider the general good, his vote not concerning himself alone. The man who labours at his trade, he who gambles at Epsom or on the Stock Exchange, the shopkeeper who thinks it is his sovereign's duty to keep up a gay court that

he may truck his selfish wares, and the man that sweeps the crossing in the street, are all concerned, but how exalted are their motives for supporting particular candidates, and how remote from that which the candidates must affect to credit as the truth! Here lies a great hypocrisy. The "nation of shopkeepers" must act in character, high and low.* The patriotism of the voter in a land of venality will be venal to an extent painful to contemplate. No fraction of a solitary virtue can be admitted to be the property of a man who, like Diogenes, lives in a tub. Rig him out, let a West-end tailor do his best for him, and, setting him in a handsome equipage, show how the fraction or fragment of any ascribed virtue sparkles and glitters in the popular eye—how every scanty attraction he may possess becomes magnified! Could the plain face of a Cato exhibit a single virtue in the Apollo supper-room of Lucullus? What worth is a candidate for a seat in parliament who will not pay for an elector's vote in some mode? Such a method of argument, however Carthaginian and Tyrian it may be, is not drawn from immortal Athens or glorious old Rome. It is upon the too great prevalence of this venal influence that we express our fears, that however far the electoral law may be carried in the effort to avoid corruption, the spirit of Esau will still govern, and offer for the vulgar pottage the precious and honourable birthright.

That the reform act of the present ministry should have been as it was accepted, we advocate to the fullest extent. Lord Derby was once a reformer. We have not forgotten his manly and effective speeches under Lord Grey's bill in 1830-31. He lapsed, but has returned again to his primary track. His lordship recals the words of Scripture: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom." It is truth and nature. In our intermediate years we may stray from the fold. Age gives us wisdom, and we do not in advancing years go back to the evil of our middle-age days, we reject it, and return to the generous youthful impress of good, which, rendered of a more worthy colour by the *verd antique* of age, remains with us to be the guide, and solace, and glory of the later portion of our momentary existence. Why should we decry what is for the general weal through any party pique in middle life prompting us? The corruptions of the hour are a sufficient task for our utmost effort at resistance, exposure, and condemnation. If we can travel to good only *pas à pas*, let us still proceed, avoiding as much as possible everything complicated or crooked in our way.

But is it not advantageous to the governing body to be able to select clever men from the nation generally as representatives, and to have the whole country open for the purpose? Here the question must be begged, that the constituency, in the place of the individual selecting the constituency, will choose such individuals. Unfortunately, we have too much evidence that the ability of the candidate is scarcely ever made a part of the consideration, unless ability of purse, or interest, or some

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* The writer, remonstrating with the authorities in a town that had just set up races, as introducing thieves, gamblers, jockeys, and all kinds of vice among high and low, was told it would be excellent for the shopkeepers: that was conclusive!

sinister motive happen to be included. We do not believe that fifty members in any general election have been ever chosen solely upon the consideration of their fitness and superior talents for the duties required, though, perchance, they may possess them. It is as it happens. If this be doubted as to past time, let the mode of entering the House of Commons, and the management of it, from Walpole to the change effected by Lord Grey, be considered; in fact, the entire reigns of George II. and George III., to go back no further. "I know the price of every man in the House except the little Cornish baronet,"* Walpole is said to have observed to a friend.

The sale of seats was as common for hard cash as that of oysters at Billingsgate, and by peers too. Money was the agent, and it sometimes threw out even a minister from his seat, who had to *buy in* somewhere else.† But these things occurred long after the change from Saxon to Norman. To return to the reaction, the latter was brought about by that high-minded monarch, Edward I., though not without something like a pressing necessity before him; it is not likely we shall ever return to that original county and borough system in selecting members. There are no longer serfs. The degradation, both civil and ecclesiastical, effected by the Norman tyranny, in some circumstances under the civil head, even now by no means stamped out, is of little effect. We have some dregs of its former barbarism remaining with us still, both in modes of thinking as well as of custom, or rather law. Thus families boast of being descended from those barbarians, a thing not very enviable to a reflective mind, and also somewhat difficult to prove. The wars of the Roses very nearly exterminated the remnants among the chieftains descended of that barbarous race, boasting a connexion in which many still credit a virtue from descent, although it can be no more than a boast, since every living man in the present day, if his blood be "foul" or right "blue," as the Spaniards have it, must have come to him, in the present year of Queen Victoria, after eight hundred years' usage, for so long is it since the savages who occupied Neustria, *alias* Normandy, met Harold at Hastings, or since 1066. This will include twenty-four generations of men, reckoning to the present year 1867, or 801 years since, calculating each generation at thirty-three years. The ancestors, male and female, from that day to the present, to which any affected descendant lays the claim of Norman blood, must have passed through 4,418,816 ancestors. Thus, by the end of the eight hundredth year, or in 1867, the blood of any Norman chief must be tolerably attenuated. We prove this by arithmetical progression. Every married pair must have four parents, those eight, those sixteen, and so on, to twenty-four generations. Supposing a new-born infant six pounds weight in 1066, the ancestral virtue, the blue blood, at the present day descended to his living representative from some Norman invader, must be just the 4,418,816th part of six pounds avoirdupois in regard to the integument. How the immortal part has been divided is not so clear as this incontrovertible fact. So much for the descent of the heroic virtues from

* Sir John St. Aubyn. His friends used to boast of it.

† We know an instance of this in which Lord Castlereagh lost his seat, and was returned for an English borough, for which four thousand pounds were paid to the patrons, not the voters.

Norman chiefs in half a dozen centuries. So much for the dream of ancestry cherished by ignorance.

The marks of abuses in our constitutional freedom were not yet obliterated; Lord Grey's bill only diminished them. The perseverance of the reflecting part of the people in reform, conscious of rectitude, have effected what has been done by obstinate perseverance alone. The measures carried by Lord Grey's government would have made the ministers Perceval, Addington, and Castlereagh arouse old George III. for leave to array in opposition the "last reason of kings." What has caused the difference of the times but a diminution in seat-selling, and in that interference of the peerage, unconstitutional as it was considered even then, which gave an influence against the people to those who had no right to possess any? Voters went up to the hustings under command, with certain stipulations agreeable to authority; and the peerage, whose interference was declared unconstitutional, itself returned a considerable number of members masked by some paltry subterfuge. We once saw the original, and took a copy of a letter *verbatim*, written by a peer, under the favourite system of George III., in "the good old times," when Bathurst, Sidmouth, Castlereagh, and Vansittart cast their baleful official shadows over the nation.

"Dear ——. On my return from travelling round the county of A., *on canvass*, I found your letters. I told you I had always fears about —— for you, but am proportionally delighted to learn that you are likely to carry T. I have no news from that part of the world but by letters, and shall wait the next post with real anxiety.

"I hope —— is persuaded I did not for an hour neglect W.; his two friends, however, dissented entirely from the conditions: he thought they would accept of no cure no pay. What has been done since I know not.

"Thinking you, from your former letters, secure in ——, I sent you down a very gentlemanly, agreeable colleague for Mr. —— in the person of Mr. L. What have you done with him?

"I hope to be back soon. I have no trouble; but the Dowager of D. has raised a flame by a ball at H., and, as they say, a subscription of 2000*l.* to oppose Castlereagh. They say also that Lord —— has promised neutrality, but if he allows his freeholders to be led by his mamma, Castlereagh will be hard run, and probably will in such case *complain of Lord D. on Putney-common!* Croker will have hard work in Downpatrick, and probably be beat. Bloody noses already, and the dragoons are gone off in a hurry.

"God bless and prosper your efforts. You surely will now be thought of by the government. Your exertions have been most exemplary. More of this when we meet.—Yours ever, &c."

Such was the mode in which the Upper House interfered with the Lower, and in fact commanded. Crowning its authority with glory, the selection of the House lost us America, for example; and, secondly, a thousand millions of money to replace the French king, and not less than half a million of lives, with a score of years of war, all which in its labours and effects the French cancelled in three glorious days, for the selection of a sovereign of their own in place of one by foreign dictation. It is something cheering to see the conviction of having supported political wrong for a time, at length exhibiting itself in action. We accept

with more than common pleasure the acknowledgment of Lord Derby's return to his primary sentiments in regard to reform, and should esteem ourselves factious in spirit if we did not applaud it. As to those of his lordship's late friends who separated themselves from their party in consequence of an abandonment of its former course of action, his lordship will do very well without them. He has taken the rule of the public good for his guide, and thrown aside unworthy predilections.

It will now be for the people to do their duty honestly. It will be for the people to begin to think with something like high-mindedness when they perform a public duty. It is the want of such a feeling that causes every political evil in regard to our parliamentary representation.

In selecting representatives it is the duty of the electors to be choice, and not to accept any adventurer who comes to them purse in hand, as is too much the custom. It is also their duty to select representatives with care from characters they know, and not strangers. There is no doubt that the knights of the shires were originally selected from residents upon landed estates in the counties where their properties and domiciles lay, they in return knowing their constituents, with all their local interests. In boroughs the free burgesses elected their representatives from among themselves. We do not believe that an ignorant London dealer in tallow or tow, filling his purse from his till, went down in those days to a borough a hundred or two of miles away, and there, utterly unknown before, got elected, and thus entered parliament with a golden key, an utter stranger to those who returned him, or to his public duties. We do not believe this to be the original mode of representation, nor that which the constitution intended it should be. An extensive venality was not contemplated; local influence there might be from property. A Cornishman did not go to Carlisle for a seat, nor an Exeter citizen to Berwick-upon-Tweed. Originally, the system of representation was conformable to reason; it was in the natural order of things adverse to corruption in the palm. No obscure from Pye-corner or Petticoat-lane, with a full pocket, went from the capital to a distant borough, a perfect stranger, and got returned with miraculous speed from where the echo of his civic glories had never before reached. No lord for twice twenty-six sabbaths dropped into a distant burgh, his robes fresh from that temple which Heliogabalus might have envied for its sensuality, and was constituted a Lycurgus by a people that knew him not. No railway jobbers, nor agents for limited speculations, sat for constituencies which they did not honour with their presence, and thus aided in the increase of a stock of legislative wisdom peculiarly that of the time. No, our simple forefathers pursued a different course amid their stolidity. They were honest. We cannot help observing late modes of going to work, and of perverting a great duty. They are too notorious. Let it be hoped that Lord Derby's bill may aid in bringing back to its pristine truth and simplicity our better parliamentary representation. At all events, it is a step gained upon that of the veteran Lord Grey; it is a step in advance upon the bill of 1830-31, and we hail it accordingly, though it might have come with better grace from those who had always supported the measure, and had no footsteps in retrogradation to make in supporting it. Still, it was better late than never. A right step is always honourable. Man is a fallible creature, and political sins, like those of our first parents, may be forgiven upon an honest penitence.

Let us, then, hail the result of the late session as an advance of moment. Let us not misconstrue motives, but judge by actions. The people have by the present measure made no small progress in gaining back that influence which is their right. Some of those public men who rank with the selfish and half informed in public life, prompted by that feeling of self-inflation which marks the overweening sentiments of an aristocracy, have recently sneered at democracy in their forensic harangues. By what right in truth or justice they do this, it is difficult to discover, except it be that they commit a mistake little complimentary to their good sense. What is not aristocratical and exclusive is styled democratical, and, being opposed to aristocracy, is deemed the vilest thing in the world from that antagonism alone, without regard to their respective merits. But, as Mackintosh remarked, democracy, in its etymological sense the power of the people, is that which a legitimate government must needs be. A multitude of Newtons would be a democracy. Those who assume a native-born right for an aristocracy, though such a right can never be attained by merit, but by accident alone—the accident of chance-born position—must feel it is no merit at all, as the progress of ancestral virtue before stated fully makes known.

Leaving this part of the subject, and returning to the people who never wear out nor die of mental inanition, but whose strength is "renewed as that of the eagle," we have to express great pleasure at the additional power they now possess. We trust it will be judiciously exercised. Let Lord Derby have credit for the step he has carried forward for that indefeasible right of the people which he has tacitly admitted. Let us rejoice that we proceed peaceably step by step, as we thus avoid tumult and confusion. We must finally attain a just position, an independence in the House of Commons, which will secure a prompt remedy of a thousand existing evils in law, finance, and church matters, and multiply improvements. Nothing must stand still; the diversity of conditions and the progress of mind forbid it. Free discussion will secure further advance in all that is still in arrear. Let us credit nothing because it is already in existence, or a thing of old, or a thing established, and therefore not to be examined nor controverted. We must continue to advance. Our existence is no calm, but a perpetual ruffle upon the surface of the great ocean of time. Its tumultuous waves sport with our most valuable appliances. Let us ever submit our operations to the test of right reason in all matters of government. They are plain sailing enough. In recording the present advance, let us congratulate ourselves that we set no example of violence, that our pressure is effective from the reason, not passion, that gives it action, and that all parties, however differing upon minor points, have been willing to make some sacrifices of sentiment and feeling for the general good, a few excepted, who justify ignorance by prescription, make property the rule of judgment, formularies that of religion, and government the will of an exclusive aristocracy. Some, with indomitable obstinacy in behalf of wrong, seem formed to prefer adding to the human species on the side of error rather than contributing to intellectual power and national strength by union in the defence of indefeasible personal rights derived from nature and reason.

CYRUS REDDING.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XXVI.

NEXT night the party reached Lyons, where Mrs. Trevor declared that she must stay a few days to repose herself, as well as to see the remains of antiquity, the manufactories, and other objects of interest with which that fine town is filled. Signor San Isidora yielded to all her whims, was obsequious to all her wishes; everything worthy of note was to be visited, and they set forth in the morning to make a tour of observation—the lady leaning gracefully on the Italian's arm, followed by her eldest daughter, who continued throughout the day in haughty independence to leave her sister and Christine to bring up the rear in company. In the course of this their first forenoon's wanderings, the behaviour of the two young ladies was sufficiently indicative of the texture of their different characters, opposed in every point but one—namely, the insatiable desire to attract notice and elicit admiration. This Christine soon perceived was the one thing needful to satisfy their craving vanity; Nola, going upon the plan of taking attention by storm—affecting eccentricity, and throwing herself into prominent points of view—followed up her aim by a general levity of manner; while Sophy strove by an assumed timidity and gentle demeanour to fix an interest where her sister only awakened curiosity. Mrs. Trevor, meanwhile, appeared quite unobservant of their unbecoming manner of conducting themselves, and deeply engaged in "converse sweet" with her new Italian friend, paid not the slightest attention to any one else, or even to the objects which she affirmed herself so desirous of seeing. Signor San Isidora, however, seemed abundantly alive to the extreme cases of "*l'allegro e 'l penseroso*" with which his daughter was associated, and from time to time sent a flashing and admonitory glance towards her as if to communicate his utter disapprobation of their demeanour. Christine, uneasy and frightened, was thus rendered utterly unconscious of the looks of unqualified admiration that everywhere pursued her, thinking that the observation awakened arose entirely from the boldness of the one young showy woman and the affected sentimentality of the other. On returning to the hotel, however, she was not long left in doubt as to her father's sentiments on the subject of her companions' levity, for he followed her to her room, and softly closing the door, advanced close to her, and said, in a low voice:

"Christine, I am come to put you on your guard, in order that you may not commit yourself by allowing the example set you by those silly girls, to corrupt the principles of reserve so essential to maintain in a young woman the impression of purity of moral conduct. So utterly deficient do I consider those young ladies in their manner of demeaning themselves, that it is my wish that you should appear in

their company as little as possible; so after we leave Lyons you must feign indisposition—or plead the usual apology of having letters to write—in order to avoid showing yourself in their society when we make those pauses in our journey which the delicate health of the *madre* renders necessary."

"But, father, would it not be better to pursue our route in some other direction, and alone?" gently asked his daughter, looking at him inquiringly. "I own that the behaviour of the Miss Trevors shocks me, and it appears to me that their mother cannot be a very sensible woman, otherwise she would check her daughters' impropriety of conduct."

"No, no," replied Signor San Isidora, "the *madre* is well enough; *she* is a married woman of a certain rank; her husband being a judge in India, and very rich, her countenance may be of some consequence to you when we arrive in Italy. Therefore I wish you to remain quite quiet, and to show yourself as little as possible after we leave this place; dress particularly plainly—rather as if you were beneath them in rank than anything else—for the surest way to preserve the good will and consideration of those vain, foolish young women is to appear as little in the light of a rival as you can. When we reach Naples, I shall not leave you long resident with them; and if they accompany us to Palermo—which I think it is probable they may do when I take you there in spring—I shall make arrangements to prevent your being in their way. But, as long as we are together, I must warn you above all things to keep your musical talent a secret—Miss Nicola could ill brook your superiority in vocal power—and your cultivation afterwards in this respect will be carried on with the utmost secresy, as a thing essential to your future welfare. You must henceforth consider yourself quite an Italian girl, and consequently must observe the extreme reserve and caution necessary to secure for an unmarried female the approbation of your relatives and country people. Such are my wishes, nay, commands, and I expect you to obey them to the letter."

It cost Christine no effort to give the promise required by her father. On the contrary, she only felt too happy to keep in the shade as much as possible; although, at the same time, she could not help feeling considerably surprised that he should wish her to associate at all with people he so evidently despised.

For the few days, therefore, which they continued at Lyons—as it was his wish that, while there, she should accompany them in their sight-seeing expeditions—she studied to dress herself in the most unbecoming and simple manner she could, never speaking when not absolutely called upon to do so, and entering in no way into her young associates' plans of attracting attention. She moved about more like an automaton than anything else, from the leaden weight that pressed upon her heart, arising from the mystery of her father's conduct in regard to her, when united to his continual evening absences—which she but too justly suspected were spent at the gaming-table, from the expression of cloud or sunshine which in the morning dominated his changeful countenance according to the for-

tunes of the previous night. A short stay at the interesting town of Avignon, and visits to one or two places of note at a distance—as the whim of Mrs. Trevor dictated—occupied some little time before they reached Marseilles, where the languid Eastern woman again professed to feel it necessary to repose before proceeding by sea to Naples.

When fairly on board the steam-boat, Christine had plenty of time to indulge in undisturbed reflection, for her young lady companions immediately plunged deeply into flirtations, and Mrs. Trevor, taking possession of a sofa—brought on board for her special benefit—reclined there in sentimental majesty, receiving the homage of her seemingly captive Italian, whose whole attention she absorbed, except when, from time to time, he spoke kindly a few words in his native language to Christine, whom he had placed opposite to himself. The speeches which at intervals he addressed to her were calculated to show that she was his daughter, in order to keep off any enterprising intruder, who might otherwise have wished to claim a share of the attention of the young and beautiful girl.

With a book in her hand as a pretence for silence, Christine began to revive from her forced physical inaction and moral palsy under the influence of the bright Italian sky, and when they stopped at Genoa she scarcely regretted her father's prohibition to accompany the rest of the party in their inspection of churches, palaces, and pictures, so much did the beautiful scene around her, and the delicious air she breathed, dispose her to soothing meditation and tranquil enjoyment. She felt as if she were translated to a purer sphere; her fears of the future began to dissipate, and former superstitious impressions of peace awaiting her on Italian ground took possession of her mind and brightened her eye and cheek. Continuing in the same mental solitude to sail along the coast of the beautiful peninsula, her pleasurable sensations heightened, and when after a smooth and prosperous voyage they at last landed at Naples, her rapture knew no bounds, though she gave no outward demonstration of what she either felt or thought. The evening after their arrival—and in the absence of the rest of the party—she spent her solitary hours in gazing from her window on the sea, and long after she should have retired to the repose her bodily fatigue required, still she continued to linger as if fascinated to the spot, with her eyes fixed on the blue beautiful sky, so purely illuminated by the crescent moon, whose pellucid rays gilded the face of the water, giving distinct outlines of Vesuvius and of the islands in the distance, and imparting a magical appearance to the boats skimming to and fro. All sorrow and fears were forgotten by the innocent and enthusiastic girl in the enchantment of the moment; she felt that contemplating such a scene, and respiring so pure an atmosphere, rendered the sensation of mere existence a blessing. When at last she retired to rest, a dewy and refreshing sleep soon sealed her eyelids, in which were pictured to her slumbering but still active mind nothing but images of beauty and delight, accompanied by sounds of melting harmony, doubtless arising from some distant music wafted past her still open window by the soft sweet breeze of night.

An early message from her father, requesting to speak with her,

awakened her from her delicious dreaming trance, and hastily arising, she threw on a dressing-gown and prepared to receive him. His countenance on entering wore a gloomy and uneasy expression.

"I have made arrangements for your removal from those ridiculous women," he said, glancing at his daughter in an uncertain manner. "Immediately after breakfast you must be ready to accompany me to a convent where the nuns dedicate themselves to the education of the young. I have had some difficulty in obtaining your admission from your having been brought up a Protestant, and it was only in representing that you were the member of an Italian family of note and rank that I at last succeeded, and also in pledging my word that while resident with them you would never leave their walls, nor seek to disturb their rigid notions of religion by propounding any of the abstract, incomprehensible, Calvinistic nonsense you may have imbibed in Scotland. You must keep this in mind, remember, and bend your thoughts entirely to the cultivation of your musical powers, which have been already so well developed by the instructions you received in Paris. "As for different creeds," he continued, carelessly, "I consider them all pretty much about the same, and have therefore likewise stipulated that the sisterhood are in no way to interfere with yours, it being entirely for education that I place you with them. And now you must exert yourself, Christine; time flies, and you are nearly eighteen, a period of life when a woman's voice reaches its highest degree of purity and flexibility. Most Italian girls make their début before that age, and you possess organe, strength, and genius sufficient to rise to the highest pitch of excellence if you take proper pains to succeed, and give your heart to the perfecting your extraordinary natural powers."

During this long harangue, a tide of thought swept over Christine's mind; the mask was partly raised, and his words convinced her of the justice of the Signora Cypriani's suspicions. Her native courage rose, mixed with an indignant feeling at her parent's unworthy intentions towards her, and a truer notion of his character took possession of her mind than she had ever before allowed herself to harbour. She felt that the moment was important for the elucidation of truth, her energies got concentrated, and raising her bright, comprehensive eyes to his dark and disturbed countenance, she calmly and distinctly inquired:

"Father, do you intend me for the stage?"

He started slightly at the question, and answered hastily:

"We do not know to what the turns of fate may bring us, Christine; and if your father were to become unfortunate, you would not surely refuse to exert the splendid talent with which you are so eminently gifted to redeem him from poverty?"

"Oh no indeed," replied the dutiful, keenly-feeling, yet firm girl; "but of that I trust there is no chance, since the money recovered from my brother is quite sufficient to ensure us independence in Italy, when united to the income I inherit from my kind great-aunt."

A momentary convulsive motion contracted San Isidora's brow.

"Listen, my child!" he said, perturbedly; "I have got some un-

pleasant intelligence to communicate. I vested that money, when in Paris, in a speculation which I thought would prove lucrative, but I regret to say that, owing to the villany of some of the agents in the concern, I have now great fears as to the result, nay, almost dread that all may be lost. This is the reason, Christine, that I am so anxious for you to profit by your present opportunities, as your little fortune will be barely sufficient for your own support; and as you have no power to bestow any part of the principal upon another, you will have no means of assisting your parent—if he should require it—but by exerting your musical talents professionally. In the mean time, I shall do all I can for my own maintenance, and trust that you may never be called upon to yield me your assistance; nevertheless, it is best to be provided against contingencies, and I give you the strongest proof of my respect for your intelligent character and filial affection by thus openly explaining the true state of the case. May I count upon you, my daughter, or do you blame your father, who—in his anxiety to procure you a more brilliant position in life—has risked, perhaps lost, those few thousand pounds to which you allude?"

Christine hid her face in her hands; there was something false and hypocritical in the tone of voice in which he spoke those untruths that jarred upon her ear and feelings. "Nine thousand pounds gone; gone at the gaming-table in so short a space of time!" it was dreadful, almost incredible to *her*, poor simple girl! And yet she *felt* it was so. At last she raised her head, and, with a shocked but calm look, firmly replied:

"I shall cultivate my talents, father; I shall endeavour to perfect them to the utmost, and, if need be, I shall go upon the stage to support you in comfort and ease; but if I am obliged to do this, I must be a free agent to give or retain as my judgment and my friends may dictate. I will trust nothing more to *chance*."

San Isidora regarded her fiercely.

"You doubt my truth, then?" he said, in a tone choking with passion, and a dark frown; "the *signorina* speaks with authority, but she will please to recollect that, until she is one-and-twenty, she is under her father's control. Adieu for the present; make yourself ready to accompany me to the convent of the Ursulines, and for the future keep your resolutions to yourself, until the time arrives when you can with effect act upon them."

So saying he quitted the room, leaving Christine overwhelmed with astonishment and fear.

"Oh, Guy!" she mentally ejaculated, "where are you now, when your companion of former years totters on the brink of degradation and ruin; when, instead of the fond father, whom she tried in every way to attach and conciliate, she has only found a tyrant, who seeks to precipitate her into the whirlpool of folly and vice for the gratification of his own frenzied and corrupt propensities!"

She sobbed convulsively, and wrung her hands in a delirium of sorrow; her mind for the moment reeled under the racking agonies of disappointment and terror, but the despair in her heart at length sobered down those more tumultuous emotions, and awakened her to

stilled and melancholy sense of the utter desolation of her position. For three years, for three long years, she must continue under the control of this apparently natural protector, but most unnatural parent; and three years seemed at the juncture to comprise a lifetime to the youthful sufferer. A message sent by her father to inquire if she were ready roused her at last from her agonising preoccupation. She bathed her swollen and grief-disfigured features, and hurriedly completed her toilet with that obedient alacrity that, from her infancy, had distinguished her. Mechanically she descended the stairs of the hotel to the sitting-room which Mrs. Trevor occupied; but no one was there except a waiter, who informed her that Signor San Isidora was below waiting for her with a carriage. Walking, as if in a dream, she followed him to the entrance-door, where she found her father stationed; she had no courage to look him in the face, but put her hand into the one he extended to assist her into the vehicle, and, when fairly in motion, fixed her eyes on the thronged streets, whose busy or idle occupants appeared to her sorrow-obscured vision like the shadowy figures of a dream of fever and pain. She preserved no distinct recollection of anything she either saw or heard, until the carriage stopped; on alighting, however, she revived in the air, and followed her father with composure into the convent, where she was presented by him to the superior, a mild and penetrating-looking old woman, who, on perceiving the air of languor and suffering imprinted on her pale face, immediately proposed her going with one of the sisters to the little chamber appropriated to her use.

On the nun leaving her, Christine looked round her humble apartment and experienced a feeling of relief; here she was at least alone; here she would be able to meditate undisturbedly on the past, would brace herself for the future, and her music, her *voice*—at once the blessing and curse of her destiny—she would cultivate it to the utmost. "It would not fail her," she argued, "before three years were past, and then she would be free—yes, she would be free and *innocent*." This was her firm resolve; no vanity should corrupt, no adulation should so far intoxicate her as to make her forget for a moment the sentiments of the far-off friends of former days, nor the advice of the wise and kind Signora Cypriani. "And if I should ever meet with them again," she murmured to herself, "I shall be able to say, 'Here I am, your own Christine, the same in purity and feeling as when I parted from you in youth and hope.'" Her principles sketched the outline of her firm determination, and her grateful heart set a stamp to the contract never to be effaced.

XXVII.

We must now leave Christine to the solitude of her convent, and follow Guy on board his ship, where he appeared with his usual careless buoyancy of manner. Along with the singular compound of reckless daring and deep penetration for which his character was remarkable, he was likewise gifted with that innate irrepressible love of fun, which often led him to sport with the follies and the credulity of

others for the amusement of the passing hour. I say that, in this respect, he was *gifted*, as I am convinced that, but for a certain enjoyment in the ridiculous with which their minds are endowed, many people would sink under the trials which beset them in life. With a deep purpose in his heart, and with an observation keenly alive to everything passing around, the young sailor at first rather enjoyed his doubtful position, as it gave him scope for the moment to indulge his humorous propensities, at the same time that his principles justified the means he employed to attain the end he had in view. He steadily pursued his plan of performing the part of a sentimental swain, and did it to perfection. Playing off all sorts of lover-like eccentricities, he affirmed that he acted upon promises given to his "Mary"—as he chose to name his imaginary fair one—and which, in fact, were merely devised to preserve him from the conspiracy which he was convinced existed between his captain and the first-lieutenant to draw him into bad habits and consequent disgrace. One of those pretended promises, to which he pertinaciously adhered, was never to taste anything but water. "His Mary," he maintained, "had bound him down to be a member of the Temperance Society," and from this pledge nothing could move him. He knew his own infirmity of expanding into extreme good humour and thoughtless confidence under the influence of generous wine, and therefore felt the necessity of guarding himself against so great a peril. When in his cabin, he took to playing sentimentally—and extremely ill—upon the flute, and occasionally appeared occupied in writing verses, which he as regularly tore up in presence of his messmates with a look of mock despair, as if he felt himself unable to do justice to the charms of his beloved. In short, he acted the part of a devoted adorer, much better, probably, than he could have performed the real one, but the malicious pleasure he had in making the others stare was ample encouragement to him to follow up in a whimsical manner the desired aim. Nevertheless, there was a security in his demeanour, and, at moments, a certain sparkle in his eye, accompanied by a singular half-smile, that startled those who narrowly watched him. Captain Seymour felt convinced that something with regard to himself was suspected on Guy's part, and that this lover-fit was merely assumed as a shield with which to ward off the evil. That he had become attached to some girl he believed might be the case to a certain extent, but not so far as he feigned; so the first-lieutenant, Strickland, was charged to observe him well, while he himself sought to propitiate and attach him as much as possible, in order to hatch some means of entanglement in which to involve and render him subservient to his views. Of this plan, at last, he became weary, for Guy—almost certain that his grand-uncle Stanley's interest with the Admiralty would procure him an exchange by the time they touched at New York—steadily pursued his course, meeting cordiality with reserve, enduring raillery with unfailing good humour, and caprice or severity with imperturbable patience and submission. Captain Seymour was a decided bon-vivant, but wine with him had not the tendency to open his heart, as in Guy's case; on the contrary, it only aggravated his cruel tyrannical disposition and temper, and, although the young man's tact enabled him to avoid its consequences

in his own person, still he winced under its effects towards others. Seymour's harshness and brutality towards his junior officers was extreme—with the exception of Strickland—and with his men it arose sometimes to absolute barbarity. Here was the point on which the young sailor's philosophy was the most tried; often the flashing glance of anger and contempt, or a shudder of concentrated rage and disgust, gave evidence of his internal agitation, although his immense self-command enabled him to refrain from uttering any word that might betray his thoughts and feelings. This, however, was noted by the captain and his coadjutor. Seymour thought that he had found out the "soft spot in his character," as he termed it to Strickland; so punishment succeeded punishment, and cruelty to cruelty, in order to provoke him to some expression of indignation or act of insubordination; but the plan did not succeed in changing Guy's outward man in any respect, further than to make him more reserved and grave. His honourable brother-in-law's jealousy and dislike deepened to absolute hatred, he ceased to address him in any way but in an insolent or sarcastic manner, and the glances the youth received from those ominous white eyes made nearly as great an impression of mistrust and dislike on his masculine mind as in former days they had made of fear on the sensitive nerves of Christine.

"What a clear-seeing, clever creature Tiny is," he would say to himself, as he turned in his berth; "what an acute little girl she is, my Italian aunty! And Aunt M'Naughton too, she was indeed a penetrating woman! Could she have seen this brute, as I now see him sometimes, faith! the tough admiral of an old lady would have told him her mind if she had had to be tucked up to the yard-arm for it the next moment; she was steel to the backbone—a true, staunch Douglas, every bit of her."

And Guy mentally paid a tribute to the courage and unbending principle which—along with her penetration—he so evidently inherited from her.

An adverse and lengthened combat with the winds and waves rendered the tyrant, Seymour, more intolerable from day to day, while the cruise was prolonged much beyond the time at which they had anticipated reaching the American coast. To soothe his ruffled spirits, the martinet indulged in more liberal libations than ever, and the constant irritation on his nerves was only to be allayed by additional severities towards his officers and men. The crew murmured among themselves, and many a dark look and muttered curse followed his steps, and those of his factotum, as they paced the quarter-deck in company. Guy alone stood silent and unmoved: his iron strength of frame and purpose, and the importance of the stake for which he played, enabled him to rise superior to the outrages under which the spirits of the others sank. He distinctly read in the faces of the common sailors the hatred with which they were inspired towards their commander, and anticipated from it the worst consequences for him if ever they should have an opportunity of revenging themselves. He would have enjoyed the certainty of his own release had it not been for his sympathy with those poor men, but his generous heart bled when he thought of the length of time they were doomed to be subject

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to the barbarous rule under which they groaned; an impression of something terrible in futurity awaiting this bad man took possession of his mind, and he shuddered at the prospect of disgrace in which some sinister event might probably involve his family.

"What a woman my mother is, to be sure!" he thought; "how her folly has gone near to ruin all her children, myself excepted, and here even am I, her former favourite—and it is no vanity to say the most sensible one of the family—standing within a hair's-breadth of destruction, from the villany of the fellow whom her absurd manœuvring has introduced into our fated house."

Day by day deepened his conviction that Captain Seymour would seek his ruin by some foul means, and with this conviction rose as strong a determination that all his energies should be exerted, his perceptions taxed to the utmost, to anticipate or counteract his malignant intentions; but our destinies are far beyond our own control in any way, even to those whose profound penetration and superior physical endowments seem to promise them power to guide the tissue of events towards a certain point.

"Strickland," said his captain one day after dinner, when they were alone over their wine—"Strickland, I feel certain that fellow Douglas is acting a part to run us aground in our friendly intentions towards him. I read it in his —— black eyes, I see it in his cursed cynical smile; he will contrive to wear on till he comes of age, and then I am convinced that he will avail himself of the first opportunity occurring to leave everything he has to that infernal Italian jade. As for his love-stuff, I don't believe a word of it; it is merely assumed to blind me to his real intentions, and he will follow out his infatuation for that designing baggage if it were for no other motive than from mere spite to deprive me of an inheritance to which I am entitled. Confound the fellow! I wish he were at the bottom of the sea!"

So saying he sprang up, kicked down a chair that stood in his way, and hastened with his worthy confidant on deck. It was an awful sight that presented itself. The evening was dark and lowering, its threatening appearance being rendered not the less ominous by a momentary lull; a pale reddish light illumined the horizon and defined the edges of the masses of looming and portentous clouds with which the nearer sky was filled. A shrill and whistling wind began to pipe in the distance, sending the swelling waves of the Atlantic roaring towards them. A minute after the tempest burst with tremendous violence, thunder clattered overhead, peal following peal in instantaneous succession to the bright flashes of lightning; the vessel pitched and struggled, and her timbers creaked as if being wrenched asunder; it seemed as if an infernal spirit rode the blast, so thick came the "pelting of the pitiless storm." At the first outburst of the hurricane the noble captain stood aghast, and for a minute or two could scarcely give the necessary orders to the anxious crew; necessity, however, soon cleared in some measure his wine-mystified intellect, and all was hurry and activity. At length he pulled his handkerchief from his pocket to wipe off the drops of rain which, driven by the wind

against his face, were dripping from his bushy eyebrows on his cheeks. His hand was benumbed and powerless, and his sight partially obscured by the nervousness occasioned by excess, so that the blast coming with a whirl caught the light cambric appendage as he raised it to his forehead, and carried it off to the side of the vessel, where its farther flight was stopped by its doubling upon the rope of a sail about to be reefed by some sailors who had gone aloft for the purpose. It happened that Guy was standing near at the time, giving directions to the men, and beholding the captain's handkerchief streaming like a pennon overhead, he lightly swung himself up to lay hold of it in order to restore it to its possessor. How it happened he could not tell, but in the act of descending, when his foot was on the edge of the ship as he prepared to leap again upon the deck, the rope he held by one hand, from some unaccountable cause, gave way, at the same moment that his brother-in-law came pitching against him, apparently by a lurch of the vessel, and he was precipitated into the raging ocean. The rising billow received him, bearing him for an instant high towards the ship; and as he cast a look upwards to the side of the vessel and called for aid, he distinctly saw, by a lurid flash of lightning, a fiendish face glaring down at him with a look of demoniac triumph. Then there was a shout of "A man overboard!—shorten sail!" instantaneously followed by the voice of the captain roaring out the counter-order, wound up by the furious words, "D—— your eyes! mind your own business; let us take care of ourselves!" And the ship drove forward in the midst of the tempest-tossed main. For a few seconds Guy contended with the foaming waves, almost overwhelmed in the trough of the sea left in the wake of the vessel. Then he struck out manfully for life. He was a first-rate swimmer, but what science or physical force could avail him amid those mountain billows when at such a distance from land? His strength at last began to give way, and at the near prospect of death a rush of painful thoughts swept over his mind: but Providence had not abandoned the generous and the brave. First a plank came drifting within his reach, which enabled him to relax for a moment from his desperate exertions, then raising his eyes with renewed hope, he beheld by the dim light of the moon—struggling through the broken clouds of the dispersing storm—the dark hull of a ship close upon him. He shouted for help, while he contrived to wave one arm in the air, and as the vessel neared he was perceived. She managed to heave to, a life-buoy was thrown within his reach, and a minute afterwards he was safely hoisted on board the *Christina* merchantman, bound for New York, by the pitying men whose attention he had attracted. He stood for a moment on the deck dripping and benumbed, almost doubting the reality of his safety; then, as his eye fell on the *Terrible*, still visible in the distance by the moonlight, a singular reaction took place both in his frame and feelings. He continued gazing fixedly at her until she disappeared, his youthful and beautiful countenance assuming a sternness of expression that almost gave it the appearance of age.

"Not by me," he muttered to himself—"not by me shall vengeance be taken on the villain; but as surely as that there is a God above to

to the barbarous rule under which they groaned; an impression of something terrible in futurity awaiting this bad man took possession of his mind, and he shuddered at the prospect of disgrace in which some sinister event might probably involve his family.

"What a woman my mother is, to be sure!" he thought; "how her folly has gone near to ruin all her children, myself excepted, and here even am I, her former favourite—and it is no vanity to say the most sensible one of the family—standing within a hair's-breadth of destruction, from the villany of the fellow whom her absurd manœuvring has introduced into our fated house."

Day by day deepened his conviction that Captain Seymour would seek his ruin by some foul means, and with this conviction rose as strong a determination that all his energies should be exerted, his perceptions taxed to the utmost, to anticipate or counteract his malignant intentions; but our destinies are far beyond our own control in any way, even to those whose profound penetration and superior physical endowments seem to promise them power to guide the tissue of events towards a certain point.

"Strickland," said his captain one day after dinner, when they were alone over their wine—"Strickland, I feel certain that fellow Douglas is acting a part to run us aground in our friendly intentions towards him. I read it in his —— black eyes, I see it in his cursed cynical smile; he will contrive to wear on till he comes of age, and then I am convinced that he will avail himself of the first opportunity occurring to leave everything he has to that infernal Italian jade. As for his love-stuff, I don't believe a word of it; it is merely assumed to blind me to his real intentions, and he will follow out his infatuation for that designing baggage if it were for no other motive than from mere spite to deprive me of an inheritance to which I am entitled. Confound the fellow! I wish he were at the bottom of the sea!"

So saying he sprang up, kicked down a chair that stood in his way, and hastened with his worthy confidant on deck. It was an awful sight that presented itself. The evening was dark and lowering, its threatening appearance being rendered not the less ominous by a momentary lull; a pale reddish light illumined the horizon and defined the edges of the masses of looming and portentous clouds with which the nearer sky was filled. A shrill and whistling wind began to pipe in the distance, sending the swelling waves of the Atlantic roaring towards them. A minute after the tempest burst with tremendous violence, thunder clattered overhead, peal following peal in instantaneous succession to the bright flashes of lightning; the vessel pitched and struggled, and her timbers creaked as if being wrenched asunder; it seemed as if an infernal spirit rode the blast, so thick came the "pelting of the pitiless storm." At the first outburst of the hurricane the noble captain stood aghast, and for a minute or two could scarcely give the necessary orders to the anxious crew; necessity, however, soon cleared in some measure his wine-mystified intellect, and all was hurry and activity. At length he pulled his handkerchief from his pocket to wipe off the drops of rain which, driven by the wind

against his face, were dripping from his bushy eyebrows on his cheeks. His hand was benumbed and powerless, and his sight partially obscured by the nervousness occasioned by excess, so that the blast coming with a whirl caught the light cambric appendage as he raised it to his forehead, and carried it off to the side of the vessel, where its farther flight was stopped by its doubling upon the rope of a sail about to be reefed by some sailors who had gone aloft for the purpose. It happened that Guy was standing near at the time, giving directions to the men, and beholding the captain's handkerchief streaming like a pennon overhead, he lightly swung himself up to lay hold of it in order to restore it to its possessor. How it happened he could not tell, but in the act of descending, when his foot was on the edge of the ship as he prepared to leap again upon the deck, the rope he held by one hand, from some unaccountable cause, gave way, at the same moment that his brother-in-law came pitching against him, apparently by a lurch of the vessel, and he was precipitated into the raging ocean. The rising billow received him, bearing him for an instant high towards the ship; and as he cast a look upwards to the side of the vessel and called for aid, he distinctly saw, by a lurid flash of lightning, a fiendish face glaring down at him with a look of demoniac triumph. Then there was a shout of "A man overboard!—shorten sail!" instantaneously followed by the voice of the captain roaring out the counter-order, wound up by the furious words, "D—— your eyes! mind your own business; let us take care of ourselves!" And the ship drove forward in the midst of the tempest-tossed main. For a few seconds Guy contended with the foaming waves, almost overwhelmed in the trough of the sea left in the wake of the vessel. Then he struck out manfully for life. He was a first-rate swimmer, but what science or physical force could avail him amid those mountain billows when at such a distance from land? His strength at last began to give way, and at the near prospect of death a rush of painful thoughts swept over his mind: but Providence had not abandoned the generous and the brave. First a plank came drifting within his reach, which enabled him to relax for a moment from his desperate exertions, then raising his eyes with renewed hope, he beheld by the dim light of the moon—struggling through the broken clouds of the dispersing storm—the dark hull of a ship close upon him. He shouted for help, while he contrived to wave one arm in the air, and as the vessel neared he was perceived. She managed to heave to, a life-buoy was thrown within his reach, and a minute afterwards he was safely hoisted on board the *Christina* merchantman, bound for New York, by the pitying men whose attention he had attracted. He stood for a moment on the deck dripping and benumbed, almost doubting the reality of his safety; then, as his eye fell on the *Terrible*, still visible in the distance by the moonlight, a singular reaction took place both in his frame and feelings. He continued gazing fixedly at her until she disappeared, his youthful and beautiful countenance assuming a sternness of expression that almost gave it the appearance of age.

"Not by me," he muttered to himself—"not by me shall vengeance be taken on the villain; but as surely as that there is a God above to

judge of human actions, so surely is there awaiting him a dreadful retribution even in this world."

No sooner had Captain Seymour superseded Strickland in the duty of giving the counter-order to the call to afford Guy succour than he stamped with frantic delight; then, pulling up his trousers more tightly, staggered on in his usual walk on the quarter-deck. He was met by his first-lieutenant, who had been for the moment engaged elsewhere, to whom he coolly said:

"Strickland, there's a man overboard, and I suspect it is our exemplary youngster."

"Then he will most certainly be drowned," answered the worthy confidant, with a scanning glance at his superior.

"It is more than probable," tranquilly observed the other. "The devil himself could scarcely save a fellow in a sea like this, though the tempest *is* abating." And he walked on whistling.

The lieutenant looked after him with a singular smile.

"Satisfactory," he muttered to himself, slightly shrugging his shoulders.

The honourable commander proceeded to give the necessary orders for manœuvring the ship, and soon after retreated quietly below to take his supper in better humour than he had been for a long time. Before turning into his berth for the night, he took an open clasp-knife from his pocket, and, as he closed it, thought to himself:

"It served me well to-night; it severed the rope as if it had been a straw, and thus, by a dexterous cut, I have secured a fortune of fifty or sixty thousand pounds. Hurrah for an easy life in Old England henceforth! for I'll be hanged if I ever go into commission again after this profitable voyage is ended, and then I shall have plenty of leisure to cajole my worthy mother and father-in-law, and institute myself heir to all the wealth which this jackanapes was otherwise destined to inherit."

IN SPAIN.*

On almost any fine evening in Madrid you may see a fat, short-legged, narrow-chested old man, with most inexpressive features, driving along the Fuenta Castellana in a royal carriage. This gentleman is Don Francisco de Paula, Infant of Spain, youngest brother of Ferdinand VII., father of the present titulary King of Spain, father-in-law to Queen Isabella, and her uncle on two sides, as Ferdinand's brother and as the husband of Queen Christina's sister. Among the scandals of Madrid is a report that the queen is still more nearly related to him, which may account for the repugnance poor Isabella felt to her present marriage. Don Francisco's first wife was the Neapolitan Princess Louisa Charlotte; subsequently he married a dancer of Madrid, of irreproachable character, who made him, as they say, a good wife. After her death the queen raised a child by this marriage, a boy of eight or nine, to the rank of a grandee, which occasioned many remarks in the democratic papers, showing more wit than respectful feeling. But why discuss old Francisco? The fact is that, with all his weakness and unimportance, he is an historical personage, the cause of that eventful insurrection of the people, the origin of the overthrow of Napoleonic power. We can never look at the ungainly figure of the old Infant without remembering that the great national festival of the second of May could never have grown into an institution without him; therefore we feel for him a kind of reverential awe.

Preparations were going forward to carry little Francisco, the youngest child of imbecile Charles V., to Bayonne. Charles and his disobedient son Ferdinand were already in the treacherous net, and Napoleon's purpose was to rob the Spaniards of this puny scion of royalty, round whom they as loyal subjects might muster, and in whose tiny hands the national banner might rest. Then it was that the real design of this friendly intervention and neighbourly alliance first became clear to the people, and on the 2nd of May, 1808, they assembled before the palace. The lower orders were in commotion, several shots were fired, and barricades erected, while the menacing cry of "Muerte a los Gavachos!" resounded through the streets of Madrid, still the most compact and thickly populated city in Europe. The cry reached the ears of Don Pedro Velarde, a young captain of artillery, one of the few who had seen the danger of Napoleon's schemes. He had at first been an ardent admirer of Napoleon and his military genius; but when he discovered his plans against his country, his devotion to him was turned into vindictive hatred. As soon as he had ascertained the cause of the tumult, he went to solicit permission to lead a party of the national militia lodged in the Calle de San Bernardo. The request was complied with, although every

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* Aus Spanien. Von Gustav Hörner, Gesandter der vereinigten Staaten zu Madrid in den Jahren 1862, 1863, und 1864. Frankfürt: A. M. Sauerlander. London: Williams and Norgate.

officer had been enjoined to keep within the barracks during Murat's sojourn in the capital. Velarde threw down his pen, hurried up to the quarters, and ordered fifty of the men to follow him down the Calle de San José to the Palace of Monteleone, containing the armoury. The French sentinels were surprised and quickly disarmed; but the band met a more serious obstacle in the Spanish commander, Don Louis Davoiz, who refused them admittance. When, however, Velarde began to upbraid him fiercely, he tore up his orders, and threw open the doors, crying, "Viva el rey Fernando!" The two officers dragged out between them five or six cannon, and armed the people with the few muskets to be found. The French soon saw that if they wished to quiet the people they must wrest Monteleone from their hands, and their troops accordingly marched up against it in four divisions. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery enclosed the valiant defenders. Velarde fell, shot through the breast; Davoiz was wounded in the fight, which lasted, without intermission, for four hours. Velarde's body was carried out of the city in the robe of a Franciscan monk, Davoiz expired in the house to which he was taken by the people, and both were buried in the Church San Martin. In the year 1814 the two bodies were taken up from the vault of this church and placed temporarily in the chapel of San Isidor, whence they were conveyed to the Prado, with the obsequies of a general, on the 2nd of May. The uniform and Franciscan robe are preserved in the interesting museum belonging to the artillery, in a glass case enclosed in a wooden frame, covered with velvet, upon which are inscribed their names in gold letters, the privilege of opening and inspecting these relics being reserved to the governor-general. In order to keep these names fresh in the memory of all, they are still retained in the roll and called over as absent at every review and parade.

Let us hear Herr Hörner's account of the great national festival. On the eve of the Dos de Mayo a section of artillery fired the cannon, and the church bells were rung—by-the-by, never were bells rung so abominably. Early next morning the guns gave another salute, and towards mid-day the governor of Madrid, the mayor, Alcalde Corregidor, the justice of the peace, and the chief military officers of the provinces followed the orphans and children, members of the many benevolent societies in Madrid, to the chapel of San Isidor; there they listened to mass, and, as the papers say, to an eloquent and vehement discourse from a young priest, and then marched to the Campo de la Lealtad, in the Prado. We were stationed at the meeting-point of the Salon del Prado and the Alcala. The eastern side of the splendid avenue was filled with two squadrons of cuirassiers and mounted chasseurs, almost blinding us with their bright breastplates, helmets, and swords reflecting the mid-day sun. The extension of the Alcala was occupied by the light artillery and their cannon, while the mounted artillery held the Paseo de Ricolletto, which connects the modern fashionable Fuenta Castellana with the Prado. The remaining large expanse of ground was covered by a mass of people of all classes and of both sexes in animated expectation. It was a scene highly picturesque, as are all public demonstra-

tions in Spain. It was considered a religious festivity, so the women all wore black silk dresses and the pretty mantilla to which the middle and lower classes still hold fast, the French hat being rare. The men were all well dressed, the peasants, who had come into the town to see the pageant in great numbers, having the costume described by Cervantes, which is as correct for the present day as it was for two centuries and a half ago. The babies, dressed all alike in thick white caps and long loose cloaks hanging down almost to the ground, were carried by nurses, whom it is the pride of the family they serve to attire in the rich dress of their respective provinces. The Spanish children are the most beautiful, the most graceful beings I have ever seen; and to those who love children it is one of the greatest pleasures Madrid affords to watch the hundred groups of little angels collected on the parterre in the Retiro on a cold winter's day.

We were most surprised by the behaviour of this dense mass of human beings, chiefly from the lower class, as the wealthy were either in carriages, on the balconies, or on the house-tops. If it had not been for the water and orange sellers, who announced their commodities in shrill tones, we could hardly have believed ourselves in the midst of a crowd of people—not that they were silent, for no person can excel a Spaniard in the movement of his tongue, nor the women in that of their shoulders, fingers, and fan; but all spoke gently, and there was none of the shouting, quarrelling, and disputing, not to speak of fighting, so often found among us of the northern hemisphere, who esteem ourselves so vastly superior to the poor benighted Spaniard.

When we had amused ourselves for an hour watching this interesting concourse, the procession reached our point of observation, and, by standing up in the carriage, we could see the whole. The moment the troops approached, the bands of the four regiments already there struck up simultaneously a funereal march. First came a detachment of the imposing corps of mounted gendarmes to clear the way, done with great rapidity and good nature. Then followed the children of the orphan schools, in a simple uniform, preceded by their own little band of musicians; after them came the officers of the other public institutions. Four staff-bearers now marched along in front of the Governor of Madrid and other officers, all in three-cornered plumed hats and magnificent costumes glittering with stars. Immediately behind came the Progressist party, who had resolved to attend in a body to give a proof of their strength. According to their own calculations they numbered about three thousand, and considerably less by those of their political opponents. They were headed by Olozaga, their general, in lieu of Espartero, who was absent. Olozaga has a massive and intelligent head, and is their best speaker. With him walked Prim, a man hardly of middle height, but powerful, well proportioned, and not inelegant. His face is round and broad, but his coal-black hair and beard contrasts well with his pale complexion. He is always well dressed, and his nicely adjusted gloves are the right thing, as it would be highly indecorous to speak in the council or any public meeting without them. He is a great Nimrod,

and spends the greater part of his time at his country-seat near Toledo. In his speeches—for all the Progressists attend the council—he never fails to introduce his love of the country and dislike to office. The queen is well disposed towards him, and not long ago she acted as godmother to his child, and had the christening in her own apartments. Prim was dressed in the rich appointments of a lieutenant-general, the other Progressists having black frock-coats, shining black hats, and black kid gloves. This black body found a relief in the captains and generals of the army districts and provinces, with their staffs and the numerous deputations from the houses of Cortes, in their turn preceded by heralds and staff-bearers in ancient costume. The general was no less a person than Manuel Concha, Marquis of Duero. Manuel was born in Buenos Ayres, where his father, a Spanish general, was shot down during an insurrection. He has passed through many perils, and has been involved in many conspiracies; but he is a brave soldier and clever tactician, and has eluded the fate of his father. He is now president of the senate, and enjoys great honour at court. He is of middle height, with dark complexion, and is of robust form. Towering head and shoulders above the rest, marched Leopold O'Donnel, Count of Tetuan. His red hair, healthy colour, broad face, and grey eyes betray his northern extraction. He is well built, with a broad chest; but age begins to tell upon him, and he stoops as he walks. He gives the impression of a self-conscious man; he is like an iceberg from which the impulsive Spaniards are constantly driven off at a tangent, and the advantage his cool northern nature gives him over the southern mind explains the position he has held for more than ten years.

Our carriage could not, of course, approach the monument, and the view we might have obtained was shut out by the promenades planted with thick cypresses and laurels. According to the programme, the troops were collected under a canopy erected at the foot of the monument, where a mass for the repose of the dead was repeated, and the trees and iron railing hung with flowers and garlands. Besides this there had been masses read at intervals at three different altars, as well as at all the churches. After the mass was finished, the long line of cavalry and artillery passed along, lowering their flags and standards as they came near. After the artillery came the infantry, who had halted at the entrance to the Prado. In marching past one division fired a salute over the grave of their sleeping companion, and from time to time the cannon thundered and the bells tolled.

The ceremony at which we assisted was not the only one that commemorated the day. Early in the morning four to five hundred students from the central university had assembled and marched in closed lines to Monteleone, where the two officers fell; then they proceeded to the Dos de Mayo, where they placed wreaths of laurels and immortelles. On their return they stopped before the Congress, where is a bronze statue of Cervantes. The statue was made at a Munich foundry, and is not without merit; but it is not large enough, and gives, on the whole, a melancholy impression, as it makes the poet resemble the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance. Whether the statue is or is not a success, the inscription denotes the prince of

Spaniards, and the students uncover their heads and give their great master three lusty cheers.

We had arranged our plans with much consideration to reach Granada in the most agreeable manner. We were acquainted with the country as far as Aranjuez, and La Mancha we had visited previously, so that all we could desire was to pass through that district in a railway carriage at night, in order to be able to observe the new and lovely country in the morning. But man proposes, and God disposes. We took our places in the railway coupé at eight o'clock (5th of May, 1863), but any idea of comfort was immediately put to flight by the presence of three companions, a Frenchman and two Spaniards, who were talking, laughing, and smoking incessantly. It is true that I heard one of the Spaniards remark, that as there were ladies they had better leave off; but the Frenchman answered that in Spain everybody smoked, and they need not disturb themselves. And so they continued for several hours, when, being completely tired out, I said curtly that it was by no means agreeable to be kept awake by a conversation carried on in such loud tones, and that no gentleman ever smoked without obtaining the ladies' permission. The cigars flew out of the window, and silence was allowed to reign, the trio disappearing at the next station.

After passing the Venta de Gresada, near the station of Manzanares, where Don Quixote de la Mancha was dubbed a knight, we were roused just as dawn began to tinge the sky by the guard shouting: "Santa Cruz de Mudela todos bajar." A hut of boards, with one or two wretched posadas adjoining, constituted the station which received us; the town, of a dingy grey or brown, scarcely to be distinguished from the earth, lay at a considerable distance. We felt weary, and having to wait an hour for the diligence, we went into the best looking of the inns and ordered coffee. A narrow passage led into a small dirty court-yard, and upon descending two or three steps we came to the dark cold cellar which served as a dining-room. After discussing the contents of our diminutive cups, we determined to take our seats, three in the coupé and one on the rotunda, and in a short time we were sent on our way with a noisy accompaniment of cheering. Behind Santa Cruz the country becomes mountainous—steep naked hills rising in terraces one upon another. From time to time we crossed the railway which was to extend ultimately to Cordova. Here, for the first time, I saw women employed in agricultural labour, shaking up the soil in baskets, instead of, as with us, making use of heavy harrows. We were approaching the far-famed, if not ill-famed, Sierra Morena. The morning was cool and fine, every object standing out so sharply in the transparent atmosphere that the idea of distance was almost lost. At the Venta de Cardenas the hill became quite perpendicular, but our five shaggy mules did not slacken their pace, which amounted to a smart trot, the road being good and winding spirally round the heights. The surrounding scenery increased in beauty with every second, and anything more wild, more grand in its awful character than the pass of Despeña Perros, where Andalusia begins, it is difficult to conceive. But do not fancy us alone. Both before and behind us came diligences, and

bands of pedestrians, with donkeys, mules, or oxen drawing carts, great waggons with freights tall as a house, alternating with heavy carts, built in a most ancient style; and with each rencontre there was shouting, greeting, and cracking of whips, every peasant giving our mules a neighbourly push onward. Sometimes, too, we met the Guardia Civil, whose presence enables us to cross the Sierra Morena without being either plundered or murdered. At Santa Elena, where we breakfasted, is the summit of the hill, and at a short distance is Bailen, the scene of so many battles. Here it was that Scipio defeated Asdrubal, and that the final battle between the Moors and the Christians took place. In modern times it is famous for the capitulation of General Dupont, in July, 1808, which dissolved the charm of Napoleon's invariable success. Our posada was situated in a little square, and had a fountain opposite to it, surrounded by shady trees. Fantastical groups of peasants, muleteers, washerwomen, and beggars were idling about this Alameda, the sun striking fiercely down wherever it was not shut off by the narrow streets.

At twelve o'clock we were again in the diligence travelling through an open undulating country; and soon we gained the Guadalquiver, which we crossed by means of a pretty suspension bridge. Vineyards and olive plantations, occasional fields of oats and turnips, occupied both sides of the way until we came within sight of Jaen. The old Moorish castle, the Alcazar, stands upon a rugged rock above the town, built on terraces on the side of a hill, and was at the time lit up in the most wonderful manner by the evening sun. Below rises the cathedral and the surrounding buildings built in the Roman-Byzantine style. It does not deprive the town of the Moorish character given by the Alcazar, and, indeed, notwithstanding this evidence, it is hardly possible to believe this the dwelling of Christians. In the market-place, where we changed horses, everything was in prosperous activity, the Andalusian costume, the little round velvet hat, the mantilla, and that simple but coquettish ornament, a dark rose or pomegranate blossom being prominent features. The sun was going down as we quitted Jaen. For a time we followed the course of the river, and then entered a lovely valley watered by the Val-Paraiso, which we crossed several times. Orange-trees, splendid hazels, and chesnut-trees of every size, aloes, laurels, hedges of pomegranates, enclosing corn-fields and vegetables, grew here in luxuriant abundance. The moon had risen, when the rocky walls seemed to meet together, and shut themselves and the valley in, by a huge rock through which we must penetrate by a tunnel. At eight o'clock we had reached the Campillo and Arenas, where our mayoral and his companion filled their wine-bottles or bags. This is of the form of a powder-flask, only that the mouthpiece is small and narrow: I say mouthpiece, but a Spaniard does not place his mouth to it, but when he wishes to drink throws his head back, and brings the point within two inches of his mouth so as to catch the red stream as it flows out. I induced the mayoral to let me try this method with a few drops of his wine, but I am afraid to say what happened, as it requires more dexterity than I was master of. We next proceeded through several narrow defiles resembling the Sierra Morena so much, that the weapons

of the patrol, which from time to time glittered in the moonlight, proved a great relief to us. It was midnight, and the moon was at the full height, when we saw before us the magnificent Vega de Granada. The town lay at the foot of the mountain separating the Genil from the Darro, which embrace first at its base, bathed in a magical light. The thought of being in bewitching Granada, and the idea of escaping from confinement in the diligence, imbued us with renewed elasticity, and in some degree prepared us for what we had yet to undergo.

Upon entering the hotel no one was to be seen, until our mayoral hunted out the waiter or mozo: the latter conducted us to two rooms, which seemed to be what we required, but on our engaging to take them he explained that we could not do so, as all the linen was away with the laundress. He, however, pointed out another hotel on the other side of the street, but here they had no room vacant, excepting an attic at the top of the house. We were beginning to despair of finding any lodging whatever, when the mozo volunteered the information that the best place for strangers was the Alhambra gardens, to which he would take us at once. The Alhambra gardens! That was enough, at two o'clock in the morning, and after the most fatiguing journey, to banish all fatigue. For a short time we went along the broad street through which the Darro flows, then turning to the left plunged into a labyrinth of small streets intersected by still smaller ones. Everything was perfectly silent, the only person we met being our delantero with his saddle on his back, who disappeared, after giving us buenos noches, into what we thought a door, but which was, we found, a street four feet wide. In this manner do the Arabs live. After walking on for about half an hour, we came to a dark tunnel-like entrance, the fortified gate of the castle; a fine avenue of elms led thence, and we could distinctly hear invisible rivulets murmuring among the bushes in the cool balmy air, while now and then fountains shot up their waters to reflect the moonlight. In another quarter of an hour we had gained the end of the avenue, and found ourselves at the foot of a tall rock topped by a minaret. Close to this tower was a little house, the Fonda de las siete Suelas. The host was roused, and we were made hospitably welcome, with a babble of chattering and barking of dogs. Everything was as comfortable as Spain can furnish; antiquated furniture, narrow, lofty rooms, bare stone floors, but the beds and linen spotlessly clean.

We were very fortunate in our weather while at Granada: the spring showers every morning cooled the air agreeably, while the glorious sun reigned for hours, the moon in the evening showing us the ruins of the Alhambra in another light. The interior of these rude towers and walls are wonderful courts and fine colonnades, saloons, baths, state-rooms, mosques, and all the beauties of form that delight the eye as much as impose with their magnificence. The courts and passages are paved with marble, and the slender graceful pillars are of the same white stone; every other ornament being formed in stucco and wood, the colours of blue, red, and gold predominating everywhere. Much has been done towards the restoration of these Moorish courts, and in places where the walls had been relieved of their coat of clay, the lovely arabesque figures were in pristine

splendour. Wherever, too, the carved wooden ceilings are injured, they are being repaired.

A fine view is obtained from the Belvedere over the Darro and the Albaricin, comprising the handsome trees below, that rise almost to the level of the castle of Comares. Another still broader prospect is from the Torre de la Vela; but the grandest of all is that from the terraces of the Generalife, or from the peak Silla del Moro, hanging over this fairy abode, which sparkles like a diamond amid sombre cypresses and laurels. The height upon which it is situated is separated by the valley from the Alhambra, but the intervening space is occupied by private gardens, through which is a good road with a hedge of roses, pomegranates, and fig-trees. In the wonderful vegetation around the palace, the courts, and the gardens, we find every delight that nature can produce brought together. No traveller delays to visit Albaricin, and we were soon on our way there. Although the streets of this old gipsy and Moorish town are so steep and narrow as to necessitate a mule or a walk, and the small pointed stones are particularly distasteful, you will be well rewarded when you have reached the top and have chosen the terrace of San Nicolas Church as a resting-place, for the Alhambra, the Generalife, and the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada are before you.

We visited several old Arab dwelling-houses, in order to scrutinise their Moorish stucco walls, their horse-shoe doors and windows, their colonnades, their inner courts and fountains, their gardens watered by running streams; and we often walked through the Zakatin, their business thoroughfare. The pride and beauty of Granada consists in the number of Christian temples—I say temples—for they answer in no particular to our notion of a church; the cathedral, built by Diego de Siloé in the latter part of the sixteenth century, appears to us a Greek or Roman altar of sacrifice to some pagan deity. They are now chiefly in ruins, those in sufficient preservation being used as barracks. On the Carrera del Darro there is an imposing church dedicated to las Augustias; within is a glass case containing a large doll dressed in a velvet cloak, embroidered with gold, and presented to the Virgin by the queen. But the richest church in all Spain is the Carthusian Chapel, outside the town. The doors and shrines are inlaid with every precious stone, tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, and exquisitely carved wood; the walls are of polished coloured marble and jasper arranged in arabesque, while the high altar and chancel dazzle the eye with gold and silver, jewels, marble, alabaster, and jasper.

It was a fine starlight night when we left Granada. The Spaniard drives rapidly along the streets, but he drives twice as quickly on the paved road, and there seems to be no official regulation for this atropellato. Accounts of accidents to women carrying children are given in the papers, often to the extent of three a day. After passing the lovely valley of Santa Fé, we come to the little town of Loja, the retreat of the great Captain Gonsalvo, and where Narvaez spends the summer months. At Colmenar, the only town between Loja and Malaga, we made a short halt. The sun burnt with full power against the ridge of this sterile hill, though it was but seven o'clock in the morn-

ing. But soon we were on the south declivity of the hill, and could watch the sails of the fishing-boats as they skimmed the water like seagulls. A fog concealed the ocean itself from us, but Malaga lay before us apparently close at hand; we had, however, an hour of sharp driving before we reached the town. The road wound in perpetual zigzag down the hill, called Cuesta de la Reina, and disliked by the Spanish postboys even.* There was much traffic, and we were sometimes thrust by most extraordinary looking vehicles so close to the edge that we from the inside could see only air beneath us; and sometimes the road turned so abruptly, that the coachman was going one way and the carriage another. At length we were in the valley of the stream without a river, for there was little to be seen of the Guadalmedena. To the right was the cemetery, enclosed by white walls and the dark cypress, the road branching off to it having a hedge of gaudy geraniums; farther on was a small suburb, where hundreds of women were washing in the brook passing through, notwithstanding that it was Sunday and the hour of mass; lastly, we came to the Alameda, a good road with nice houses on each side, leading towards the harbour. The Fonda de la Alameda was a handsome hotel, possessed of everything that could be desired.

That evening, at five o'clock, a gondola took us on board the steamer *Marseille*, and we got out to sea under a slight shower of rain, accompanied by a peal of thunder. To the right we left the steep Gibralfaro, with its old Moorish castle and lighthouse; to the left the heights over which leads the road to Cordova; and between was the valley of Malaga, encircled by the Cuesta de la Reina, rising in terraces, and washed at the base by the purple sea. The brilliant white town, Moorish in aspect, with its flat roofs, pavilions, and small towers, looked so picturesque, so beautiful, from the sea, that we forgot the stifling heat, and monotony engendered by surrounding hills, which yet do not entirely keep off the sharp winds. As long as we were protected by the Gibralfaro we had comparatively fine weather; but when we had rounded this point, a young Spanish lady and I were the only persons who remained under the shelter of umbrellas upon deck. It was not till six o'clock the next morning that we came again in sight of land, and could see the walls and houses to all appearance emerging from the deep blue sea. Cadiz has no proper harbour; great pieces of rock jut out of the sea, and cause so great a swell that our steamer had to remain at the distance of a mile from the town, waiting for the boats to land us, so that we had ample time to reconnoitre. Cadiz has a high wall partially fortified, pieces of cannon peeping out at intervals; the wall itself is sixty feet wide, and is laid out as a handsome promenade. At length a boat came alongside with a noisy shouting crew, the railway passengers having been conveyed over some time before. The wind was contrary, and the waves high, so that in spite of the liveliness and romantic character of our position and companions, we were by no means displeased when we were landed on the quay, after an hour's tossing. We were at once marshalled to the Aduana, where our bags were searched, and then carried by a porter through several streets, not more than ten feet broad, to the Hôtel de Paris, a good hotel in one of the best

streets, twenty-five feet broad, in Cadiz. Soon after we visited the cathedral, one of the few fine specimens of modern art, and the evening we spent with some American naval officers and captains.

It was a soft May morning as we proceeded to the station on our way to Seville. The railway crosses from the island of Leon, on which Cadiz is built, to San Fernando, an important town a few miles off. To the right, we saw great hills of salt, formed by the simple action of the sun upon the water admitted from the sea into the creeks; while to the left was Cadiz, here like a complete island. Soon we passed wheat and oats already in the sheaf, in their turn superseded by vineyards and pine forests; every garden and field hedged in by aloes and cactus. The vine is cut short as in France, the soft broad leaves covering the ground. In about an hour we reached Xeres, a large flourishing town with 40,000 inhabitants, all occupied in the wine trade, some of the wealthy merchants living in a luxury worthy of Lucullus. I had an opportunity of ascertaining every particular from the young partner of an important firm, who shared the same compartment with us. The wines for English and American markets are sweetened, and mixed with strong spirits, concocted from the same noble fruit; but in the case of the genuine dry sherry the sugar is omitted, and it is left absolutely bitter. The manzanilla, which grows at San Lucar, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, has obtained its name from the camomile, of which flavour it strongly partakes. The wine is doctored to a great extent; that is to say, old and new wines, strong and light wines, are mixed together.

After a time the vine ceased, and we were again among fields of oats, their graceful bearded heads swaying to and fro with the wind. Shortly after we arrived at Lobregar, with its ruined Moorish castle and cathedral placed upon a height; then we passed San Juan beyond Utrera. We had been warned that, with such a clear sky and hot sun above us, we might see the Fata Morgana on the approaching plains; but we encountered nothing more than two or three large lakes or swamps, obviously natural, and the distant trees were upright, instead of having their heads reversed, as we were led to expect. Nearer Seville, at the Dos Hermanos, we came to large plantations of olives, for there is the nursery of the olives of Spain. Not until we beheld the towers of Seville did we first catch a glimpse of the broad yellow Guadalquivir, the object of my Andalusian tour, my day-dream for years. The hot mid-day we devoted to a refreshing rest in the Fonda de Londres, Alameda del Duque, postponing our researches until evening.

There is no Corso, and the theatre possesses nothing of interest, but there is no lack of fine carriages and handsome toilettes. The houses of Seville have inviting courts, fountains, orange-trees, and flowers; but the Arabs, Moors, and subsequently the Spaniards, did not build for external appearance, but reserved every charm to decorate the interior, and so we find many streets with no visible entrance nor front. We must not, therefore judge by the naked, desolate appearance of the city, for although Seville has lost its importance as a port and place of trade, it still contains much wealth. In some of the manufactories I found not less than 4000 Andalusian girls and

young women in one enormous room—truly a startling, wonderful spectacle. Fancy 4000 crinolines hanging in rows. Among these inhabitants of Seville I could not discover twelve even pleasing faces. I admit their costume was not becoming; their smart clothes and mantillas were laid aside, and their undress was of coarse texture, and somewhat in disorder, the fabrication of tobacco entailing much dirt; but I was thoroughly unprejudiced, and I judged of the type of the features and of the form of the figure with the greatest impartiality. Take the better class of Andalusian women, and look at the girls who peep out of the windows, or recline in the carriages, that bowl along the Paseo, and you will see many charms, but no perfect beauty. The Andalusian is pleasing from her vivacity, her conversational power, politeness, and above all her perfect simplicity, for the Spanish lady is of all women the most free from affectation. The mantilla reigns here, and men and boys seem to delight in the national costume. Upon their spirited, fiery animals, with their rich saddles and bridles covered with a bright cloth, and tied up with ribbons and tassels, they present a gay appearance. Seville is also crowded with toreros, who wear an official dress—a round felt hat shaped like a turban, a short jacket richly embroidered, and open in front to display a handsome waistcoat, in like manner showing a fine plaited shirt. The neck is generally uncovered, while round the top of the well-fitting white cashmere hose is bound a broad red sash. The short black hair is drawn tightly to the back of the head, and there twisted into a little knot, to which is attached a chignon.

The day after our arrival we hastened to the cathedral, a name given to no single church, but to a collection of buildings, a small portion only of the vast edifice being devoted to divine worship. On the first visit we passed by all the side chapels and all the monuments of art in order to avoid complete bewilderment. The sunshine came trembling in on to the marble floor, reflecting the most magical hues; a young eloquent priest stood on the altar, while beneath him were seated some hundreds of women in black silk dresses and veils, sometimes sparkling in the sun, sometimes sobered by a dark shadow; in the side chapels mass was being chanted, while from time to time a gigantic organ would thunder forth its notes. In such a space there could be no general prayer; every one must join after their own feeling and inclination: in one corner was sung the Te Deum, in another the prayers and mourning for the departed were performed, while still farther on a gentle daughter whispered her offences in the ear of her confessor. Several notices on the walls, forbidding unseemly conduct or any conversation between the two sexes, prove that this church has formerly been made a place of assembly for amusement. Near the cathedral, though not immediately connected with it, stands the Giralda, a church, half pagan, half Christian, containing the arcades of an old Moorish mosque. The Palace of San Felino, now the residence of the Duke de Montpensier, lies in the vicinity of the Guadalquivir, and has most delightful gardens.

Early in the morning of the 15th of May we left Seville. Following the river, we entered a broad fruitful plain, and for the distance of twelve to fifteen miles saw the graceful Giralda on the horizon.

Everywhere the harvest was in progress, to furnish us a lovely landscape. About mid-day we crossed the Guadalquivir by a fine bridge, and at Palma we met an old acquaintance in the Genil, which flows into it. Near Almadovar, an old Moorish castle shut in by two great rocks, the country became wild and picturesque. Then the valley widened out, and to the left we saw rounded hills studded with castles and villas, and crowned with wood. By one o'clock we had arrived at the station of Cordova, at the end of the Alameda, through whose avenues we entered the old Arab town. The streets leading to our hotel, although among the best, were so narrow that those persons walking had to squeeze themselves into doorways to avoid being crushed. Cordova, the most important town in Spain at the time of the Cæsars, is now the most desolate; it contains no more than 50,000 inhabitants, and has little influence, although at one time its schools and colleges were very considerable. The mosque is now the most attractive feature; but all symmetry is lost, in consequence of the Christian church raised in the middle by Charles V. The Arab sanctuary, the holy of holies, is a most complete specimen of Moorish architecture; a dome of dazzling marble overshadows it, supported by slender pillars. The walls are painted and gilt in arabesque, letters of gilt glass forming verses of the Koran. The vestibule of this holy of holies is composed of columns with double arches of pure white marble. We climbed up to the old castle, now in ruins, and occupied only as a prison, to enjoy the broad prospect there opened. Several old-fashioned mills stand upon the islands, to be set in motion by the Guadalquivir, while farther on an ancient bridge spans the stream. I made my way there in the twilight with some difficulty, and obtained a pleasant view of the town, and the cathedral and mosque commanding it. A massive stone gate shut me off from the other side of the bridge. During this nocturnal expedition I passed several open squares in which stood huge gilt or bronze statues of the Archangel Raphael, the patron of Cordova. The time devoted to our travels in Andalusia would run out in a few hours, and we had still to return to Madrid, so that anything remarkable that remained to be seen we had to leave unseen.

We left Cordova at eleven o'clock, and being fatigued by the brilliant day, we gave ourselves up to sleep; but whenever passing through a street we were rudely awakened by the bumps and joltings incidental to an ill-laid pavement, for there is no greater contrast than the excellent highways and infamous streets of every town in Spain. Towards morning we entered Andujar, situated on the Guadalquivir, in a beautiful smiling country. Everybody was in the market-place, and our diligence was surrounded by troops of beggars as we changed horses. The sun burnt with fierceness, and the dust began for the first time to annoy us. Leaving Andujar, the road ascended a steep hill, and we bade adieu to the valley of the Guadalquivir. To the south was the chain of Jaen: above it towered the Sierra Nevada, while to the north rose the brown hills of the Sierra Morena. At about ten o'clock we stopped at the posada on the battle-field of Bailen. The sum of ten reals which we paid for the use of a room in which to wash and dust ourselves, did not succeed in winning the favour of the

host, who was much displeased at our refusal of breakfast; but the viands that were carried past us from the kitchen by two or three slatternly maids, were not calculated to please the keenest appetite with their smell of oil and garlic. We were now once more in the country through which we had previously travelled. At Carolina there was a mass, and we had to make a détour through the outskirts to avoid the throng of people. I should have liked to mix among the crowd, but we stopped only to change horses. We crossed the Sierra Morena without accident, chasing several diligences down the Questa de Santa Helena, where, a few days before, the King of Portugal had been overturned. I asked our mayoral why he did not remain a little behind, as the dust was twice as painful as it need be in consequence of our close proximity to the other carriages, and the chance of accident made greater during a descent. He answered, that it was the custom to keep in company; but I can find no reason for this, in our enlightened times of gendarmes. At four o'clock we reached Santa Cruz de la Mudela. We had refreshed ourselves during the day with pressed meat, chocolate, cakes, and bread, intending to procure a dinner at the excellent buffet at the station of Alcazar de San Juan. What was our surprise, therefore, when we drove up to a posada in the clay wall of this nest of houses, the mayoral coolly telling us that we had just time to dine there before the train started, this kind of conspiracy between the postboys and the hotels being in full force; not that they expect anything from Spaniards, but foreigners must pay full tribute. We got out and went at once to the rooms provided with brushes, water, and everything necessary for the cleansing process; but after what we had seen at Bailen, we could not make up our minds to dine. Our "no vamos a comer" was, however, incomprehensible to the pretty pert attendant, and she came a second time to announce dinner. I simply shook my head; and this, together with the apparition of my daughter eating oranges, forced the unpleasant truth upon her, and she retired frowning. In the hall we found the landlord evidently amazed at our obstinacy, as the mayoral would of course inform them that we had had no breakfast. The girl, who was carrying a couple of really well-roasted fowls, cried: "Esta fonda es muy buena no es fonda como en Bailen," while beneath the balcony were all the hopeful youths in the population discussing the great event, and we got into the diligence under a formidable array of eyes. While we were watching the sun go down behind the brown waves of La Mancha, the train came up, and we took our departure. Late at night we refreshed ourselves as well as we could at Alcazar de San Juan, then got into the carriages from Alicante, and at nine o'clock arrived in Madrid, after twelve days spent in the most delightful districts of beautiful Spain.

TO MARY.

"C'est sur toi que j'ai réuni toutes les affections que j'avais perdues; c'est toi que mon cœur a fait héritier de tous les sentimens qu'il connut jamais."—Gonsalve de Cordova.

My Mary, when each summer flower
Is blooming in its pride again,
I'll fly to thee, and one sweet hour
Shall pay me for an age of pain;
One gentle word, one dear caress,
One look or smile, will then suffice
To welcome from the wilderness
A wanderer into paradise!
Though here, when friends around I see,
My heart its sorrow smothers;
'Twould rather weep its tears with thee,
Than share its smiles with others.

For when my heart's fresh prospects seemed
A waste of solitude and blight,
Thine eye upon their darkness beamed,
And sunn'd them into life and light;
And as a lone but lovely flower,
Which, when all other flowers depart,
Still bloometh in its ruined bower,
Thou bloomedst in my lonely heart;
And shall I then the Rose forget,
Which seem'd in Hope's wreath braided,
And like a spirit lingers yet,
Now all the rest have faded?

Oh no! the heart which is the seat
Of love like mine can never rove;
Its fragile pulse may cease to beat,
But, oh! it ne'er can cease to love;
For love is past the earth's control,
Far soaring as the ocean-wave—
It is eternal as the soul,
And lives and blooms beyond the grave—
It is a link of pleasure's chain,
A never-dying token,
Whose lustre and whose strength remain
When all save that are broken!

V. D.

THE FRANCO-AUSTRIAN ALLIANCE.

It is related that when the last of the kings of Lombardy—Didier—saw from the walls of Pavia the army of Charlemagne extending round as far as the eye could reach, and its appearance rendered still more formidable from the armour glistening in the sun, "Ferrum! ferrum! eheu ferrum!" he exclaimed in his agony. Such is the attitude of Europe in the present day. Wherever we turn our eyes nothing is to be seen but arms and armaments, and the most civilised portion of the earth's surface has become one common field for hostilities. It is high time that an end should come to such an unnatural and un-Christianlike state of things; but that happy conclusion seems to be as far off as it was in the days of Charlemagne, Charles V., or Napoleon I. Philosophers may write; no one attends to them. Victor Cousin, commenting upon Adam Smith, said: "A nation is as one individual. Europe is one and the same people, of which the different nations are the provinces; and all humanity is only one and the same nation, which ought to be ruled by the law of any well-ordered nation—that is to say, the law of justice, which is the law of liberty. Policy is distinct from morality, but it cannot be opposed to it. For what are all the inhuman and tyrannical maxims of a superannuated policy in the presence of the great laws of an eternal morality? At the risk of being taken for what I am—that is to say, for a philosopher—I declare that I cherish hopes of seeing a government gradually formed in Europe after the fashion of the government which the French Revolution gave to France. The Holy Alliance which sprung up years ago between the kings of Europe is a happy seed which the future will develop, not only in the profit of peace, so excellent in itself, but in the profit of justice and European liberty." Another philosopher well known to Europe—Michel Chevalier—also avers that in our times French working men and peasants have laid aside aggressive dispositions against foreigners. The workman and the peasant, he says, no longer permit themselves to be looked upon as mere food for powder, or tolerate that an ambitious government should have the right to send them to the shambles merely to carry out their ideas. It is not they who would say "Morituri te salutant" unless the safety of the country or its dignity demanded that it should make great sacrifices. There is no doubt that all Europe, amid the clash of arms and the cementing of warlike alliances, is pervaded, to a certain extent, by the same spirit. The working classes and the peasantry of all countries alike have learnt to appreciate the benefits of peace, to bless it as the means of progress, as the palladium of the national liberties which constitute its guarantee, and as the beneficent genius under whose auspices they can, by energetic efforts, obtain their share in the moral and material benefits of civilisation. They are no longer ignorant of the great fact that they, more than any others, have to bear the great burden of war. Yet does the senator and philosopher—Michel Chevalier—himself admit that in France, were it necessary, it would only require to stamp upon the ground in order

that there should arise from it an innumerable and devoted body of workmen and peasants, who would hurry to the frontier as all France did in the days of Valmy, Jemmapes, and Fleurus. Strange inconsistency of human nature, which knows, admits, and argues upon the blessings of peace and the injustice and curse of war, and is still so much under the influence of the lower instincts as to be ever ready at a moment's notice to cast away the fruits of thought, wisdom, and toil, for the sake of indulgence in the wayward passions of the fight!

It would have been thought that Austria, above all other countries, humbled by defeat and shorn of its finest provinces in Germany and Italy, and forced to lean upon its Magyar and Slavonian populations, would have wished for peace to recruit its political well-being, to bring about cohesion among its people, to repair its finances, and to reorganise its means of defence or offence. Austria was just arriving at that long-sought-for epoch in her financial history when its paper money, having attained a value nearly at par with a regular currency, it was about to be done away with altogether. But the breaking out of war at once threw her back to her original bad financial condition, and paper money fell with a movement that has ever since gone on increasing, just as it did in America in the time of the civil war. States which adopt a paper currency always find it much more difficult to contract loans than others. Hence Prussia, whose finances are in a better condition, enjoys unbounded credit. But people decline to lend to Austria, because they do not know what they have to rely upon, while national finances will advance but little, and that only in exchange for privileges and advantages which are not only excessively onerous to government, but tend to increase existing evils by introducing further elements of difficulty and disorder in the whole financial system. Labour and taxation are alike affected; produce diminishes, for the working classes are uncertain of payment, and taxation diminishes with a general scarcity, the whole nation languishing in idleness and poverty.

Austria is unquestionably possessed of a constitution sufficiently robust to be able to resist such trials for a long period of time. It is not, indeed, the first time that the sovereign and the people have suffered together. The communion in a happy or miserable existence between the house of Austria and its subjects has stood the test of ages. Austria differs in this respect from Italy, where the community of feeling in times of happiness and distress dates but of yesterday, and the strength of these ties have not yet been satisfactorily tried. But even in Austria it is difficult to say how long this state of things can endure. When governments have exhausted all regular resources, they have infallibly recourse to requisitions and exactions, all legitimate means having previously failed. The form and character of these spoliations varies with the genius of the financier of the day, but the basis of such proceedings remains always the same—that is to say, they repose upon violence and tyranny. As people get more and more with the lapse of time to appreciate the blessings of peace, and to understand that they must pay in their persons, their means, their property, and their very toil, all the expenses and sacrifices of war, so will they also become more and more averse to submitting to those

tyrannous exactions both in regard to the levies of men and money to which they are subjected by so disastrous and unnatural a course of things.

A Franco-Austrian alliance, with or without hostile objects in view, is just one of those cases in which the fundamental laws of justice are set at nought, and the liberties, lives, and property of the people are placed in jeopardy, without sufficient reason. It would not be a defensive alliance, for the frontiers of neither country are menaced. It would infallibly lead to a war of ideas: on the part of France, the idea of reconquering its ephemeral frontiers won in time of European trouble and perplexity, and the idea of humiliating Prussia, whose influence in the councils of Europe is regarded as a menace to France; on the part of Austria, the idea of revenging Sadowa, and regaining her German territories and prestige, or, with the aid of France, of reestablishing a Southern Catholic German Confederation to counterbalance the power of the Protestant Confederation of the North—a result which it never could permanently attain, from that inevitable law of nature which imparts superior power to superior industry, intelligence, and prosperity.

Those who labour most to prove to Austria the interest which she has in entering into an offensive alliance with France are quite aware of the weakness of the grounds they have to go upon; they know that the German inhabitants of Austria, as also of the southern kingdoms and states, however loyal or bigoted they may be, they are still—the majority at least—more German than Austrian, Bavarian, or Würtembergian. They know, also, that it is at the present moment the duty and interest of the house of Lorraine-Hapsburg to strengthen its position in the East, to recruit its finances, and put its army on a footing to compete with modern systems. They turn then to other and weaker points of still more imaginary significance. "Let us cast," they say, "our eyes to the four horizons of heaven, and we shall everywhere see formidable questions, complications of all kinds, ready to burst forth, which may engender wars in a greater or less space of time—wars in which the most skilful and the strongest will most assuredly be the conqueror, albeit he may be opposed to all right and justice. To advise Austria, then, at such a moment to isolate herself, to retire within herself, to busy herself with only her own affairs, to disarm, and to await events before taking a part or entering into alliances conformable to her own interests, is to recommend her death as a great European power, and to seek to reduce her to the condition of a second Turkey."*

Among the eventualities likely to arise which may involve Austria, and which are therefore put forward as spurs to an alliance with Fance, is, strangely enough, the revolution which may break out at the death of the French ruler. "Already," we are told, "our little Dantonistes of the year 1848 make no secret of declaring that they will, when that event takes place, proclaim a democratic and social republic, and at the same time declare war against all Catholic and

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* Les Alliances Austro-Française et Austro-Prusso-Russe, à propos des Questions Orientale, et Polonaise. Paris: E. Dentu.

monarchical Europe. Such a project, which will appear so chimerical, not the less enters into the designs of a cosmopolite democracy." Such an idea, at all events, sets forth that ambition and vain-gloriousness of France which incessantly compels her, whether as an empire, a monarchy, or a republic, to attempt to dominate in Europe in its usual marked and strong light. Austria, we are further told, being considered as bigoted, will be the first attacked. The *Journal des Débats*, six days after the battle of Sadowa, declared that "Austria is clerical; she must either transform herself or perish; she can no longer exist as she is." Such a conclusion can only have been suggested by the victorious supremacy of a Protestant power; but Protestantism, which is progress, is not, as the infidels of France imagine, necessarily subversive, republican, or democratic.

The Roman question, we are next told, may bring about at any moment the most serious complications, and such may be anticipated at the expiration of the convention of September, at the decease of the Pope, or on the occasion of a revolutionary blow being struck against Rome itself. "A certain class of politicians pretend that Austria is no longer interested in this question since she has given up her Italian provinces. It is a matter, they say, which remains to be arranged between a united Italy and France, protectress of the Pope. Those who hold such language would be among the first to blame the Austrian government if it had the folly to allow so serious a question to be resolved without her intervention. Austria cannot forget, without compromising her honour, that she is, above all things, a great Catholic power."

A third danger lies, we are told, in the probability that M. de Bismark will not cease carrying out his annexations in the face of the protestations of his new subjects, who reject Prussian domination at any price. The conquering minister has not, we are told, undertaken by any treaty to forego carrying out his system of annexations by conquest or by diplomacy. On the other hand, Napoleon has formally declared, in his letter to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, that if the European equilibrium is disturbed, and the map of Europe is in any way modified to the exclusive profit of a great power, he will also think of extending his frontiers by force of arms, if *the moral force* of France should not suffice to bring about that result. We have here, then, the possibility of a war between France and Prussia—possibilities which are made to depend upon the Emperor not being able to obtain his ends by pacific means, whilst the concessions he seeks for are precisely such as cannot be conceded except by force.

This last eventuality is the only really important one in reference to the Franco-Austrian alliance. "M. de Bismark represents," we are told, "a large portion of Germany; but Napoleon at war with Prussia would represent France in its entirety marching behind him to avenge Rosbach and to punish the insolent enemy of Waterloo. Austria could not remain neutral; its interests would oblige it to take prompt and decisive action."

France in its entirety is certainly a most formidable power, which it does not require the use of vain and inflated language to duly herald; but it must not, at the same time, be forgotten that the existing con-

sition of the two remaining powers of the North, Prussia and Russia, can bring a million and a half of soldiers into the field. This is the era of strange and almost unnatural alliances, and as Catholic Italy sought, in its hostility to Catholic Austria, an alliance with Protestant Prussia, so, in the event of war between France and Prussia, Protestant and spoliated Denmark would probably side with France; but there are other powers interested in the question of an undue extension of the frontiers of France besides Prussia, and among these are notoriously the states of Southern Germany, already bound in a military and political alliance to the Confederation of the North.

It is certain that Napoleon III. has long conceived that by a Congress or otherwise—in fact, it has become a favourite idea with him—that he is morally strong enough to bring about those extensions of frontiers which are deemed to be essential for the safety of France in the presence of the unification of Germany and Italy, by political influence and by pacific means only; and his language, held at Arras and Lille, shows that he still holds by the same hope. M. de Lavalette's celebrated diplomatic circular was written solely in this sense. "France," it was said in that memorable letter, "had no cause for umbrage in the aggrandisement of Prussia. The new principle which regulated Europe was the liberty of alliances. An irresistible power urged people to agglomerate by swamping secondary states. Napoleon I. had foreseen the changes which are taking place in the present day on the European continent. He paved the way for them by sowing the seeds of new nationalities, by creating the kingdom of Italy in the Peninsula, and by wiping out two hundred and fifty-three independent states from the map of Germany." "The Imperial government," we are further told in this same circular, "has for a long time past applied the same principles to the extension of its own territory. It has understood and appreciated such annexations as are required by absolute necessity, and sought to unite only such populations as have the same manners and the same national mind as ourselves, and it sought for the re-establishment of its natural frontiers from the free consent of Savoy and of Nice." There is no mention of race or language as distinguishing nationalities here. The solution of such ethnographical and historical difficulties is indeed now made to suit the views of mere diplomatic subterfuge. We find one writer assimilating natural frontiers with arbitrary military lines, another discarding all historical, geographical, and ethnographical distinctions; and even M. de Lavalette himself superseding race, language, and religion by "manners and national mind"! According to such a definition of nationality, St. Petersburg would be more French than Coblentz, and Athens, Bucharest, and many other cities aping the first developments of a modern civilisation, as much French as (take away their garrisons) many towns in Alsatia and Lorraine. The populations of Belgium and of Geneva have, it has been observed, the same manners and the same national mind as France; upon such grounds, then, Napoleon could ask of the free consent of the people the re-establishment of the natural frontiers of his empire in those several directions.

The fact is, that upon this point the policy of France has never

wavered. Napoleon III. obtained the annexation of Savoy and Nice peacefully—but only after a victorious campaign; and, if he can, he will also obtain the left bank of the Rhine, as a peaceful concession made by a united Germany; but he is also prepared, as he has himself declared, "to extend his frontiers by arms, should the moral force of France not suffice to effect that result."

In this latter case, it is argued, a war will ensue in which Austria must inevitably take a part if she does not wish to lose her last remaining German provinces. The military reorganisation of France, so vehemently combated by the more industrial and pacific classes, who do not desire a war of aggrandisement, was solely dictated by this policy, and by the results of the wars of 1866. The nation, it was declared, "feels a just pride in the value of its arms; its susceptibilities, aroused by the memory of its military triumphs and by the name and the acts of the sovereign who rules over it, are only the energetic expression of its determination to maintain its rank and influence in the world *hors de toute atteinte*—beyond the power of being questioned." Now, rank and influence are such elastic and latitudinarian expressions—so purely a relative matter—that nothing can be more opposed to the maintenance of peace than the upholding of such vanities—vanities which assume the worst form of interference and domination in their uncalled-for and vexatiously incessant application.

Austria ought, then, it is urged, in the presence of such an eventuality, to gird up her loins and make for herself alliances which will enable her to enter with advantage and honour in the inevitable struggle that will follow, for the horizon is obscured by threatening clouds; many formidable problems have not yet received their natural solution, and they will break out sooner or later—the longer, indeed, that their solution is deferred, the more danger there will be of their becoming mixed up with revolutionary passions.

Again, Italy, which is a source of embarrassment to the whole world, and even to its own government, may yet undergo a transformation, or fall into a state of anarchy, in which case Austria would have to assist in "re-establishing the bases of a solid and durable peace in the Peninsula." This is the unkindest cut of all. United Italy, the most glorious work of the Empire, to revert again to Austria!

Further, Russia is, we are gravely informed, an immense furnace of conspiracies. That vast empire is mined by political and religious sects. Let some bold and audacious man arise, and the Czar will soon have ceased to reign, notwithstanding the atrocious severity of his government. The first great war in the East or the West may bring about a revolutionary crisis. In the mean time, Russia is controlled by its necessities towards Poland on the one side, and its ambitions towards Turkey on the other. Should Austria contract an alliance with France, it will be safe in the former direction; if not, it will, on the breaking out of hostilities, lose another of its rich provinces—its share of what was Polish territory. Austria, again, is, more than any other nation, most interested in the fate of that territory upon which the Osmanlis are still encamped. We use the word advisedly. It is at once one of the most natural and most legitimate inheritors

of certain provinces of what is called the Turkish empire. Yet it cannot remain isolated when the division consequent upon the break up of that empire, which is ever coming, but never arrives. There are in that, as in the Polish question, only two alliances open to it. One in a Prusso-Russian alliance against Napoleon—that is to say, against France and its allies (the latter always of secondary import)—and the other a Franco-Austrian alliance against Prussia and Russia. This is arguing that the policy of France and that of its allies must be necessarily anti-Prussian and Russian. The author of the pamphlet entitled "Napoleon III. et La Prusse" views matters in a very different light, and argues that there is no sane and safe political future for Europe but what will be founded upon a Franco-Prussian alliance. Austrian, Russian, or English alliances, he looks upon as at once "impossible and useless."

But there are other more remote contingencies possible, so vague in their nature, that did not such strange combinations arise in present times, they would scarcely be worth noticing. One of these is an Austro-Prusso-Italian alliance against France, which would imply the restoration of the Bourbons of the younger branch; another, a Russo-American alliance, which would imply the dismemberment of Turkey in Asia as well as in Europe, and the handing over the valleys watered by the Euphrates and Tigris—the cradle of the human race—to nations hostile or in rivalry with the Anglo-Indian empire. France represents an idea, England, we are told, represents credit; it does not care either for the Gospel or the Koran, whether a Christian or a Mussulman ruler hold the sway at Constantinople, so long as its Indian possessions are not put into jeopardy. It would therefore be naturally, and by the force of circumstances, in alliance with France and Austria in this question of the East. France, we are assured, only represents an idea in the East, whilst Russia, Austria, and England represent material interests. That "idea" may, however, embrace the guarantee for the "great loan" which must be obtained at the sacrifice of Egypt or Syria, or of both. There is no perfect disinterestedness among any of the great powers, even with Prussia, one of whose princes rules on the Danube, in the question of the East.

England again, we are told, carries within itself the germs of a great political and social revolution. It is its interest, then, to join the Franco-Austrian alliance, in order to turn attention by some great continental enterprise from the gulf that yawns before her. England will also one day want the aid of the maritime forces of France in a war with America. We are not, however, yet arrived at such a crisis, notwithstanding "the leap in the dark," as to have recourse to so heroic a remedy for the cure of our internal disorders; and as to an Anglo-Franco alliance against America, it is to be hoped it will never be needed, but, if needed, it would spring just as necessarily from the force of circumstances, and probably more so, than if anticipated by a Franco-Austrian and English alliance in a European war, of which no one could foresee the results.

But, it is argued, it is not only England that is interested in joining a Franco-Austrian alliance. Denmark would join such to regain her lost provinces; Sweden would join it to regain Finland

and Aland; Holland would join it to protect its frontiers: Belgium (a bit of iron between the hammer and the anvil) would join it to avert its occupation and conquest; Bavaria, Würtemberg, Saxony, Hanover, Hesse, and Baden would all join it, even to Italy and Greece, and what could Prussia and Russia do in presence of such a coalition? Such a coalition, it suffices to say, is not on the cards, except such as are played with at "la petite Bourse" on the Boulevards. The real bearing of such an alliance only comes to light when we read that by its means Constantinople would become the capital of a Catholic empire, and would assist in the dividing out of the most formidable monarchy which has ever existed in the world. Muhammadanism would have ceased to exist, and the civilising mission of Catholicism would commence under the influence of France and Austria—their allies being already thrown overboard by anticipation, and before even their alliance is obtained.

It is a remarkable phenomenon that all ideal politics move in a circle round Constantinople, to which they invariably culminate as the axis upon which all policy revolves. It is so also in all discussions in regard to what is designated as the Yankee-Russian alliance. But the three hundred dunderbergs and monitors which are to occupy the Mediterraneann would be as in a mouse-trap in presence of the coalition that we are promised will be there to encounter it! America, we are further told, is a factitious and material power. It has neither moral nor intellectual strength. It has no name, save that of the continent on which it exists; it is torn to pieces by factions and civil wars that spring from a vicious democracy, and which would run riot in time of war. The United States constitute a political union, and that is all, and an attempt to act as a great power in a foreign war would only hasten the breaking up of that badly aggregated union, in which the states of the South are disfranchised from political representation, and swayed by the bayonet. The Yankees, if ever they should act in alliance with Russia, would not, however, in all probability, engage the old European states from the West, which is their strong side, but from the East and the Pacific, where we have already pointed out the political and geographical movements of progress which are in operation.

It appears, however, that there exists a party in Austria—the party of ultramontane or bigoted Catholicism it may be called—which in the depth of its despair, as the last refuge of Catholicism in Central Europe, losing all influence in Germany, would gladly enter upon a suicidal alliance with France—Constantinople being held out as the reward for such an alliance. The *New Fremden Blatt*, which is said to be a semi-official organ of the chancellor of the empire, thinks that there is no need of a Russo-Prussian alliance to incite an understanding between France and Austria. "The cause of that understanding is of a date more recent; it dates from the treaty of Prague, which, it is true, is a mere convention concluded between Austria and Prussia, but the tenor of which is of an importance entirely European. (This is to say that Austria, having succumbed before Prussia, it is now prepared to seek the aid of France, or any other European power, to be reinstated.) The peace of Prague has

created in the very centre of Europe a power unknown there since the great emperors of Germany. It is true that, till now, it has been contended that a great and powerful state in the middle of Europe was necessary to maintain peace on the Continent; but in that case it would be desirable that such a state should be animated with pacific ideas. Such event would have occurred had Germany (*i.e.* Austria) succeeded in recovering her ancient grandeur, for Germany (*i.e.* Austria) is an empire of civilisation and progress—an empire of peace. Instead of a united Germany, there rose a great and powerful Prussia, which has thus become a new danger for the peace of Europe. It is a fact that the Hohenzollerns must be logically aggressive, because a pause from Prussia would amount to a backward step. After Frederick the Great, that pause brought on Jena; the pause of the Holy Alliance brought on Olmütz. Prussia must be active; in other words, she must aim at conquests, and never cease to disquiet Europe. Unfortunately, close to her are numerous morsels such as excite her appetite. Germany is at the present time under the yoke of Prussia; militarily speaking, Prussia is a great power. It is of paramount necessity to circumscribe that power, and the end must be reached by means of the treaty of Prague. What Prussia took from the Austrians at Königsgratz, and what France had granted to her previously, has been in Germany limited by the Maine. But what neither France nor Austria did ever acquiesce in is, that Prussia should plant her foot in Southern Germany. Already she has twice tried to do so. Firstly, by her treaties of offensive and defensive alliances; secondly, by the Zollverein Convention. Austria could, with reason, find in these a violation of the treaty of Prague, because in both circumstances Prussia used her preponderance, and compelled the southern states to accept her proposals.

But enough of concessions. As soon as Prussia puts forward for the third time (why the third more than the first?) exigencies that would destroy the independence of the southern states of Germany, Austria and France ought to oppose Prussia. To-day they openly ask in Prussia why France should interfere with the treaty of Prague? Such a question is shere nonsense, and it is also an abnegation of the truth, both preconcerted and bold.

Let us ignore that at Nikolsburg M. Benedetti was always between Count Bismark and Count Mensdorff. But would it not be a shameful thing to forget that France, by her attitude, greatly helped Prussia to go on with the war of 1866? Has not the Prussian prime minister been at Biarritz? Did he not offer Luxemburg to France as the price of her benevolent neutrality? Had not France shown herself disposed to such an arrangement—had she informed Italy that she was opposed to her conquering Venetia through Prussia—had France placed a corps of observation at Lille or at Besançon—would Prussia have been able, even with her needle-guns and her intellectual strength, which we gladly admit, to send a single man to the frontiers of Bohemia?

The arrière pensée of a Prusso-Russian alliance had not yet dawned at that time. Russia was not ready, and the pacification of Poland—we mean her crushing—was not in the advanced state that it is

now. And, also, the Prussian army did not possess then that assurance and that confidence in its own strength that it entertains now. Prussia would have deemed herself happy if she had been able to acquire the Elbe Duchies for a portion of the country of Glatz, and for a large sum of money. The sovereigns of Hanover, of Hesse, and of Nassau would still sit on their thrones. It is France which has accomplished the greatness of Prussia. Yet the Emperor Napoleon is not, we are told, entitled to interfere with what is going on in Germany! Is it, perhaps, because he did not paraph any pact with Count Bismark at Biarritz? No. We can reckon on the association of the principal Prussian organs, if we recognise the right of France to interfere in what is going on on her frontiers. We are edified enough about that continual *bavardage* of inimity from France to Germany. It was the same in old times; but we do not know yet to-day *if we must prefer Prussian Hegemony to the Emperor Napoleon's protection upon the Rhenish Confederation.* But one thing is certain, Austria and France, the most interested neighbours, are compelled to keep a certain watch, since not Germany, but Prussia, has acquired so much power in the centre of Europe. A wider development of Prussia would give them the right to oppose that country in common. This would not be an alliance against Germany, but one against Prussia.

It may suit the interests of Austria to represent an alliance with France as one not against Germany but against Prussia, but there are few politicians in the fatherland who will be taken in by so shallow a pretext. Misfortunes, it is said, make us acquainted with strange bedfellows, and Austria, there is every reason to suppose, has entered into an understanding with France to see the left bank of the Rhine pass under her yoke, so long as such a protection, as she pleases to call it, can be pacifically obtained by the triumphs of diplomacy, and she can at the same time, and by the same pacific triumphs, be allowed to place herself at the head of a South German and Catholic Confederacy. Before this pleasant little arrangement could be brought about without a war, and the sanguine anticipations of the two emperors can be realised, they must, to use the homely but expressive metaphor Marshal Pelissier was so partial to, "have discovered the secret of making omelets without breaking eggs."

It is a curious circumstance, that whilst France is endeavouring to seduce Austria into an alliance, upon the understanding that the latter is to be placed at the head of a South German Confederation, with Constantinople in the perspective, whilst France is to be gratified by the possession of the left bank of the Rhine, that Prussia is endeavouring to bring about the same results by the more reasonable offer of the Danubian Principalities, Bosnia, Servia, and Montenegro, to be obtained by diplomatic cession, and if not, by force of arms; Prussia to be rewarded by imperial power over a united Germany, and the German provinces of Austria to be ruled by viceroys, who will have seats in the grand council of German princes.